



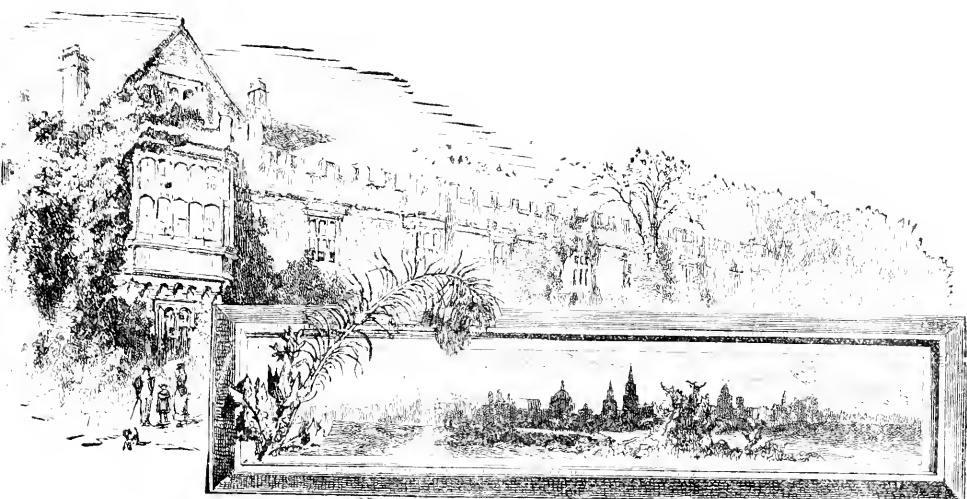
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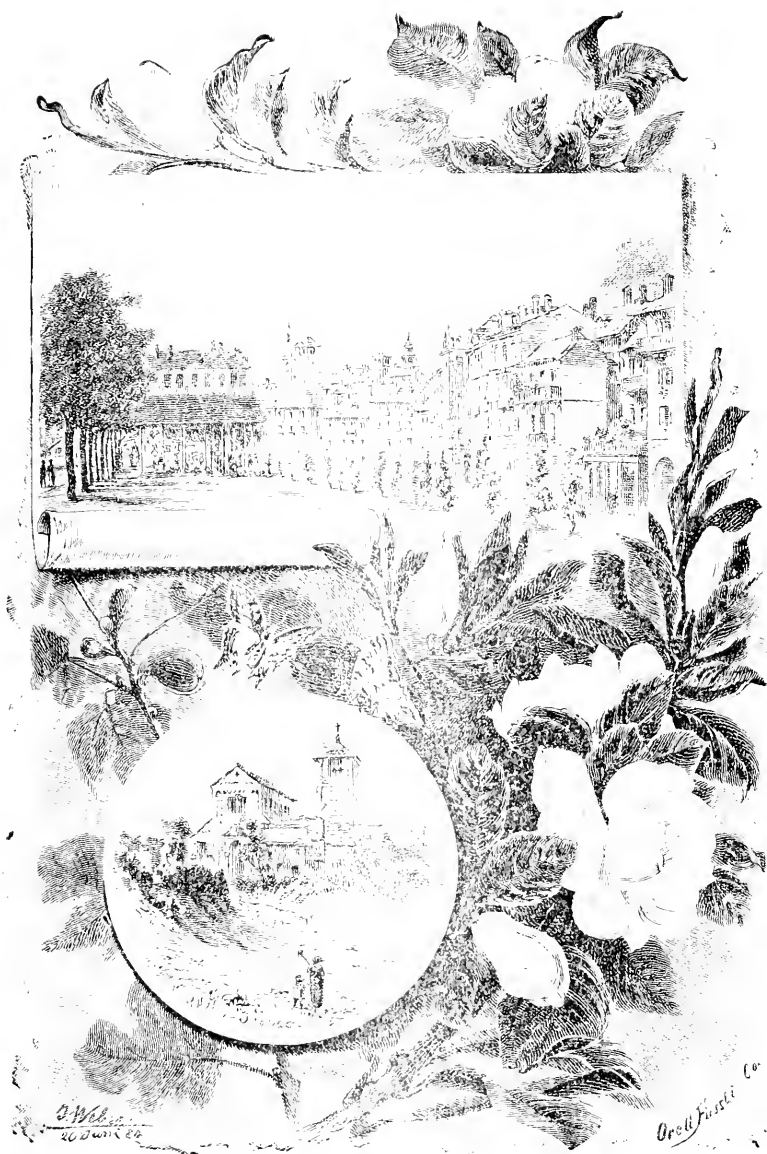
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



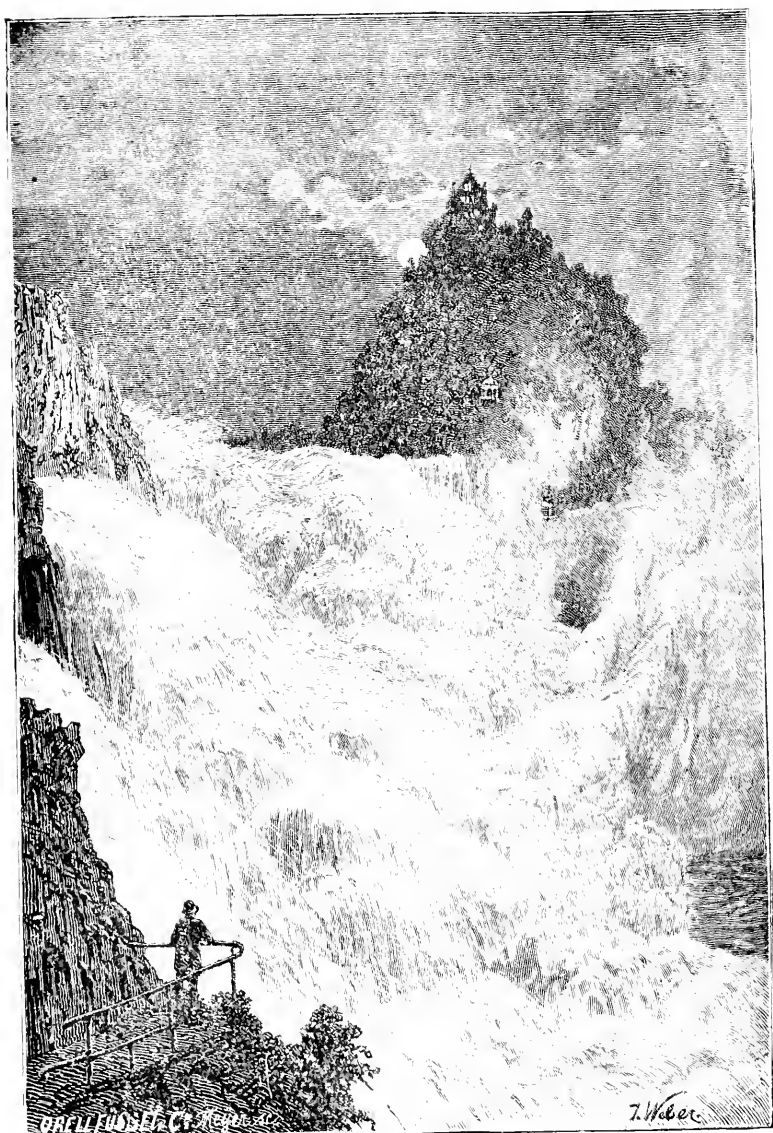
-Oxford-



OXFORD, ENGLAND.



SAN VITTORE, SWITZERLAND.



FALLS OF THE RHINE.



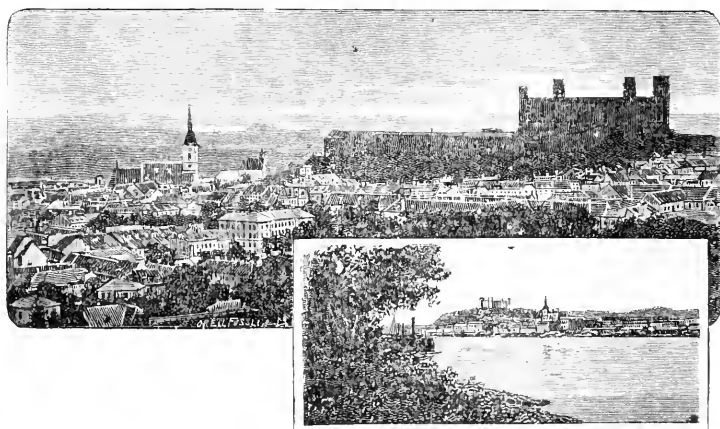
THE PIENGS VALLEY AND THE BERNSE ALPS



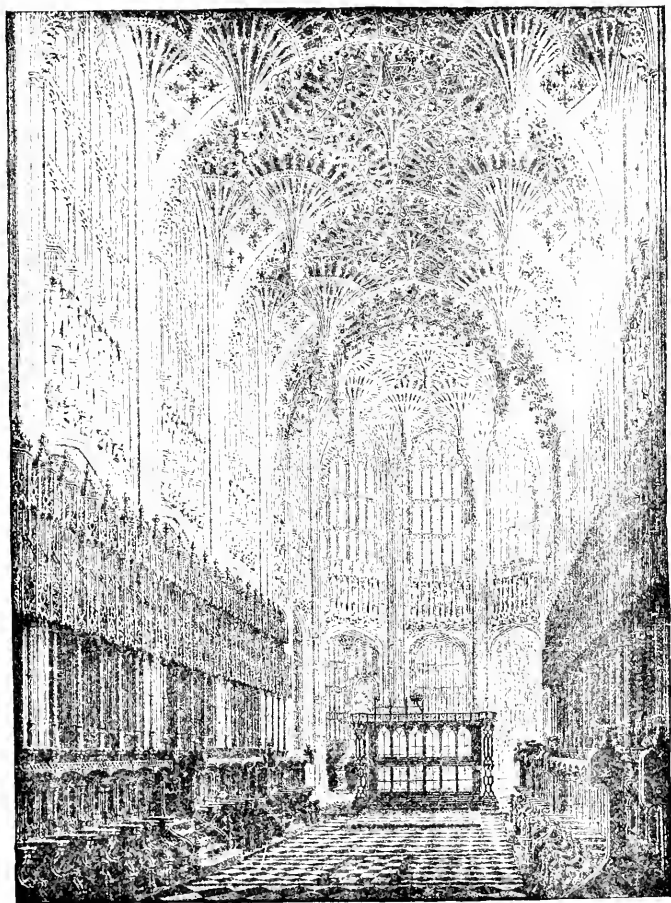
QUEEN LOUISE AND HER



KOMORN. HUNGARY.



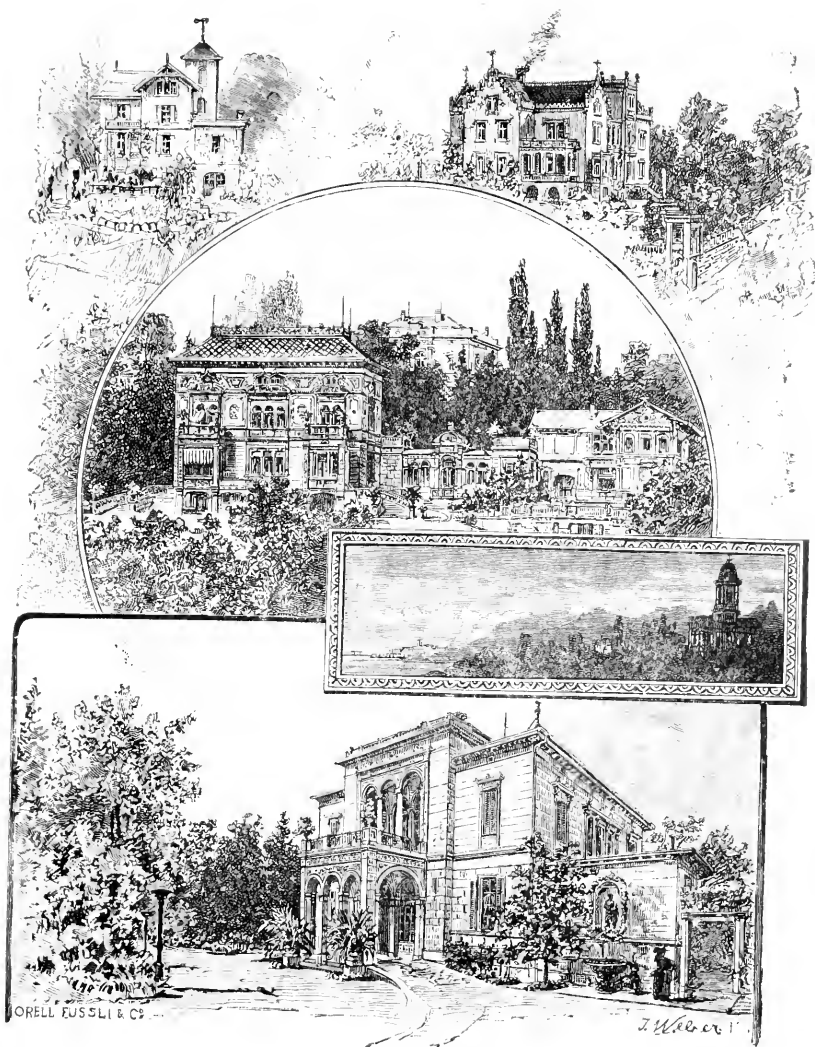
PRESBURG. HUNGARY



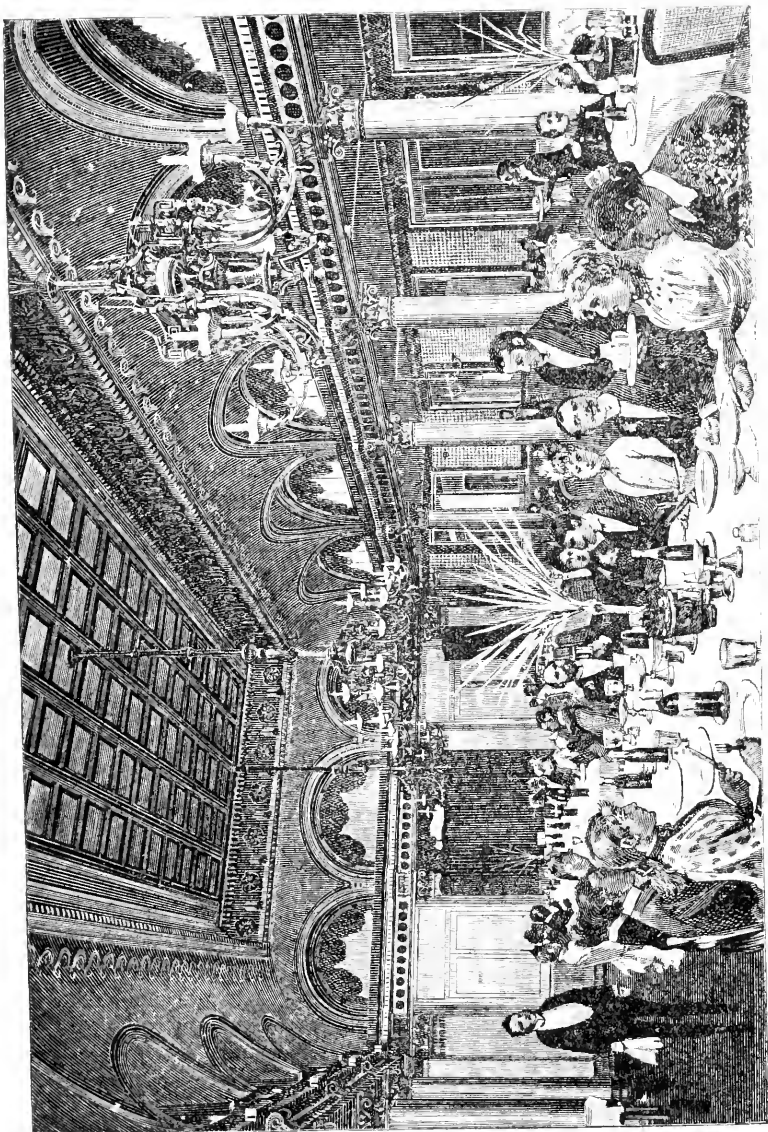
CHAPEL OF HENRY VII., WESTMINSTER.



A TURKISH BELLE.



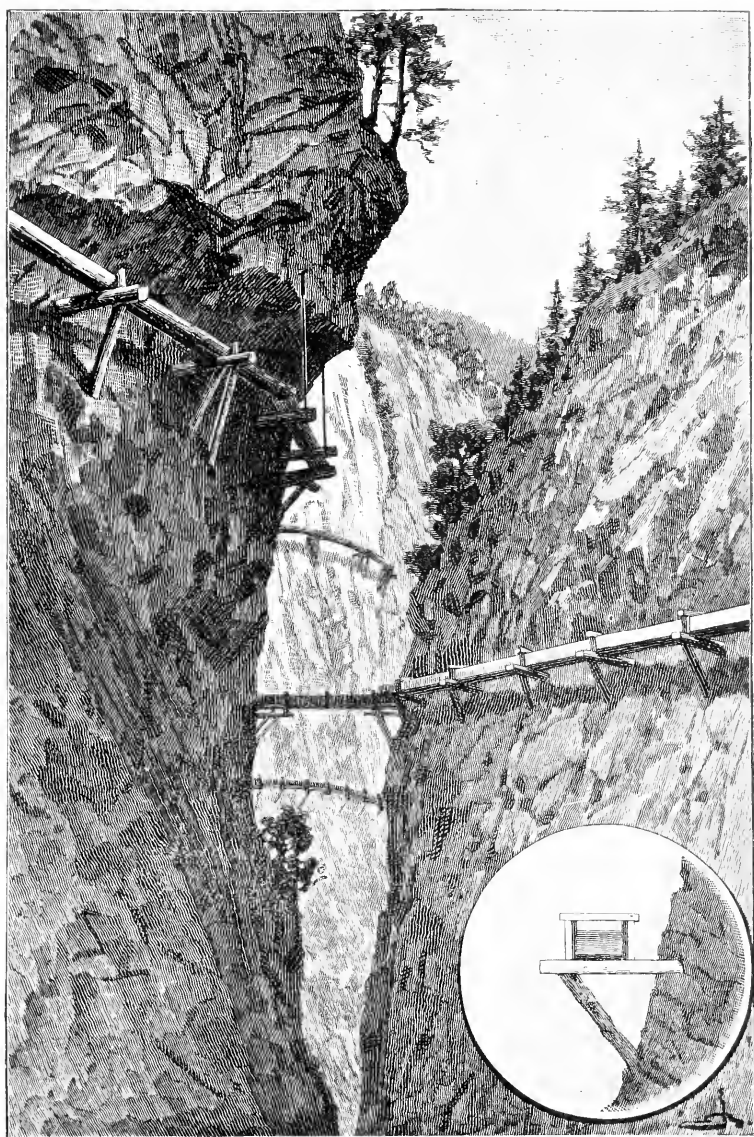
VILLAS, ZURICH.



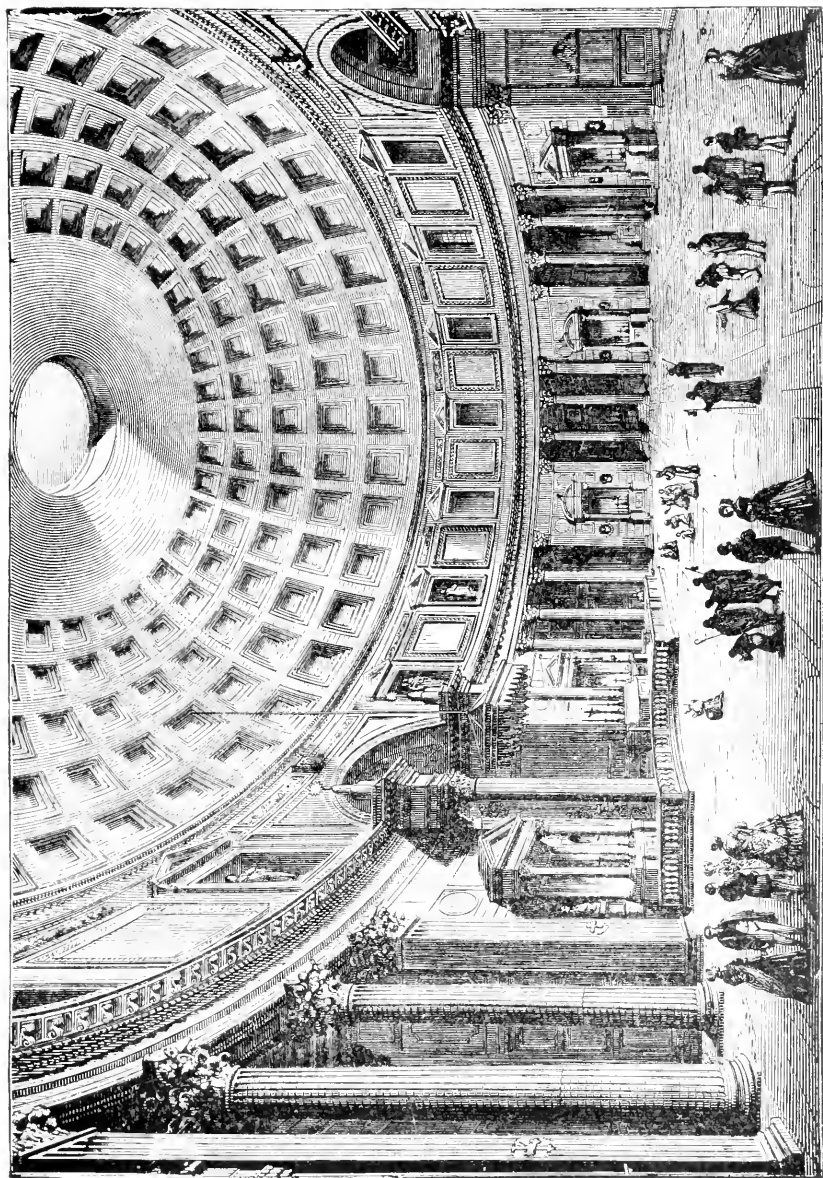
THAT FRENCH DINNER.



GUIDE'S MONUMENT, FOOT OF MT. BLANC, CHAMOUNIX.



GORGE OF GREDETSCH, ALPS.



INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON, ROME.



CHANDOLIN, SWITZERLAND.



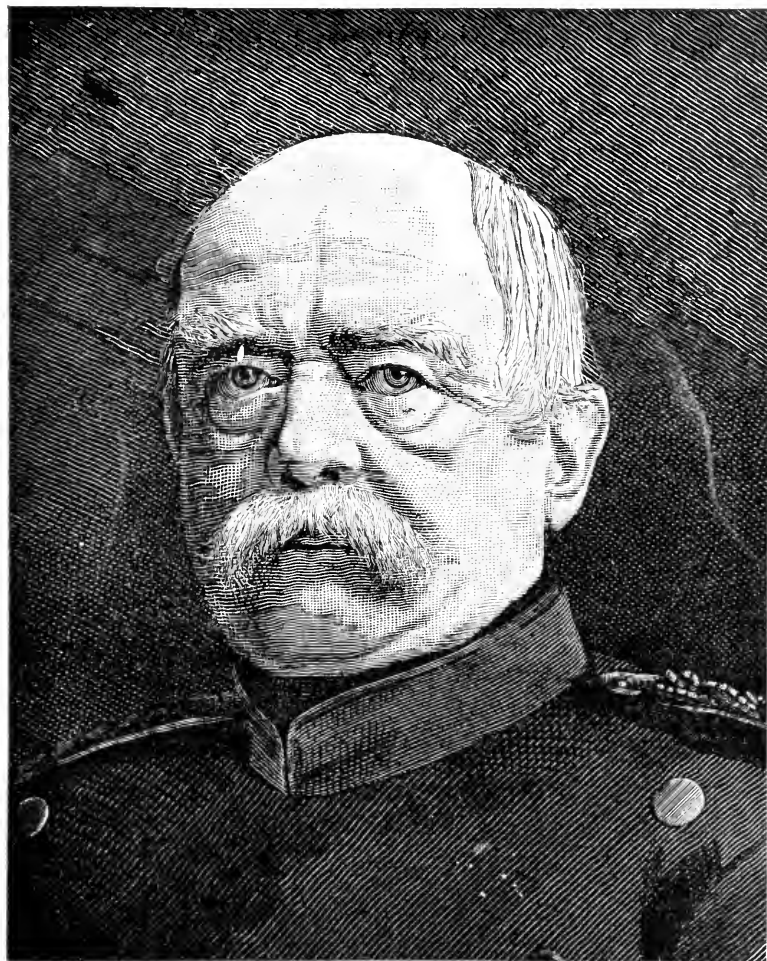
PORTE ST. DENIS, PARIS.



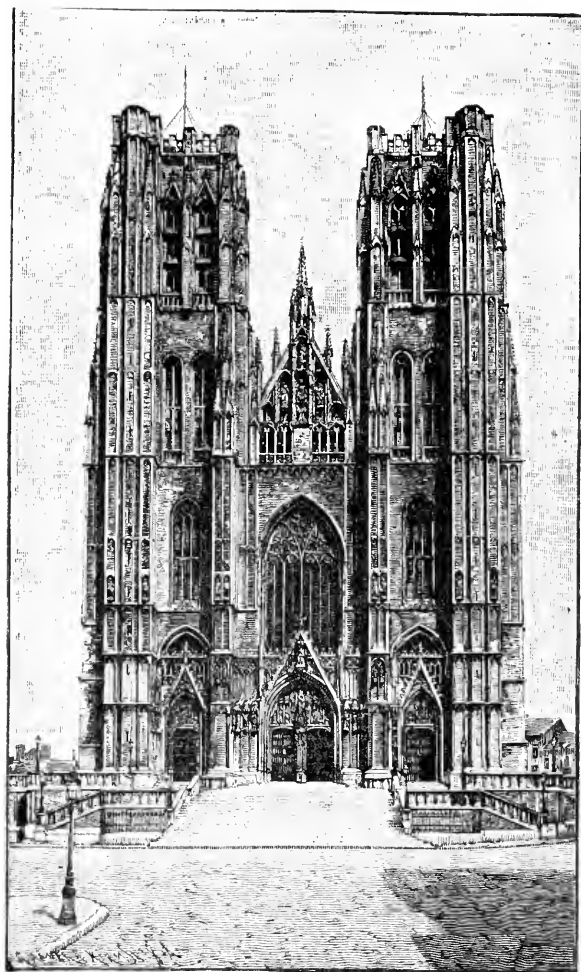
BRIDGE OF SIGHTS, VENICE.



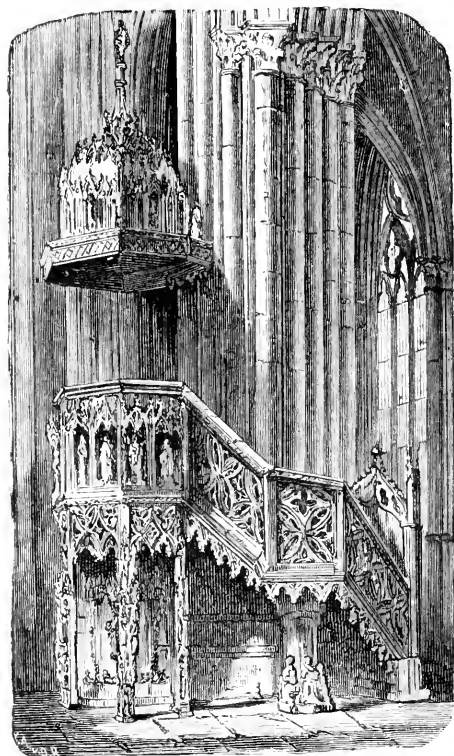
WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.



PRINCE BISMARCK.



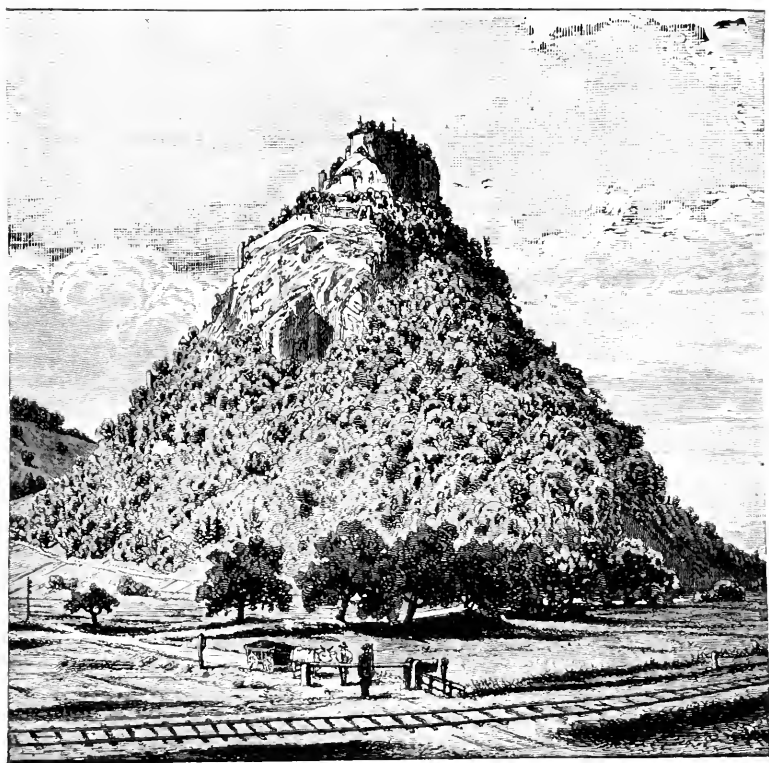
BRUSSELS CATHEDRAL.



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL PULPIT.



HOLLOW ROCK OF THE GUTACHT, BLACK FOREST, GERMANY.



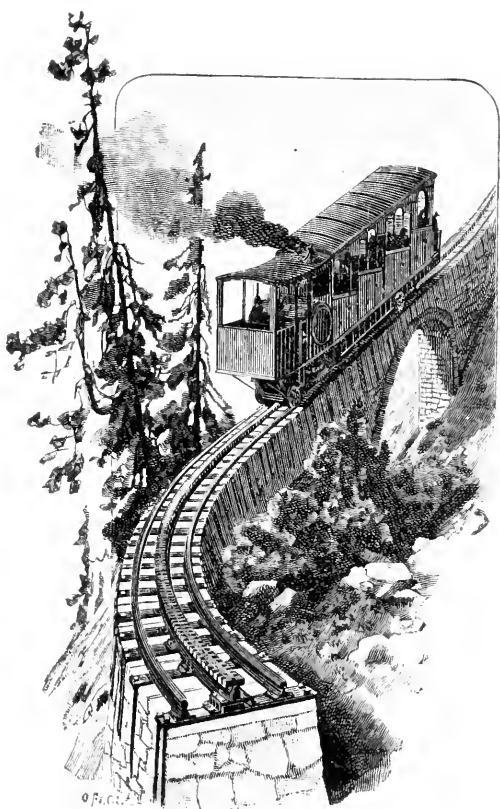
HOHENKRÄHEN, GERMANY.



ORELL FUSLI & CO. 

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LUCERNE AND MT. PILATUS, SWITZERLAND.



MT. PILATUS, TRACK AND TRAIN.

13,000 MILES OF SIGHT SEEING

IN THIRTY DAYS!

A GREAT RACE FOR A BIG PRIZE!

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE.

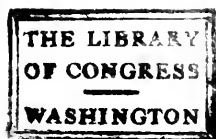
MANY LANDS AT ONE VIEW.

FINE ART, INFORMATION, STORY.

COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.

By HENRY BOYNTON & CO.

PRESS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED BY
BROWN THURSTON COMPANY
PORTLAND MAINE

INTRODUCTION.

THE pen and photograph pictures in this book, of persons and scenes in Europe are REAL. The Irish journey; the dash through Wales; the Scotch trip; Gladstone in Parliament; the young lady's own account of her presentation to Queen Victoria; the sad story of the poor of London; the sights of gay Paris; the breezy trip among the high Alps; the visits to many world renowned art galleries; the rambles in sunny Italy: the story of burning Vesuvius, the bay of Naples, and the buried cities; the strolls in classic old Greece; the queer streets of Constantinople; the marriage market in Hungary; even the little incident of the American who discovers that his guide is a duke, are facts.

This is a story which leads one through the finest and most interesting real scenes. It gives a clear and comprehensive view of what may be seen on the grand tour of Europe. Its information is fresh and reliable and of great value. Its many fine illustrations, by skilful artists of several countries, bring many beautiful and real scenes home to us. It is, therefore, of great value to those who have visited all Europe, and to those who have never had the great privilege of traveling abroad.

With this book one may make the grand tour at small cost, and see real pictures, in pen and pencil, of actual persons and places, while one remains quietly at home. Thirteen thousand miles is a greater distance than around the world on the meridian of latitude of London, Paris or Milan.

The "Co." are several eminent and able persons whose highly authentic information, obtained by long and careful observation in various countries and positions in Europe, enriches this work.

13,000 MILES OF SIGHT-SEEING IN 30 DAYS.

I

A GREAT FLOOD had just swept down the valley. Valemont was under water; all was ruined. The alarm quickly spread. Trains loaded with men were soon arriving for the rescue. The work of relief went bravely on for hours. The rescuers worked with energy and all persons who still floated were supposed to be saved, when Robin Smith, a bright lad of twelve years, went to see if any one had floated into the eddy below the horseback. He observed, away out on the water, a cradle floating. He heard a cry, "Save my baby! O my child is in that cradle!" He saw a young woman rush into the water. Robin sprang into a small boat with Mike Welch and they paddled to the cradle. Tiny dimpled hands peeped from the clothes, with dainty nails tinted like a delicate rose leaf. He saw a flossy little halo of silky hair, and eyes of Heaven's own deep blue. The round faced, sweet baby crowed with delight at sight of Robin, as he took it in his arms. Mike paddled the boat and Robin soon handed the baby to its mother who stood in the water.

The heavy rain turned to damp snow and it was a wild night when Robin, tired and worn, started to go home.

THE NIGHT TRAIN.

THE night train was about to start. It was dark, wintry; snow was fast falling. The passengers, snow whitened, were crowding into the car. Gaslights flickered and made the snowy figures look more weird. The odor of bad cigars, the cry of newsboys, the thumping of baggage trucks, the buzz of talk, and then the cry, "All aboard!" Robin saw the lady whose child he had saved, and he assisted her to the seat by his side. She was quite young and seemed

to be ill or very weary. She took the little bonnet from the child's head and smoothed the bright hair with the delicate touch of a shapely hand. Robin gave the child a sweet biscuit which she ate as if hungry, and she looked wistfully at him for more, which he handed over. The baby smiled her thanks, but was too young to speak. The lady sank back in her seat with a hopeless air. Robin saw that her face was oval, pale about the lips, the cheeks flushed, the whole face sad and troubled. He was sorry for her and he kindly asked if he could help her to care for the child. She looked at him with blue, tearful eyes and declined with a grateful "I thank you," in a low tone.

Everybody was depressed, the hum of talk ceased. They rushed along in the night storm. The motion of the car was easy and tired Robin fell asleep. Once he opened his eyes; he saw the young mother leaning over her pretty girl baby—crying he thought—he saw her fervently kiss the soft cheeks. Most of the others, wearied, were sleeping. Robin again fell asleep. He was aroused by the baby; she had crawled over upon his lap and now pulled his hair. She was crying and using her one word, "Mamma!" "Why don't that baby's mother keep it from disturbing folks?" muttered a snoring man in a back seat.

Robin saw that the mother was motionless; her face, now white, was a little upturned towards the light. Robin rose, a strange shudder passed over him, he touched the lady's white hand; the child cried louder; a peevish voice in a front seat said, "Some folks alus lets ther babies cry."

"Its mother is dead!" said Robin in a shocked tone. She was indeed dead, had died while the others slept.

Robin's words roused all the passengers; all were in wonder and awe; all were ready with real sympathy. Several persons tried to take the child; but she clung to her mother; it was heart-rending to see her try to waken her mother.

A flash of light outside, the ringing of the bell, and the train stopped at Robin's station. When they lifted the mother and carried her to a waiting-room, the poor child looked around at the strange faces and drew back, and then threw herself into Robin's

friendly embrace. The local doctor came, drove back the crowd, disappeared into the waiting-room and the crowd stood silent and expectant outside. He soon came out and said "heart failure."

The train went on and left Robin. The child fell asleep in his arms while he sat waiting for the coroner who soon came. No address, no name was found.

Telegrams elicited no information, the lady was a stranger. The affair made much talk, but after a few weeks it was believed that all her relations had perished in the Valemont flood. The clothing of the mother was of fine material and in her purse were \$600 in gold; so she had not been in want. The name "Annie Arden" was on the baby's dress.

A kind lady offered to take care of the child. So with good Mary Brown she lived for ten years. Then Mary Brown died, and only half-crazed Miss Mory was left in the small tenement with the gentle child. Now the \$600 were soon spent and Annie often suffered with cold and hunger. She was of pretty ways and winning disposition, and she had grown comely. All this time Robin, now become twenty-two years old, had kept up a pleasant friendship with the little waif, and they often walked and talked together.

"Ring happy bells across the snow," exclaimed little Annie while the merry church chimes were ringing one morning as Robin drove up with horse and sleigh. The musical child voice trilled timidly along the words; the sweet face, with its bright eyes and lips like the deep tint of a rare sea shell, looked out from the little red hood, worn and patched like her short cloak.

"Good morning, Annie."

"O, my naughty, good boy, how kind of you to come to me!"

"I like to come."

"Why?"

"Because I like you, and you are agreeable to me."

"And I like you;" and she put her small arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Why do you like me?"

"Cause you are good to me."

"Well, Pus, here are a pair of pretty shoes."

"All for me?"

"Yes."

"Why did you bring them?"

"Because you love me."

She put on the shoes and cackled with delight.

"How badly your worn out clothes go with your new shoes," he said. The girl looked at her faded calico dress, it was not a garment for this winter cold; she replied, "I have no mamma to buy me a warm dress."

"Are you cold, Annie?"

"Yes; I am cold all the time."

"Are you hungry?"

"I am most always hungry."

Robin drew a big sigh. It was a big thought that he had. It was, "My cigars cost enough to feed and clothe this child." Then he hesitated; what would people say? What would they think? He started to go. But little Annie said: "Please let me kiss you again."

"What for?"

"Cause I love you."

That settled it. Robin sighed again, but he smiled when he felt the winning child's soft breath on his cheek. He reflected, — "She is the only person in the world who would say she loves me." The thought that even this poor, friendless child loved him, warmed the heart of Robin Smith — for such is the power of love — and he said: "Poor Annie, you have nobody to care for you."

"I have you."

"But no mother."

"Only you."

"I will be your mother, Little One, if you will let me."

"You be my mamma! How very funny!"

"Yes; — your protector."

"What is a pertecter?"

"Well, — it is — a provider."

"What is a pervider?"

"One who provides. Will you be my very own little girl?"

"Yes; gladly."

"Then you shall have a new dress before another hour."

"O, my! How very, very good!"

"You shall have a handsome red dress, with blue ribbons to-day."

"You are so very, very good that I will give you my doll." She was going to run to bring him the doll, but he caught her up in his arms; and wrapping her in his sleigh robe he drove to a milliner's shop where he saw the windows full of bonnets and ribbons, and he astonished the milliner with his order, "Dress this child up handsome—quick!" The milliner and her seven girls stared at him in surprise.

"I want you to put a red dress with green ribbon bows on this girl, and brush out her pretty hair."

"Sorry not to oblige you; but we deal only in millinery."

"Are not children's dresses millinery?"

"That remark shows all a man knows," said one black-eyed shop girl, *sotto voce*, to another.

"Better take her to Mrs. Maler's, at No. 19," said the amused milliner.

Robin hastened to Mrs. Maler with the remark, "I want a dress for this child." The Widow Maler was quite young and too handsome.

"Yes, sir; of what material?"

"Red plush with green ribbon epaulettes."

"Wh—a—t!"

"Red plush; green trimmings."

Mrs. Maler stared to see if he were a maniac. He knew that red plush is handsome; that it makes up into elegant furniture; that green ribbons are pretty; but he did not know, any better than the average man, that such things in red plush and ribbons, are not in the best taste for small girls' dresses. "Red plush and green ribbons! That is all a man knows!" added the black-eyed Betsey.

Mrs. Maler asked, "Shall I select something more suitable for her?"

"Yes; but let it be pretty and above all becoming to her."

"Anything besides a dress?"

"Yes; a full suit; everything."

While Mrs. Maler was selecting, Robin was thinking "I can't afford it. But she loves me. Nobody else loves me. I'll save it in cigars. I'll smoke no more."

"You'll have it ready in an hour, so I guess I'll wait here."

"Bless me! It will take a week."

"A week! Then I'll call every evening and get what is then done."

And so he did. He never winced when he paid the bill which was five times more than he expected. "Save it in tobacco," he said. In her new dress Annie was very pretty.

"What are you going to do with that child?" asked Mrs. Maler, after Mary Brown died.

"Keep her as my own child."

"Where?" Then the idea came to him that the home of crazy Mory was not the right place in which to bring up a child. He replied, "I—really—don't—know."

"How do you get money?"

"Work for it."

"How?"

"I am a civil engineer."

"And you earn how much?"

"About twelve dollars a week, now; I hope to do better soon."

"I would like a little girl for company: I will board Annie for two dollars a week."

"But I wish to send her to school."

"She shall go to school."

"Agreed; I will bring her to you to-day."

Who is there that has not had some relation named Smith? There is a Smithic affinity in us all. Not unlikely Robin belonged to some branch of our Smith relatives.

Robin was alone in the Hungarian cabin in Nevada, where he lived with foreigners, when a letter came. Ten years had flown by;

his thirty-second birthday had come; Annie must be about twenty-two; just ten years since he carried Annie to be clothed; just twenty years since her mother died. For eight years he had not seen her; all that time he had been earnestly at work in Nevada, and Annie was still back at his old home town. He had a tender memory of the amiable child. "Why, indeed! She must be a young lady by this time! I wonder how she looks! How glad I would be to see her to-day." So he spoke to himself. He took the letter from his table. He scanned the smooth, thick, white envelope, the clear-cut, pretty writing; he well knew that hand, it was from Annie. As he opened it a photograph fell to the table. A sweet face looked at him from its surface; large eyes, full of soft, loving earnestness, a mouth at once firm and gentle, heavy masses of fine, dark hair shadowing a face of perfect oval; features of rare and delicate outlines, and soft glow of bloom, a look of a nature generous, impulsive, tender, but of strong texture. In the silence of that very early hour of the morning, that charming face confronted him at the very moment when his starved heart was crying out for love, when he was listening to that earnest demand for love that his nature had all these long years been pleading; he stood gazing into the depths of those earnest, friendly eyes; there was magnetism in the pictured face, turned so confidently to his. Then he read the letter:

"Dear Robin Smith:

I have time only for this line as the mail closes in a few minutes. I still retain my love of years ago for you and I hope soon to see you. Write and let us know when to expect you. I inclose my photograph.

Lovingly,

Annie."

Robin loved his mountains and lakes, so like a Swiss scene, but that night in his dreams he saw those kindly eyes seeking his own, he heard the pretty Annie speaking loving words to him: he woke to find himself still a lonely Nevada bachelor whose Annie might be listening to loving words from some other man: he felt that he must have a dear one to love: he fell in love with the sweet lady who looked so kindly on him from the picture. The Eureka mine had

made him rich: he was a millionaire: he could well afford a visit to his old home. A powerful impulse to see Annie swept over him; he would accept her invitation. Ten days later, with his factotum, Teteto (who always signed his name Ttto), and his other servant, Kelo, he left the setting sun behind.

Teteto is peculiar. His father was Sin Sin, a heathen Chinese washee man, and Teteto is full of sin which we guarantee. "A thing of booty is er joy furivir," he remarked as he stole Robin's umbrella, and, later, he said of a Nevada girl, "By hur good loox she took a umbril rite outen my poekit, for I havn't saw it sinz I loant it tu her." When he was found drunk and was taken before a court in strange diggings and was asked his name he answered, "I doan wanter tell."

"You must."

"It'll be disgract."

"I compel you to tell."

"Warl: ef I mus, den I mus:—I'se Ben Butler hisself!"

But the senior Sin too had been a sinner. Teteto once said to him:

"Air yoo a frand, Pa?"

"No," replied the surprised Sinner.

"Then yure no man."

"Wat yoo means?"

"I'se hurn yoo say all men is frauds, Papa."

"Yoo makes donkey talk."

"Yees, allee samee; cos wishee makee yoo unerstan."

Teteto, like many others, always enjoyed his own talk. But his Pa said: "Comcee heah. I'se givee yoo fotty stripee."

"I no comee if yoo liekee fifty stripee," replied the innocent scamp. And then they were "two souls with a single thought"—what about that licking; but Sin Sr. was generous, he gave it all to his Jr.

Teteto's mother was Milly McCan, an Irish washer-lady, who married old Sin in order to convert him; and she converted him into a dead Chinese, for he lacked endurance to trot in matrimonial harness with that vigorous soap-lady. The only book old Sin Sin loved was a pack of cards; she often told her love—told him to wash, wash

faster. He didn't wish to go to Paradise; he rebelled; she remonstrated with a flat-iron; the body was sent to China for burial.

Kelo was as pure American product as McKinley tariff can create. His papa was Hop Toad, a Kaw Indian; his mother was Miss Take, a white schoolmarm who married Hop Toad. He said they were a "parlor match, married in front parlor, one room wigwam." His motto was "Giv me liberally, and giv me pelf." The couple squat in Mud City. But Hop Toad said he "Scapt frum Mud City ontu er pint uv law." "What point?" asked Bod Gizzle. He replied, "Hop Toad steal um; law pinted hang um; Toad run; here be. Ugh! Hop Toad big Injun!"

Poverty is faithful, it sticks when our brothers forsake us, it stuck to the Hop Toads. Yet he wished to rise in the world. He tried the cattle business. A party of nice young men, minus one hundred cattle, filled with whisky and virtue, with masks and public spirit on their faces, made him a neighborly visit. On his honor as a big Injun gentleman he confessed that he was not guilty. But they gave him a rise in the world. Elder Quitedark "ob Missury," made the funeral sermon, free of charge. Verbatim it was: "Man dat doan minder woman, an ob bad ways, an kumz to tumble. I doan gwine yulegate Hop Toad. Jis dis one funrul shel be truf. He fit, he stole, he lied, he lazed roun, hiz mind war pizen. Berry 'im deep an furgit 'im quick. Close by singin de linz: "Rejoice my frenz, de curs am gon."

I know that Kelo was once a handsome baby, his own mother confessed it to me. He says that "siety arly ostrichized me." Raised with fools, he became an adept in fooling. He could stand on his head like Teteto, and his motto was "Go on: don't fool away life tryin' ter fin' t' right. Greely said, "Go West and rise:" but Kelo wished to leave the West to avoid rising—to a tree. His mother said,

"White folks ought to treat Indians just as one white treats another white."

"Den *treat* me tu whisky raw," Kelo demanded.

He ate like a pig, and said, "I don't argy at dinner lest other fellers outeat me," and then his mamma saw that he "suffered for a

lickin." just as you and I suffered when we were juvenile. It was on a barren rock mountain where grew no trees; but nature, which always provides for man's needs, had caused there to grow one fine hazel bush about four feet high. She brandished the fragrant hazel twig. Kelo asked, "Are prayers answered?"

"Yes."

He fell on his knees and prayed, "O Lor: don't let maw lick me," and she didn't that time. But, like a postage stamp, he could never keep his place without licking. Then she said she needed the magnanimity of Job: but Kelo spoke right up like a little man, "Twant magnetism; twer biles 't Job had.

The shocked mamma asked "What will you do if I die of your badness?"

"I spoze I'd hev tu box my own ears," he replied sadly.

To change the subject she said, "What does g-u-m spell?"

"Dunno."

"What do you like to chew?"

"Terrbarrkerr!" replied the connecting link, with a triple whirrr.

Perhaps Kelo is the "missing link." He looks like his papa, his papa looked like a native Australian, and those natives look like—the Old Nick! This Nick is said to be the patron of liars, and Kelo's mother had taught him to lie by telling him that "The cow jumped *over* the moon," not *at* the moon as it should be translated. At the Indian school Kelo became a poet. He gave out copies of an original hymn. But among them were found a bill for drinks and a plan for stealing army horses. This made him so unpopular with his mother that she made threats of which next morning he taunted her, "Maw, yer promist me ye'd knock my head off."

"Did I? Well I ask your pardon for not doing it."

And when he thought it was his weight that held down Stony Hill from being as high as Mt. Sky, she gave up, donated her boy to Robin and sank very low, for she married a white man who sold rum to Indians. Kelo was born in Dog City, a city so large that it was miles from one house to the next. An odd oddity, with "no place like home"—for getting licked; he cultivated his mind among bad boys till he was full of foolishness. Cynical, yea, full of sin, a

picturesque picture, contact with whites blackened his tone. Like true love, his life did not run smooth. With this staff, Robin traveled so swiftly that the Kansas City man had no time to sell him any farm mortgages, nor the Chicago man to enrich him with city lots. In 76 hours and 21 minutes he arrived in Washington.

Robin was weary, hungry, he must have food and repose, he had not slept well on the train. But he would not delay proposing to Annie; he knew that his usually lion courage might fail when he should meet her, so young and innocent; he had so long regarded her as a child that the ten years of difference in their ages made him murmur to himself, "I am too old!"

Annie, in answer to his letter, had come on to Washington to meet him. But here was another cause of anxiety, Harry Kane had come with her! They had arrived one day before they expected the advent of Robin and had taken the time to visit Mt. Vernon where they now were. The loss of half of Robin's great fortune would not have troubled him as did this presence of Harry Kane with Annie. When Robin first went to Nevada, he was, one day, hunting a bear that had climbed to the top of the mountain and had just killed a Rocky Mountain sheep. As he was about to shoot the bear, Peter Kane, a mighty hunter, concealed behind a rock, fired at the creature. The wounded animal turned upon the strange hunter, knocked him down with a blow of its huge paw, and would have killed him within ten seconds, if Robin had not shot the enraged brute dead and thus rescued the badly wounded hunter. He took the helpless man to his own cabin and tended him till, after many weeks, he recovered and became Robin's partner. Long and hard they toiled together, but without success. They sank a shaft but struck no gold. They were near to starving. Both were despondent. Then Peter refused to work longer. An Indian war was on, and Peter preferred fighting. He wanted to be killed. He was worn out with ill luck. Peter became quarrelsome. At last he demanded that Robin should give him his mule in exchange for Peter's share in the shaft. Robin objected that the shaft was worthless, that he needed the mule; but Peter forced the trade, took the mule, left Robin a deed to his interest in that mine, and Peter became a bold

soldier boy. Ten days later Peter lay on the prairie with an Indian bullet in his diaphragm. When Robin heard that Peter had petered out he hastened to the spot where the battle had raged, and there he found Peter alive but delirious and repeating from the drill routine, "Left! left! left my home! left, left the diggins! left, left all! left my wife! left my boy!"

"Why Peter! have you a wife! have you a boy!"

His voice seemed to bring back Peter's senses and he said faintly, "That you, Robin? Yis, I had a wife. She is dead. I have a boy. His name is Harry. He is in the poorhouse at Kent. Take care of him;" and in ten minutes Peter's soul had gone to meet that of the Indian; they had killed each the other.

Robin accepted the charge, he was himself in utter poverty but he assumed the support of Peter's boy. The next year began Robin's prosperity. He sent the boy to school and then to college, he took pride in Harry's being the stroke oar, he was amused with the little adventures that Harry related in his letters; he really had done more for Harry already than Peter would have done in a lifetime.

Mrs. Maler had hopes. Once she had written, "Annie is a woman. She must enter society." "Has she not been in society all her life?" asked Robin. He did not know that common society is not society, that girls come out and are then in society. He reflected on what Mrs. Maler could mean; "Surely all are in society except those on desert islands or in solitary confinement." He suspected that Mrs. Maler meant that Annie should be married. Honest Robin knew little of marrying. Once indeed Mrs. Maler had hopes, but Robin could not take a hint; she once tried to make love eyes at him, but he never looked at a woman's eyes. That was eight years ago. Innocent, good Robin! look out now, dangers and celebrity are in store for you. "I wonders wich'll win 'im, Malee er Any?" mused Kelo who privately read Robin's letters.

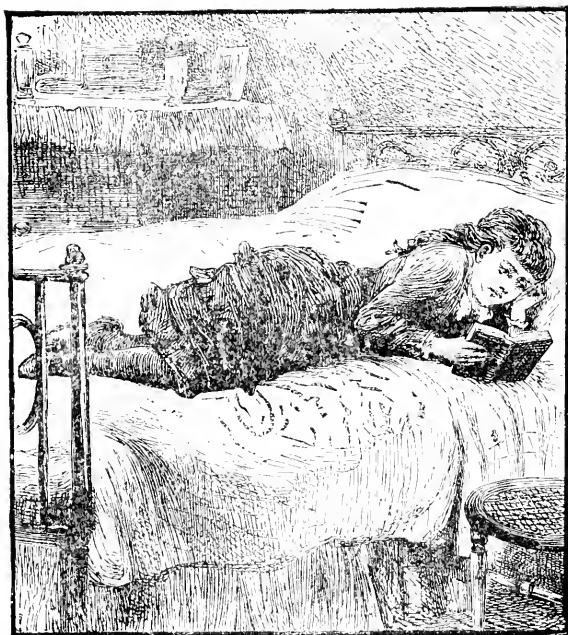
As soon as he had taken dinner, Robin, fearing to trust his diffidence when he should meet Annie, and wishing to have the matter settled promptly, sent to Annie at Mt. Vernon this message,—



THE FLOOD



MRS. VALER WAS QUITE YOUNG.



BOARDING AT MRS. MAYER'S.



SO LIKE A SWISS SCENE.



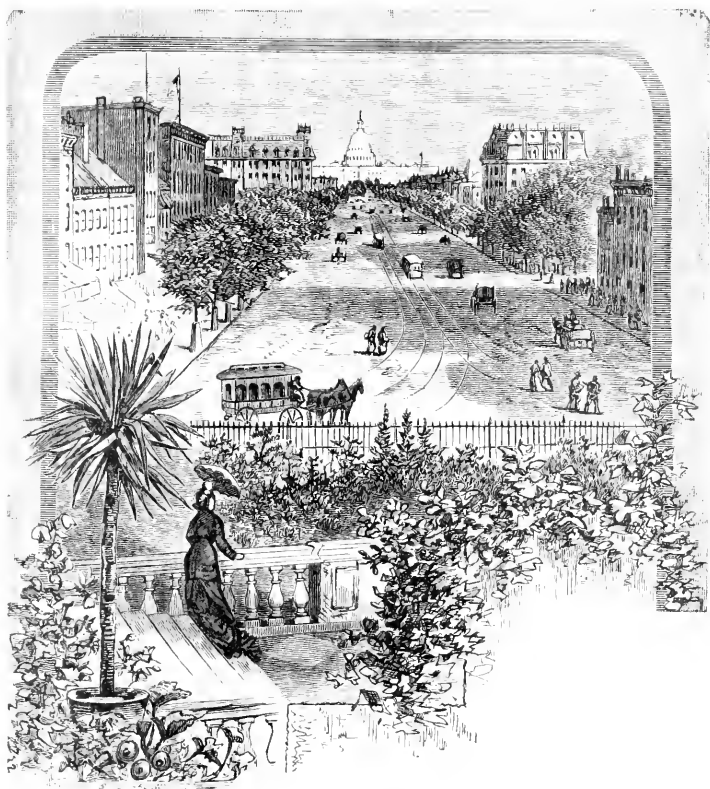
PETER'S BEAR



BENJAMIN HARRISON.



GROVER CLEVELAND.



WASHINGTON.

“Will you be married to me here at Washington, to-morrow?”

Robin Smith.

paid 10.”

Then he took a long, refreshing sleep, until a bell boy woke him with the answer,—

“Yes; I will be at Wash. on ten o’clock boat, to-night.

Annie.

col. 25.”

He looked at his watch; it lacked three hours of the time. He put on an evening dress. He was all impatience to meet her. He could neither express nor contain his joy; he was in great excitement, he gave a dollar to the waiter who brought him a glass of iced water when he had ordered cold tea; he ordered cigars and forgot to take them; he borrowed an umbrella although the night was cloudless.

That Annie, charming Annie, ten years younger than he; that a refined young woman was so kind as to accept him, and do it so promptly, astonished, pleased, vivified honest Robin; it gave him such thrills of exuberant joy as he had never before felt. He marveled that one could be so happy. He was thankful, too, that he had such wealth that he could give Annie, his own dear Annie, all the comforts and luxuries that her refined tastes might desire. He ordered a carriage, but he was too happy to ride, he would walk.

As he turned the corner of the street he met his old friend, now the President of the United States. The two warmly grasped hands.

“How do you do, my good friend Smith?”

“Well and happy: how do you do, sir?”

“Well, and glad to see you are happy.”

“I am overjoyed.”

“You have made a large fortune.”

“Better than that.”

“Something very special?”

“Yes; she and I are to-day engaged.”

"Who is the lady? One whom you would chose must be a treasure."

"Annie, my ward."

"Indeed! You have a lovely bride."

"We marry immediately."

"You are always prompt in affairs."

"I began to fear that I had waited too long in this affair."

"How so?"

"That some one else might have won her before I spoke."

"I congratulate you on your success."

"The success is more than I dared hope."

"You are too modest; you underrate yourself."

"I am conscious that I am not an attractive man."

"But you always attracted my warm esteem."

"I thank you for your generous compliment, but it is easier to win the friendship of a man than the love of a woman."

"You are a worthy man, you ought not to have hesitated, by delaying you have lost several years of marital happiness. I would have married her sooner."

"But you are a brilliant man, you would have dared to propose earlier."

"Really Robin, in solid qualities you far surpass me."

Not for anything would Robin make an exhibition of himself, but his feelings choked his voice; he wished it otherwise, for often we are ashamed of our amiable weaknesses, while the witness approves of its expression.

The President said, "I am going to the wedding of Senator Silver; to-night he takes a bride; come along with me. I invite you in his name."

Robin looked at his watch; it lacked two hours of Annie's arrival; just then marriage was very interesting to him; he would like to see one in high life; arm in arm with the President he walked to the wedding. When there he imagined the wedding as his own; he feared he was dreaming; he had ecstatic visions; he lived the few coming hours till he should be a bridegroom. The powerful odors of masses of flowers, the fine music, the elegant costumes, the

brilliant display, the distinguished guests, the beautiful women, the shimmering clouds of silks and tulle, the magnificent toilettes of the bride and bridesmaids, the flashing of jewels, all conspired to stimulate his waking dreams. But when he saw the meeting of the bride and groom he was startled, shocked. Senator Silver, ponderous, awkward, was seventy-five years old; his bride but smiling seventeen!

"What a mismatch!" he thought: "Money marriage!" spoke out his next neighbor. Then the thought came, like a blow in the face, that he was himself a veteran miner, ten years older than Annie; that he too was awkward. Could it be possible that Annie intended to marry him for his money! Why else should she at twenty-two marry a man of thirty-two? Gratitude? Possibly. He must not let her sacrifice herself for gratitude. So doubt had come in. No she should not risk her happiness; she must marry some young man, not uncouth, not ungenial as he. Poor heart-hungry Robin was one of the most generous of men. Senator Silver's marriage went on, congratulations were showered on the couple, but Robin had no heart in the affair, he left the wedding abruptly.

Up the Potomac Annie came gaily sailing with a lively party on a fast sloop. She had met these gay acquaintances at Mt. Vernon. Every one was glad to see her. Every one was gallant. A dozen young men sprang to set the sails. A band on board was playing. It was thus in triumph that Annie and Mrs. Maler arrived in Washington, and Robin met her. With respectful tenderness he said, "I love you. You will love me, will you not? You are so good and kind."

Annie's honest eyes looked frankly into his own as she replied,—
"We have every reason to love each other."

Harry Kane stood at a distance and held his hat while these words passed. Then he came forward and shook hands. Robin asked him to look after the parcels while he took Annie's little hand upon his arm and led her to a carriage. He seated himself opposite her, lost in adoration. Annie was a much more attractive lady than he had believed; the photograph had not done her justice. There was that sweet gentleness in her voice that we all love, and candor in her face. And Robin who believed himself uncouth, was sociable and agreeable like all well-bred men.

At the hotel Robin saw Harry and Annie standing together; they were making amusing remarks about the journey; they were young, joyous, bright, animated and seemed congenial. Harry was looking into her eyes. Then a low, confidential whisper passed between them. That prophetic hint so apparent to tender mothers and match-making aunts struck Robin's loving eyes. It gave him a sad recoil. Why had she accepted him? He would know all at once. He bade good night to Harry, who, taking the hint left the room. Then taking Annie's hand, Robin looked deep into her pleasant eyes as he said, — "Darling Annie: most deeply and fervently I thank you for your prompt and generous acceptance of the proposal that I made you by telegraph, if now you can sincerely ratify it." Annie gave him a look of questioning surprise and said, — "What proposal did you make?"

It was Robin's turn to be surprised, but he replied, — "My proposal was that we be married here in Washington at once."

Annie looked up in consternation as she answered, "I never received that proposal."

"Then how came you here to-night?"

"In response to this dispatch." She handed him the telegram. He read, — "Will you be hurried to me here at Washington to-morrow?"

He saw it all; the telegraph operator had blundered; he was not the accepted husband of Annie! A throb of agony wrung the heart of Robin, a feeling that all is lost, and abruptly he left the room.

The next night they were at a large party. Robin, feeling too sad to enjoy the brilliant spectacle but unwilling to withdraw Annie from this pleasure which she was enjoying, entered a small conservatory. Here Harry found him and asked him to consent to his addresses to Annie! Robin sprang to his feet in a tumult of rage, and despair.

"How dare you!"

"Because I hope to win her."

"Impossible!"

"It is my earnest desire."

"And I have tenderly befriended you that you may rob me of my dearest treasure!"

"I love her."

"So do I!"

Then Harry was astonished, staring and trembling he said,—"I never knew it!"

Robin paced the floor in deep emotion, then he stopped in front of Harry and demanded, "Does she love you?"

"I am not sure, but I think she does."

"Will you ask my fortune next! Do you wish me to make a will in your favor and then drown myself?"

"No; but I wish to win Annie."

"What have you to show that you are worthy of her?"

"Nothing."

"What can you do with her? You who have no property, no permanent situation or business, no skill in any trade, and no visible means of supporting her? Do you expect her to support you? Do you require her to supply brains for both of you to make your way in the world?"

"I will furnish all the brains. I estimate female brains at low value. Women lack our masculine ability, our smartness, our wide-awake capacity. But I will devote my talents to her service."

"Do you expect me to endow her for you?"

"Not for me, but I will not object to your giving her, from your great wealth, a sufficient sum to make her life comfortable."

"Plainly spoken! And you think that women, Annie included, lack ability possessed by Apollos like yourself?"

"I think they are not as capable for any kind of business as men."

Robin again paced the floor for two minutes, then with forced calmness he said,—"Harry, once your father and I were friends; though he cheated me, I still love him; for his sake I am interested in you; I believe that Annie would not accept me, so I give you one chance, just one only chance to win Annie with my consent."

"I will try."

"All my life I have had a strong desire to know of the wonders of lands where a hundred successive generations of men have lived and labored; to see what marks they have left, what wonders reared, what Europe can be. Have you any such desire?"

"Nothing could more delight me."

"America is grand; but it is new, much of it is occupied by its first generation. I wish to see how it compares with Europe. Moral grandeur, too, is here. Washington on his way to be inaugurated as first president, by the free choice of freemen, is a grander moral spectacle than Napoleon or Caesar marching to wicked conquests. Daniel Webster rising from a farmer's boy to the first rank of lawyers, orators and statesmen, is more manly than any monarch ruling by privilege of birth alone."

"I think so. Now for your offer."

"You shall go abroad!"

"And leave Annie? Never."

"Here is a chance to win her and show which is the smartest, which the most capable, you or Annie."

"I do not understand you."

"It shall be a struggle between the two sexes, a contest for intellectual supremacy, and the prize that you may win or fail of getting will be immense; it shall be a greater prize than was ever before offered in a race!"

"Racing?"

"Yes; it shall be a great race, it shall overshadow all yet seen in racing."

"For a prize!"

"Yes; the great prize shall be Annie, and a half-million dollars, including the fine estate of Rose Park where the winner will live."

"You astound me!"

"The race track shall be half a continent. Its length shall be thirteen thousand miles!"

"More than half the distance around the world!"

"As far as around the world in latitude 45 degrees."

"Indeed!"

"All the world shall be spectators!"

"Who shall compete?"

"Yourself and Annie!"

"And we are to see which can do it in the least time?"

"No. That would be a race between steam and steam, in which

a bag of sand might beat you both, a plan that would reduce the traveler to the level of his trunk without a trait or trace of the individual. Capacity, brain power, will take part in this new and great race; it must decide which is most efficient, a man or a woman, under equal conditions. You are an athlete of Harvard's best training; Annie has taken a thorough mental and physical course at Vassar. You well represent a highly trained man; she is a well cultivated woman. Do you accept?"

"Yes, readily; for I shall win easy victory."

"Perhaps not. Instead of a race where little can be seen but ocean, this race is to be through the scenes most interesting to the human race, and you are to interview the most famous persons, and to make daily reports by Atlantic cable; your observations are to be constantly mirrored to this side of the ocean, and promptly read and judged by referees. It is not a mere matter of miles, but the one who sees and hears and reports the most that is interesting, and also travels thirteen thousand miles in thirty days from New York Light Ship through Europe and back again to New York Light Ship, will be the winner!"

Harry's mind staggered at the tremendous proposal, tremendous to him; he saw all its colossal proportions; he asked, "What if I fail?"

"Then you get nothing. I will then marry Annie and she and I will live at marvelously beautiful Rose Park."

"I accept," said Harry, "who shall be the umpires?"

"I name Mr. Blaine for one"

"And I name Grover Cleveland for another."

"Annie will name the other, who shall be chairman."

II

PASSING THE NATIONS IN GRAND REVIEW.

Annie was called and informed of the affair. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks the beautiful athlete said, "I consent."

She chose her referee, Mrs. Logan. The referees with enthusiasm accepted their offices. "Now," said Mr. Blaine, "let us settle the old question of which sex is the superior in practical ability;" and Mr. Cleveland declared, "The world never saw so interesting a contest."

Preparations for the great race were quickly made, money supplied, and the referees and other eminent persons gave letters of introduction to be used, and the State Department issued passports. The referees came down the N. Y. Elevated Railway and escorted Annie on board the majestic steamer, and bade her good speed.

"Now, Annie, if you let him beat you I shall know that you love him better than you love me," said Robin as he kissed her goodbye. The Widow Maler and Teteto were her personal staff.

Teteto had been at a Nevada high school; here is his first "Composition"; it reveals his clear-sighted character:

"wimin."

ef er wimin wonzter pleez er husbun she shood pleez his stunnuk bi good kookin: for the hart uv man an hiz stunnuk ar neer nabusz an bes frenz: theeze fax ar tru. 1st. ef she makz the bred hevvy, then hiz hart'll be hevvy. 2nd. ef hur bakin iz crusty his manurz 'll be krusty. 3rd. ef hur lofz ar ony harf bakt dun, then his greabelnis tu her will be ony harf dun 2. er good kook iz er thing ov joy an buty frever."

Here is an extract from Mrs. Cleveland's letter to a friend:

"I find her [Miss Annie Arden] a delightful talker; filled with good sense and varied information, she expresses ideas with grace and clearness. She is winsome and merry; she can do housekeeping or delicate needlework, or discuss learned subjects."

And this is from a college mate:

"Annie never declared she was a fright and had nothing to wear; she held that young men mean well but their dullness is gigantic; that pickled limes are "splendid"; that candy is "gorgeous" (but the girls gorged themselves with it); one moment dignified, proper; the next instant chasing a squirrel along the fence. She wished herself a boy so she could have "splendid" times climbing trees, setting traps, and doing all such illustrious deeds as delight the heart of boys."

Do not think Annie charmed by her graces without any effort. Like many charming women, and all our neighbor's wives except those who are our friends, she was beautifully plain. But as, in proportion to size, we like a kitten better than an elephant, so we like a kittenish girl, if she only have good sense and grace. And Annie was gracious, graceful and good. In the richness of her thoughts, the vivacity of her feelings, the courtesy of her manners, the healthy tone of her opinions, the steady equipoise of her mind and heart, the ability to quickly understand the situation, and the constant exercise of good sense and good taste, Annie was a typical, well educated young woman.

Like a picnic party the ship's passengers, social and merry, became, as Teteto said, "old friends at once," singing, telling stories, reciting poetry, seeing whales and porpoises, the women cackling and the men arguing, while in the quiet water this side of the Gulf Stream. "There'll be gales soon," said an old stager. "Day gales or nightingales?" asked Teteto as he sat down on the hot cylinder and got up at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Then came storms; "The wind blew in torrents," was an entry in Teteto's diary. Many were seasick; in agony a man groaned, "Shall we all die here?" Teteto responded, "I shan't, fur I've tuk notis thet ef I lib frn Monday, I lib frn de week oudt till nexdt Monday, an' here it only Friday, now." When the waiter scolded him for being in bed with his boots on, Teteto mildly said, "Neber min', I'll stick um oudt sost y' kin black um allee samee."

Teteto agreed with everybody: a blonde praised an absent dark lady; he assented warmly; she frowned and he saw his mistake and added, "But it am wood-cullud ladies I likes bes'," and the pleased blonde took his arm for a promenade.

"Ireland in sight!" shouted the watch. A sensation ran through the ship. There it was, only a dimly-seen pyramid, a far-off hill of old Donegal. Now the sea is very rough, but the thoughts of returning Irish are on the little cabins where they spent their merry childhood. More hills appeared, bold craggy, the "Bloody Forelands," a grand, wild front of towering cliffs, crag above crag and rocky heights beyond.

“Hurrah for de lan’ of my foremothers!” shouted Teteto.

A great rock in the water showed a human profile, then another, a gigantic recumbent Roman face, eyes, mouth, lips, chin and forehead, all distinct; as we approach it changes to an Irish face gazing up to heaven as if looking there for hope for Ireland.

Then came a thrilling spectacle, a dismantled boat driving upon the rocks. The crag beyond is two hundred feet high! Nearer is a sharp ridge of outlying rock; only a narrow rift is in it; the waves dash wildly foaming over it. Within two minutes those wrecked men must enter that narrow rift or enter eternity!

“God have mercy on their souls! They are lost!” cried the boatswain. The spectators looked on in dismay. The white roaring breakers caught the boat. It would be all over in a moment.

“Pray for them! Pray hard!” shouted a clergyman.

Teteto caught the word; I never heard a prayer like his: “O Lor’ save dem dar sailormans,—but it can’t be did!”

The wreck struck the cleft, darted through, they were saved!

“I’se bet tin dollaz that can’t be did again!” shouted Teteto. Bet not taken.

In lat. 55° 48’ nearly seven hundred and seventy-five miles further north than Halifax, they turned the northern point of Ireland at three o’clock in the morning, and in clear daylight, for, as Teteto said, “de twilight twiles most all night dar.” They were on Lough Foyle. The scene was lovely, the hills, the gentle slopes, the water, the old ruined castle, the garden beauty of the land, the many full-blossomed white-thorn hedges whose sweet fragrance came across the water, the elegant houses that peeped through openings of the fine groves, and then the distant city, Londonderry.

“How beautiful!” exclaimed Annie.

“If the scenery could speak it would return that compliment,” responded an Irishman with that gallantry for which his race is noted. On the wharf Teteto saw a horse attached to a derrick for unloading vessels; he called out, “Bling dat hoss marine an’ lif’ out my glab-sack.”

“What a funny city; it is walled in!” said Mrs. Maler. “Yes, these are the walls that protected it against James II and the French

in the famous siege of 1690; you see the very cannon then used," said Jones, the guide.

"Why did they erect this curious hill about thirty feet high, with a monument upon it?" asked Annie in the cathedral ground.

"It is made of the ashes of those who fell in the great siege."

Teteto put in, "They's like Mr. Moore we declamt bout to skule:

"Lowly an' badly we put 'im down
Frum der fleel uv 'im's flame, flesh and gloly,
We ear'd not er dime, we hove not er stone,
But we lef' 'im jis dar—by golly."

At sight of the jaunting car that Annie ordered for Giant's Causeway, Teteto exclaimed, "How queer! It looks like er halo."

"What do you mean by halo?"

"A halo is er low cart we hauls hay ontu in Nevada," he replied.

Away flew the car over the best country roads in the world, better than those of France because the Irish stone is harder. The heavier it rains, the better is an Irish road, for the rain only washes without damaging it as it would an American road.

"America is behind Ireland in road making," said Annie.

"It is behind all Europe in that useful art," replied the guide. "These roads are made of finely broken stone, each piece must pass through a screen with two-inch square meshes, then it is laid down from ten to twenty inches deep."

"With larger stone under them?"

"No; every stone larger than a two inch cube is taken out."

"Even underlying boulders?"

"Yes; nothing is here but the broken stone which carriage travel wears into this compact mass, smooth and solid."

"America would do well to learn this valuable art."

"It would, indeed; good roads are lacking in America while it excels in almost everything else."

"Wouldn't it be well for Americans to learn road making here?"

"They would not need to come here if they would follow the directions for using stone that I have just given you."

"Our jails are full of idle persons, our roads are bad, our taxes are high: why not put the idle men of bad ways to mending the public

ways? But why allow that field of worthless furz in this garden country?"

"It is a rabbit warren, kept for hunting; rabbits are better protected than tenants."

"How so?"

"Let a tenant starve and the landlord is unpunished, but a laborer got two years in prison for killing a rabbit."

"Look! There stands in the sea a colossal human head in stone!"

"It is called Napoleon's Head."

"And there is an immense sea-washed lion!"

"Complete, I can see even the paw."

"What a fine old ruin here is! It stands grandly alone and covers the whole summit of a high, detached rock, its foot is a hundred feet above the sea waves that dash so violently."

"It is Dunluce, the old-time castle of the O'Donnells and O'Neils."

"How superbly it overlooks old ocean at this extreme north end of Ireland."

"Yes; in Queen Elizabeth's time it saw the famous Spanish Armada of 1588 make terrible wreck upon those half-sunken rocks yonder; they are the Skelligs."

"And see over there, what a singular cliff! It looks like a colossal church organ, I can see its row of pipes bigger than trees."

"It is a freak of nature called the Organ."

Giant's Causway is the remains of some very large natural rocks that appear as if they had been erected to sustain a bridge, hence the name. Down the cliffs they went two hundred feet to the level of the ocean to see the strange basalt rocks, thousands of them, each of five equal sides, and all compacted together like honeycomb. They went out as far as the sea would permit. Wild waves were out there on that windy day; the sea roared, it growled, it charged, receded, charged again; it shook its great waves at the intruders; it brandished volumes of spray high in air; it flung its watery missiles; it rolled a towering wall. To Annie who loved nature's glories, all this was sublime. An old woman urged them to buy photographs, "I'm owld, I want money, I've been on these blessed rocks fer ages," she said.

"Wur ye here whlin thlis bridge wer built by the owlt Irish giant fur a Scot giant clome ofer an fitee, an stid of fitee ole gian', him mally his daughter?" asked Teteto.

"No, zur, but its meself 'll til yees whin I wor here."

"Tlel away, ole ladee."

"It's whin the purty 'Merican gintleman boy is come as i'll be a givin' me a saxpence." They all laughed, and Teteto handed over a sixpence, won by Irish wit. Teteto not liking to be laughed at, disappeared. The rest returned to the car on the cliff. They waited an hour for Teteto and became alarmed. Then he appeared; he was wet, draggled, forlorn.

"What can have happened to you?" asked Annie.

But Mrs. Maler in a fright cried, "I declar'! Ye look 'zif ye'd swum frum Boston. Tell me the truth, has enny Irisher murdered ye?"

Teteto assured her he was not murdered, and he told his story: "Bimaby Irlander guv me dlime's wuth wiskee, swallow um, feels tired, he tluk me Port Coona cavern; heap deep, under cliff, lef me dlar. I sleeppe, wakee, see tlide clumin' in, tly git out, no way, tlide rloar—b-r-r-r-r-r—bats fly in dlar, tlide higher, ddowned me dead; lif I off feet, whirl roun', swim, heap swim, fin' hole in wall, crawl out, here be; sure dlat big cave am one ob de footprints ob de Lor's mighty hand." A peasant refused Teteto's request for dry clothes and Teteto remarked, "Slome chaps is so mean they wouldn't gib er feller eben er ole stlaw hat ter kleep 'im flum starvin'."

In fair Coleraine valley Annie exclaimed, "Beautiful Ireland! It is fairer than a poet's dream!" The small farms, separated by flowering and odorous white-thorn hedges, the land in high cultivation, a thousand farms seen at one blow of the eye, in gentle slopes almost level, and in all shades from the brightest Irish emerald to the brown new furrows, an immense patchwork miles in extent, while the small huts, but fifteen feet square, but thatched and whitewashed, the little groups of persons, the buxom wives and the smart lasses, the spotted cattle, and the sturdy farmers of wheat, flax and potatoes, made up an attractive rural scene.

At Belfast they remarked the noble solidity of the buildings. In the suburbs where many cities run to piggeries and tumble-downs.

Belfast has fine parks and elegant mansions of the linen kings. Belfast is the greatest flax center in the world. It builds iron and steel ships; it is adorned by many large, noble looking men and noble buildings, a good library, a Methodist college and a botanical garden. "What lovely gardens, fine groves, thrifty shrubbery and big rhododendrons are here," said Annie.

"And the people dress better than in Boston," added Mrs. Maler.

They saw many tall men with fine features, regular and oval, Grecian and Roman noses, shapely mouths, symmetrical figures, erect and manly walk, and courteous manners everywhere in Ireland. Lovely, fertile Ireland! Better its people than its land laws and its liquor bars! Whirling on through Leinster they saw many silent cottage walls, monuments of evictions, their roofs had been burned by landlords' orders; yet each cottage had been a home as dear as our own home. It is not the English people of to-day that are to blame, it is the landlord class of both Ireland and England.

From the top of Nelson's monument at Dublin, one hundred and forty feet above the street, they looked down on a great picture, a city extending beyond the range of the eye till lost in distance in the smoke of countless chimneys. "Did you ever!" cried Mrs. Maler, as they saw the Hill O'Howth, its whole face a great rural picture, all real, all masterly, a view of great beauty. Through the smoky air the whole steep hillside appeared like a real wall painting, its pretty farms, its little cottages, its many gardens, its groups of cattle, and then its busy people, and the white and green rows of blossomed hedges and the green trees. One corner looked a very paradise, even Adam and Eve not wanting, and the Widow Maler saw, through her powerful glass, a gallant Irishman kiss a pretty lass, and Mrs. Maler exclaimed, "Isn't that refreshing!"

The statues in front of Trinity college — Grattan, Tom Moore, Goldsmith, Burke and William of Orange — delighted Teteto; he asked if all Irishmen turn to stone when they die. Mrs. Maler saw her chance to instruct Teteto, so she said, "No; good Irishmen go to heaven to become, do you know what?"

"No."

"Think. What is it that fly with wings and watch over us by night?"

"Skeeters!" replied Teteto.

They were delighted to see the gorgeous bank of Ireland, the old parliament houses, the rich goods, the silks and porcelains in the shop windows, the Leinster gallery of paintings and statuary, the grand St. Patrick's cathedral where they all drank from St. Patrick's marvelous well, and saw the tombs and monuments of many great Irishmen, the colored windows, the grand roof, the statue of St. Patrick, rude like the thirteenth century that chiseled it, the rich choir carved in old oak, the elegant pulpit, and when they walked the clean streets Mrs. Maler said,—

"I du declar, I never thot I'd come tu this!"

"To what?"

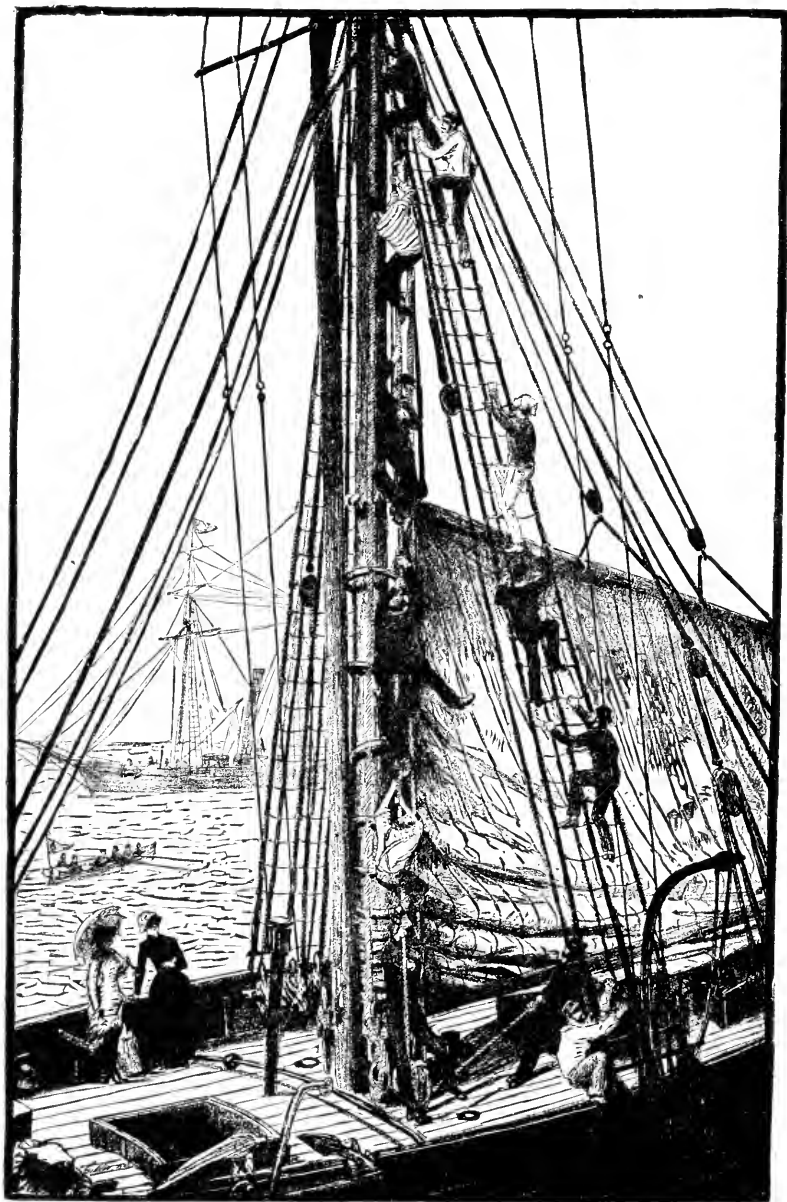
"Tu seein' a furrin city cleaner than any 'Merican city or town."

"We see it now," said Annie reluctantly.

"In Europe most cities are much cleaner than in America," said the guide.

They resolved to attack Dublin Castle. Long they waited in the ante-room. Then came a tall, high-style blonde, wearing a little turned up nose, blue eyes to match her blue shawl, yellow hair to match her yellow train; her architecture was sleek, slim and slender, to match her aesthetic air; little yellow boots showed that she stood on trifles; she was clothed with many rings on her fingers; there may have been bells on her toes, she seemed to be herself a belle. Her eyes did not drop so low as the heads of her visitors, but her voice, rich and sweet, like a two-for-a-cent jew's-harp, said, "This way, please." She glided, a streak of blue and yellow, and the party followed through the reception room, the state ball room and the grand throne room, each room elegant in stucco and fresco, and adorned with paintings most of them old-time portraits in bygone costume. Teteto seated himself calmly on the Lord Lieutenant's chair. When they were leaving they dared not offer this superb lady a fee, for she might be the duchess of all ducks herself, but that female boldly asked for it.

About fourteen centuries before Christ, Ireland was subdued by people from Spain. The Saxons, eighteen hundred years later, in A. D. 450, attacked and conquered England, but they did not succeed in attempts to conquer Ireland. The Danes laid tribute on



"ANNIE CAME GAILY SAILING."

England in A. D. 991 and conquered it in 1027, but the Irish repelled them. William of Normandy, on the death of Edward the Confessor, in 1066 conquered England, but not Ireland. There were Christians in Ireland in 472 when St. Patrick founded the bishopric of Leinster. England's first Christian was more than one hundred years later.

Originally the Irish were many tribes. The land belonged to each tribe in common. In 1156 Henry II invaded Ireland. By the conquest of Henry and of Strongbow, much of Ireland was taken and divided among adventurers. This was the origin of Irish landlords. This is their title to-day. Many later conquests extended this cruel system to all Ireland. Landlordism exacted the highest possible rent, left the Irish in deep misery. Three-fourths of them were Catholics, and English law barred all Catholics from parliament, from holding civil office, or commissions in the army, from all juries, from the bar, from education; it was felony to teach a Catholic school; a Catholic could neither buy nor inherit land, although they were a nation of farmers. A child by professing to be a Protestant could oust his father from that father's hard earned home and fire-side, and take the father's property wholly as his own, a horrible bribe to betray innocent parents. In 1801, by the act of Union, Ireland was changed from a province to an integral part of the "Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," but the same system of oppression was continued. It was over this old Ireland, the home of poetry and song, a land as beautiful as fancy may paint, a people as patriotic and generous as warm hearts and genial natures can make a people; a race whose members welcome you as they would a kinsman, a nation that in the long ago days of the fifth century, when England was in darkness, sent Christian missionaries to then heathen Germany, this sunny-hearted but often betrayed people, that Catholic Henry II and his Catholic and Protestant successors for ages tyrannized. Had any Irishman committed one-tenth of the crimes that these have done, then English rule would have hung him. By the census of 1891, four hundred and seventy-six thousand one hundred and sixty-two Irish live in Ireland. In other countries are about twenty million of Irish blood.



DUBLIN CUSTOM HOUSE.

III

WALES.

They crossed from Dublin to Holyhead, by steamer. On board was Mr. Stanley, the explorer of Africa, the first act of whose life, that of being born, was performed in Wales, when he was quite young.

"Why are the farms so poor?" asked Mrs. Maler as they were crossing the island of Anglesea.

"Because a tenant may be ejected on six months notice without pay for improvements he has made," replied Mr. Stanley.

"Is this not worse than in Ireland?"

"It is, for an Irishman can now get pay for betterments if he is ejected. Formerly that was not the case: If an Irish tenant made a shed or dug a well, or set a hedge, the landlord could and sometimes did compel him to pay rent on these additions of value made by the tenant: this is called rack-rent."

"What a beautiful scene!"

"It is Menai Straits."

"The long winding line of water, the groups and lines of trees, the small groves capping the hillocks, the pretty hedges, are all arranged in symmetry as if the landscape were made to order."

"In ten minutes we shall enter Stephenson's famous Britannia Tubular Bridge."

"I wish to see it; I have heard of it often."

"Here it is, and here we enter it."

"We rush through it in darkness like a cricket in a stove funnel."

"Precisely: it is simply a long, large, iron tube high in the air crossing the strait."

"What holds it up?"

"Three tall stone piers. The tube rest on trucks, for the changes of heat and cold make about ten inches of variation in length of the longest tube."

Out into daylight and the guard shouted, "Bangor!"

"How calmly beautiful! The strait looks like an enchanted river flowing on to Fairyland!"

"Seems like a place'd'orter be fil'd with men lyin' onto the grass, an' winnin' setin' under trees a-knittin', an' gals an' boys a-playin' hoop," said Maler.

"It has taken centuries of skill to subdue, tone and adorn this scenery. Still, like a Pawnee dressed in silk, it shows its savage origin. Yonder is the camp of Caduant, Chester's earl, who landed there in 1096; nearer is Plas Newydd, a Druid altar; across the strait you see Beaumarchais where the bards were massacred. It is a summer resort."

Then they plunged into a dark tunnel under the eternal rock hill; then out and saw a thrifty village; then in again under a towering headland; out again and meet the sea where it makes a deep gulf into the cliffs with an army of tall green hills in battle line over the little valley; then through rock to the Aber gorge, deep, narrow; you may look away high up like looking up in the depths of a shaft, or below you see a weird creek in this unnatural light. Shade-loving ferns, for which this uncanny spot is famous, are clinging to the rock walls. Then to the left down a vale is such an old mill, with outside wheel, as we see in pictures, while up the narrow rock rift, the ragged and jagged sides seem trying to shake off the green things that cling to the rock, veneering it to forty times a man's height. They glide along the sea margin in romantic scenery, dash through a tunnel under the great cliff, see a flash of light up a deep wild rock gorge, again dash into the tunneled rock, and out at Tinmouth, among hills steep and tall, two crested heights, like helmeted knights, standing over it; then on into a broad meadow in a bay of cliffs, the high rock perforated by miners as swallows make holes in a clay bank.

Then came the black tunnel, intense darkness, a thousand midnights concentrated, fountains of water pouring from the stone roof upon the car, with a heavy resounding; steam and smoke thicken; the car shakes; the world seems to tremble; half-stunned by the noises one feels like being hurled through ink. Is a dragon rushing with

the train to Pluto's shore? No; St. George slew the dragon. Are you rushing to the "bad place" below? No; fire and brimstone make light, while here all is darkness.

"What a place for a colusion!" cried Widow Maler.

"Jis termenjus smasherashin'!" put in Teteto.

Out at last, they cross a river with flat banks, dash through another tunnel and come out at the queer market town of Conway, once protected by twenty-seven towers, a triangle within three high walls, the castle forming one side; still a spot of the middle ages. It is a beautiful, romantic place. Here artist Nature has piled crag over crag, sunk deep gorges, surrounded a little bay with high cliffs and stood up great high hills, and then in a softer mood has put in a lovely vale, given crowns of woodlands to the hills, decked the crags with living green; and then artist men have adorned what Nature so grandly planned. It is a romance of beauty, the eye is delighted, the senses beguiled by these luxurious charms.

They crossed the Conway through the tubular bridge, three hundred and twenty-seven feet long, passed through a tunnel under part of the castle, came out and saw high above them,

CONWAY CASTLE.

"Magnificent!" they all exclaimed.

"De castle doan seem bad ruint," said Teteto.

"It has been restored as in the old days of chivalry," said Jones.

"It looks as if it had just stepped out of the frame of some old-time picture," remarked Annie.

"North Wales is denied fertility, but it has wealth of mine and cliff, and crag and gorge, and grove and vale and brook," said Jones.

"It has indeed."

"Just yonder is Llandudno, queen of North Wales beauty."

East of Conway the cliffs, till now crowding the sea, stand back a mile or more, and farms cover hill and dale. A line of trees, like a line of soldiers, on the side hills extends for miles. Not far beyond Llandulas is the spot where Richard II was betrayed to his rival to the throne. Soon Teteto asked, "Wat thlat black ink spot on steep face ob rock?"

"It is the mouth of Yr Ogof, a magnificent cavern, its existence is little known in America."

"We are on interesting ground."

"Yes, here is Giant's Castle, one of the most complete Roman camps in Great Britain."

"Coppa'r Loylfa!" called the guard.

"Remains of an ancient British tower; its foot was on that precipice, one hundred and ninety-six feet high.

"Gwryeh Castle!"

"Old Welch: it once had eighteen high towers."

"Rhyll!"

"On this fair hill slope, just out of Rhyll, over eleven hundred years ago, in 785, the Saxons under Offa, king of Mercia, in an obstinate conflict, defeated the Welch under prince Caradog."

"Rhuddlan Castle!"

"This is three miles from Rhyll. Edward I built it in the fourteenth century. Here Parliament was held and the statutes of Rhuddlan enacted. Just Yonder Henry III, in 1241, built Dyserth Castle. Near by are lead mines."

"Holywell!"

"St. Winifred's miraculous well, once covered by a monkish edifice, its waters are still used for rheumatism. It is still in repute with Catholics. The flow of water is above one hundred tons a minute. Yonder are the ruins of the abbey (Barnigneck) built nine hundred years ago."

"Tlars Bunkum Hill monymunt."

"That is a great chimney for furnaces in the deep mine under it."

"But no seemm buildin's."

"There are none; the people are all down in the mine."

"Likee groun' hog in 'im hole?"

"Yes. Now we have reached a fertile valley; this river is the Dee. We here cross the line into England."

"It looks like a cultivated prairie of Kansas."

"Just over there is Gladstone's home."

Annie was looking through her glass. She said, "I see a man over there; he has chopped down a tree."

"It is Gladstone himself; he likes to chop down trees."

"T' tree looks chopfallen, sure," said Teteto.

IV

ENGLAND.

In a carriage they drove about Chester. "It seems strange to see an old walled city," remarked Annie.

"This is an old town; the Romans cut two streets in the rock so that sixteen feet of the second story forms a long promenade open in front, and reached from the street by steps, with private homes above and warehouse below and shops within. The Puritans took Chester from Charles I, who stood in this old tower and saw his forces defeated. Some of the houses are quaintly timbered."

In route beyond Chester they saw flocks of women doing farm work in the fertile fields. They found Birmingham to be a large city of many manufactures; almost every trade seems to be there; it is a great hive of industry. But liquor drinking there is a great evil. At Warwick Castle, amid the curiosities of many centuries, the old armor, the fine paintings, the cedars of Lebanon brought from Palestine seven hundred years ago, they dreamed away an hour. At Kenilworth Castle ruins they grieved over the troubles of Amy Robsart and the love story of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, and then went to Coventry and looked at "Peeping Tom," and heard again the quaint old story of the good lady Godiva, who, to free the people from unjust taxes, rode naked as an angel through the town, and that Tom was struck blind for peeping. Then, American like, they went on to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare.

Their first impressions were incredulity that a man of his culture could have lived in so poor, cheap, and rough a house. The floor of the living-room is flag-stone irregular in shape and not fitted, but showing large gaps between stones. The long fireplace with his chair in it, is the only thing that looks cosy. The finish is rough. The room up-stairs, where he was born, is so low that a short person can reach the ceiling. The very small panes of glass (about five by six inches) are covered with names of pilgrims to this shrine of liter-

ature; they saw those of Scott and Irving. This floor is of unplanned and unmatched oak boards, big cracks at their ends and sides show rudeness of carpentering. The walls contain an incredible number of names. To their surprise they found not a scrap of Shakespeare's writing in the house. Many unimportant persons have placed their own portraits here, among which it requires search to find the few relics of the great man, his seal ring for his thumb, and a few trifles. Most interesting is a cast of his face taken after death, which shows the actual form of the great bard's features. All the paintings of him show brown, coffee colored eyes except one with blue eyes.

At his grave in the church they felt the place is sacred, for under their feet are the ashes of him, who, in literature, among all the millions who have lived, has no peer; him whose mind has become a part of the world's great mind, a part of the world's education.

"You are standing now just on the very spot where stood Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, in 1582, when they were solemnly pronounced husband and wife," said Jones. "Here, doubtless, he was christened, here married and here buried. For many generations the world will come as we to-day have come," added Annie, "to see his home and his grave."

"The bust of him that you see upon the wall was placed there by his daughter, six years after his death. She must have approved it as a likeness of him. It shows the face perhaps broader and with less of nervous lines than the common portraits of him.

As they were passing Oxford, where are twenty colleges, they saw many youths bathing in the stream. Teteto remarked, "I've see de river am well boyed."

AT MAJESTY'S SHRINE.

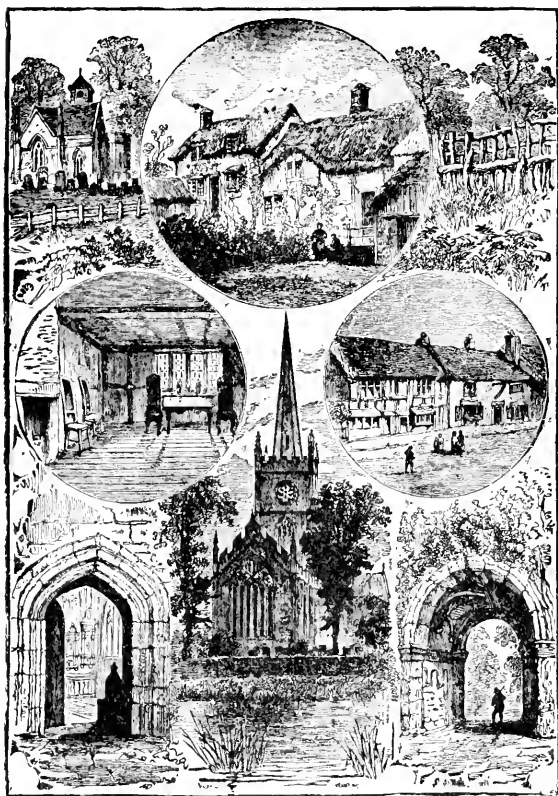
Robin had cabled to London to get Annie presented at court. This was not easy to arrange. But Mr. White, Secretary of our Legation, overcame all difficulties. Mrs. Vere would present her. The required dress came by accident; Mrs. Vere's daughter had prepared all for herself, but she generously gave Annie her own privilege; Annie would go instead, so the invitation was changed. Miss Vere was exactly of Annie's size, so the dress fitted just right. Here is Annie's story:



HENRY M. STANLEY.

“With our trains over our arms Mrs. Vere and I entered the carriage. Through a crowd of gazing bystanders a footman plowed a way for us. The trains filled all the rest of the carriage. It grew exciting as we passed other parties into whose carriages the mob was gazing. We saw glimpses of faces within, over a maze of silk, satin, illusion and flowers. We entered the park and took our place in the line of gaily decked carriages in that dazzling procession which twinkled with jewels and flowers. Then a general carriage reception for an hour in the park, where friends in groups came up with their sprightly chat. The weather was superb, so this was a gay affair. At the palace doors the carriage was opened and an official in smart livery said, ‘Allow me to take your train, Madam.’

“I stepped on the threshold and the scarlet official put my train on my arm and my bouquet in my hand. The stage fright vanished as quickly as it had come, and I swept up the great staircase, through lines of sentries and guards in dashing uniform, to the room where were assembled the highest ladies of England, in glittering, shimmering, sparkling array of gorgeous colors and dazzling jewels. We were ushered into a vast room hung with portraits, but the pictures in which I was most interested were the living ones before me. I held my breath at the blinding vision; duchesses, countesses, in gowns more wonderful than the most nimble fancy could picture. This occasion inspires them to enthusiasm in dress. For ordinary occasions they do not dress—they merely wear clothes. It came our turn to move. I was sorry to have the beautiful tableau dissolved, although the curtain went down on it only to rise on the most brilliant, thrilling scene of the play: my presentation to the court of England was but a few moments distant. As I neared it my heart beat a lively tune. I saw two officials spreading out Mrs. Vere’s train; I heard her name called, and then, as in a dream, I felt those same officials take my train from my arm, heard my own name called; the moment had come. A long line of royalties, a line of officials facing them, through which Mrs. Vere was courtesying her way, and I was to follow. A glitter, a flash, a dazzle of crown jewels and I had taken the plunge. Five courtesies, and there was the Queen in all her glory. A deep reverence, a light kiss of her



SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

hand. The most awful moment was over, I might look other royalties in the face, see what they are really like, if only the lady who followed me would not come on so fast.

"Five more courtesies, my train once more put over my arm, and I started on my career of backward courtesies. Back! Back! Would that long room ever come to an end? I asked myself with the first courtesy. With the second came courage, and as I made the third, I would have felt well if only that next lady would be slower; but on she came, swift as time, and I must go on.

"‘It is over, you may turn now,’ whispered Mrs. Vere. It had seemed long, but really did not last a minute. Then I felt cheated; it had been but a twinkle; I had not half seen the royal family. I wanted to go back and do it all over. Now that I had practice what a pity not to use it! I stood behind the guards and saw the next. Then I saw how six yards of train were managed while I was passing the royalties. The page who spread it out gave it to the official opposite the first royalty. As she passes to the next royalty he passed on the train to the next official and so on, and at the end of the line it is put on her arm."

Just then, standing in the blaze of royal glory, Amie beheld a sight that astonished her.

Widow Maler was coming! She was advancing to be presented to the Queen! Without a court dress, how she passed the guards was a mystery. But there she was, brisk and lively. Her name was not called. So she announced it like a war cry, "Mrs. Maler, of 'Meriky, marm!" The Queen put out her hand for Mrs. Maler to kiss it; but she seized it fervently and shook it with genial cordiality, and fired off these words:

"How d'ye do, marm? Glad t' see yeh. Hope yer well an' happy. When ye come t' 'Meriky gimme er call. Shill be glad t' see yeh! How d'ye like bein' a queen?"

British politeness requires that one show surprise at nothing; so the queen took it calmly, she could not blush, her complexion is already too red for a blush to show on it. The Prince of Wales gave a guardsman a look, and the tall soldier took Mrs. Maler on his arm and conducted her away so gently that she believed an

honor was being done her. They waited in their carriage at the foot of the stairs and saw the radiant throng of female beauty and splendor come down. That was the end; the play was over.

V

HARRY KANE.

Eager to win Annie and \$500,000, Harry Kane arrived in **Liverpool**. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., met him, by request, to show him a little of Liverpool, but Harry proposed to stay only two hours. He wished to see the celebrated docks. Mr. O'Connor showed him several miles of them. Said he, "Liverpool's commerce by steamers extends to many points of the three Americas and Europe, Australia, Asia and Africa, it is world-wide. The inventions of Hargreaves' jenny in 1767-70, Arkwright's rollers in 1769, the card machine and Crompton's jenny in 1780, Perkin's steel stamps and Cartwright's power loom in 1785, and Whitney's cotton gin in 1793, and James Watt's steam engine, gave it the impulse and power to become one of the great business centers of the world.

"How do railways get through the town?"

"By four great underground tunnels, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long."

"Are there many moral and religious organizations?"

"About two hundred churches and chapels, and one hundred charities?"

"And the educational?"

"Many church schools, several colleges, a medical institute, art school, Lyceum, atheneum, museum, news rooms and libraries, and many associations."

"And amusements?"

"Numerous theaters and concert rooms."

"And places where persons may breathe fresh air?"

"Stanley, Sefton, the Botanic and the Prince's parks adorn the place."

At sight of the black statues of Wellington, Nelson, Huskinson,

Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and William IV, Kelo marveled: "I neber nohow sabe folks turn to stone thataway!"

"Nature has done great things for the English," said this Irish O'Connor. "They are born with enterprising dispositions, strong intellects, large frames, brain and brawn, and they know how to do business. An immense advantage it is that they have the best of coal and iron ore, and deep water harbors, close together, and a climate in which men can do a great amount of work. These and the accumulated capital are the means by which they are so great shipbuilders, and England and Scotland the great manufacturing and trading country of the world. In this region I will name ten large places besides Liverpool, all of which you may visit in one day, whose very existence is unknown to nine out of ten Americans, and yet the ten contain above a million of people, and each alone has more big factories than the whole state of Maine contains. They are Blackburn, Bolton-le-Moors, Oldham, Rochdale, Burnley, Bury, Wigan, St. Helen's, Preston, and then Saalfeld.

"You astonish me," said Harry.

"Right here in Lancashire is probably the second greatest population center in the world, second only to London and almost equaling that. In London are reckoned all within a circle of fifteen miles from Trafalgar square, which makes an area thirty miles in diameter. Take a thirty-mile diameter, with Liverpool in its rim, and you will include several million of persons."

"Would this include Manchester?"

"Yes; and many more large places. I will start with you to-day at ten A.M. from St. Helen's, twelve miles north of Liverpool; we will, in a few hours, drive through ten large towns, each of which does more manufacturing than the average American state."

"Are you jesting?"

"I am in earnest."

"It seems impossible!"

"You will see."

They started in a light, open carriage. As they approached St. Helen's, Harry was startled by the spectacle. Great columns of dense black smoke, the equal in mass he had never seen, was rising from

many points, forming immense inky clouds that actually hid the sun! The immense ink-cloud seemed supported by those massy ebony columns. It was an umbragous temple of smoke that appeared to cover creation. It was a strange spectacle. The air was smoke; the world seemed filled with smoke; away to right, away to left, directly in front, the monster, somber volumes rolled upward. Blacker than thunder clouds, their shadow darkened the earth! Sodom and Gomorrah, when being destroyed by fire from heaven, must have appeared like this! If as startling, as enormous, as broad, then no wonder that the lamented Mrs. Lot turned to look back, astounded at the big smoke spectacle! Well might astonishment strike her into a pillar or a pillory of anything.

"Looks like a world on fire!" exclaimed Harry.

"This is St. Helen's."

"What is St. Helen's?"

"A large, scattered place. These fires are made to raise coal from mines, and to run tanneries and breweries, and to work in iron, copper, brass and plate glass. Work is whirling here."

"I never heard of this place before."

They drove on, saw Wigan, with its many churches, numerous cotton factories, iron works and brass works. Mr. O'Connor asked, "Did you ever in America hear of this place?"

"Never."

They passed through Chorley, and saw that it has large coal, lead and iron mines, big cotton, alum, slate and iron works; but Mr. O'Connor said that as the average American state may have as extensive manufacturing and mining, he would throw in Chorley gratis. There is nothing mean about Mr. O'Connor.

"You have heard of Bolton-le-Moors?"

"Never. What is it?"

"This is it. A great manufacturing place, cotton center, millions of cotton spindles; above forty foundries; so many dye works that the river is dyed with the waste. Many mines here."

"It seems a busy place."

"Now we have come to Preston."

"Well, what is Preston? Any more of your deep dyed stories?"

“A great place for manufactures; many churches; great brass foundries; big iron furnaces; glass making; scores of big cotton factories.”

Then turning easterly through Blackburn and Burnley, they again turned south and saw the marvelous industries of Rochdale, Bury, Oldham, and Saalfield to Manchester. Harry saw as many as a hundred and twenty cotton factories in a single town! In all of them he beheld manufacturing so extensive, so really enormous, as to arouse his lively astonishment.

“All these ten great places, not including Manchester, were unknown to me till now!” he said. “And yet I believed I was well informed in affairs of the world.”

The Queen was coming to Liverpool to open an exhibition. Harry gives an eye-witness’ account of the affair, viz:

“This was a great occasion, and the Queen does not often go there. Other cities sent their throngs.

“An innumerable multitude filled the streets. It seemed as if the whole nation were there. Everywhere were masses of crowding, pushing humanity, of all ages and conditions, and of no condition. Mingled with the throngs were many thousands of children, some of them quite small. It was surprising that these midgets were not crushed: but they seemed accustomed to being in the crowded streets. The street was the home of too many of them. They were a complete assortment of all kinds, qualities, sizes and ages, born paupers, natural outcasts, wharf rats, gutter snipes, covered with dirt; lucky if they were half covered with rags; ghastly, ghostly little beings, wandering waifs, and broods of equally ghostly, drunken, filthy, depraved parents. Their equals can hardly be found, except in lowest New York. Yet they glided through the great crowds with the skill of experts. No more pitiable sight than these street unfortunates, of the great commercial city.

“On this grand holiday celebration, everywhere, upon everything, were gay decorations. Great triumphal arches, gorgeously decorated, spanned the streets. Flags were flying from almost every building. Streamers, banners, mottoes were everywhere displayed. The buildings, the streets, the whole city itself was in its gayest holiday

attire. And thousands of the well dressed, clean and respectable, mingled with those in rags and tatters in their eagerness to see the Queen.

"That immense throng was in enthusiasm of loyalty. They were about to see Royalty itself. Few of them had ever seen their Queen. Men who had seen her long ago, before her husband's death caused her to reserve herself so much from the public, now made themselves interesting by stating that fact. I have heard Englishmen say that she is unpopular with the English because of her alleged avarice, exclusion, peculiar habits and mental aberration. But there was not a sign of unpopularity here. Everybody seemed excited with attachment to her. Whatever may be her faults, nobody can deny that her reign has been by far the best in all England's long, eventful history. No reign in all history, in the broad world, shows a greater progress of a great people than hers. I do not attribute this great progress to her, but to the people themselves.

In that forenoon the chilly rain fell slowly, steadily. Yet before ten o'clock every street that she was to traverse was filled; every space, every spot occupied by good humored throngs, countless in thousands. In many streets the police kept open, for passers, only a narrow, single file path, next the wall. As the time approached for the Queen to appear, a great force of large policemen opened a way for her to the exhibition, through four and one half miles of human beings! This lane, about ten feet wide, was, for all that long distance, bordered on each side by a row of big policemen, near enough together to reach each other. I wondered where England got so many large men for policemen. I was answered, truly, that she raises them. Verily there are giants in that land. Of those big fellows, eight thousand stood in those two long lines, between the Britons gushing with loyalty and the path through which their Queen was to make her brilliant dash. This was not all. Large bodies of additional police, well armed, were close at hand, standing in columns in side streets all along the entire route, ready for instant action. The rough class, in full force, appeared good humored. It seemed strange, all this great police force, when the masses appeared so exuberantly loyal.

"Gossip was busy all the morning. 'The Queen has actually come! She has certainly arrived; it was at four o'clock this morning; it was by special train; she must be fatigued; she is taking a nap; did you see her? She looked well; the Guards are with her! We shall see the Guards! Princess Beatrice is with her! I saw her! I got up at two o'clock and waited!' 'I never saw her,' said others, 'After to-day I can say I have seen the Queen.' This talk was everywhere. A stout, elderly man, stirred enthusiasm as far as his voice could reach, by declaring that he saw her that morning, and that she is just as straight as she was forty years ago. Straight is an amusing word when applied to her, as that short, four feet and ten inches tall and very stout elderly lady is almost as round each way as a globe.

"Long the throngs waited. The rain still fell; but they minded it little. The air was very chilly; but still that countless multitude, those four and one half miles of human beings, waited there for their Queen. All the windows were full of heads. Lancashire, Cheshire and Staffordshire had swarmed and lighted here. I had been all up and down this route early that morning, while the crowds were forming, and I had seen many drunken men and drunken women reeling about, falling into the deep mud, lifted up to stagger on, crushing against the crowd and falling again. But now those already drunk were braced up by this dense packing of humanity. They could not fall. Again recurred the wonder why hundreds of thousands of those street children were not crushed and trampled to death. It was not so noisy as an American crowd. For long distances all of the many side streets were filled with carriages, wagons, drays and carts, covered with people. At last the rain ceased; but the air was still misty, dismal with low hung clouds. It was interesting to hear the rumbling tones of those mingling voices of that great throng; many thousands gossiping at once.

"The thunder of cannon announced that the Queen had started. Then we heard away off at the head of the line beyond the masses of buildings, the sound of cheering. It came thundering on, a mighty voice, rolling down the long line, the tremendous voice of a great multitude. From my position I could see a long way up and

down the line. Away off I saw an ocean of hats suddenly fly into the air.

“‘The Queen is coming!’ shouted everybody. ‘There she comes!’

“Enthusiasm was wild. One mighty roar of cheering from one hundred thousand throats: one hundred and fifty thousand hats and handkerchiefs waving: two hundred thousand people standing upon tiptoe to look over those in front. Then a mass of high nodding, rapidly dashing plumes, seen above everything else is approaching. The royal cortége comes in a rapid dash, for Victoria, like Jehu of old ‘driveth furiously.’ First came the brilliant Guards, those tall magnificent young men, every one a six footer; their splendid bear-skin caps and waving plumes making them look still taller; all stunningly gorgeous in broadcloth and dazzling in gold; all mounted upon handsome large black horses. The Guards themselves are one of the famous sights of England. Then followed several officers, mounted and gay, and then came the royal open carriage, drawn by eight horses in splendid harness: each near horse was ridden by a young man in light blue silk skalleap; old style white-gray wig, covered with hair powder, and with its long cue tied behind with ribbon bows; their young faces, powdered with white, making them look like wax works of old gentlemen; with short light blue jackets, and gilt globe buttons, buff vests, white linen trousers, and their long top boots. This singular, quaint costume made them seem like weird strange creatures, just stepped out of some old time legend. Motionless each sits his horse and looks straight forward.

“**Victoria** in the open barouche does not look queenly. Short and very fat she looks unwieldy. She seemed pleased. Two ladies were with her. The multitude cheered, and the Queen kept her large head bowing affably,—the royal family return every one’s bow,—and her very large and very red face glowed upon her loyal subjects like unto a harvest full moon; and in a moment she was gone far down the line.

“In that great multitude were people of every condition, high and low, and of no condition; many were certainly out of condition, of dilapidated, extremely dirty, ragged, friend-forsaken looking men,

women and children, I saw thousands, a great army of men, women and children in rags, tatters, ghostly, unearthly faces, that looked as if they came from deep down in England's mines, and never were touched by the health-giving sunshine; complexions, unearthly, unlike any I ever saw elsewhere: men with misery stamped all over them: women, deathly, unnatural pictures of terrible suffering: children, shadowy, demoralized, wretched, punished by hunger, overshadowed by crime: thousands on thousands of persons of all ages, covered with the sad marks of destitution; of drunkenness, of imprudence; miserable! O how miserable!

"This in the heart of the emporium of one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, commercial and manufacturing districts on earth. The condition of some of those people would be more hopeful if they had enough self respect to wash themselves. Water is plenty. I observed many whose ripped and torn clothes might have been repaired by the wearers if they would, so it seems to be partly their own fault that they dress in dirt with rags mixed in it. Yet Liverpool streets are fairly clean. All city streets that I have seen in Europe are cleaner than those of America. France is clean. In Holland the national mania is neatness. In Rotterdam I saw women wash the fronts of the houses and the sidewalks every morning. Bright, beautiful Amsterdam is marvelously clean."

Yet Liverpool is a town of great wealth, of tremendous enterprise, of world-wide commerce, and, besides the wretches, it has a great population of clean, thrifty, energetic, manly and enlightened people. If the lower class could only be freed from the terrible misery of drink and dirt they might become as respectable as the common people of Chester, Oxford, Glasgow, Manchester, York and Hull.

With all Britain's extensive trade, its stupendous manufactures, it needs still larger markets. It has in a single year manufactured and exported cotton cloth enough to make a garment for every man, woman and child in all the world. The trade between the United States and Britain is the richest trade in the world.

British towns increase with astonishing rapidity. Not alone is America advancing at railroad speed; Britain, too, is rushing ahead. For instance, Barrow-on-Furness in 1847 was a little fishing village

of three hundred persons; to-day it is a great place; has immense steel works; builds some of the very largest and best iron and steel steamships that sail the ocean. Its deep, natural harbor; its rich, red hematite iron ore, and cheap and near supply of coal, render it more favored than any American locality for manufacturing. It has a copper mine, cheap iron, cheap copper, cheap coal and a fine natural harbor; what more can industry require except a market?

The same place is rich in castellated remains of bygone ages. If you wish to romantically muse among the grass-grown ruins of old times, and long dead heroes of the feudal ages, you may at Furness Abbey, a romantic spot; contemplate the moldering arches and broken columns that still tell the story that many centuries ago powerful ones of the earth lived here in grandeur, and made these now decayed walls ring with their living voices.

Or, weary, you seek delightful rest at the celebrated "Lake District," once the home of the "Lake Poets," Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, a wondrously beautiful spot. Lake Windermere is a continuous picture of lovely beauty; everywhere charmingly bewitching. Not the bold grandeur that I saw in the high Alps of Switzerland, where nature with bold hand has seemingly piled up tremendous masses of material with which to build another world, where the stupendous majesty, the awful magnificence of nature, strikes you dumb with awe; nor is Windermere as I saw in the Alpine gorge of Ticino, a mile and a half sheer above me, the still higher heights pouring their masses of melted snow and many days heavy rainfall, sheer down from precipices of enormous height, sometimes a thousand feet at a single massive bound to strike some bold cliff, fly into great bursting spray, gather again and spring again down another thousand feet, to burst again and spring again, and finally to rush away through the ever roaring Ticino to the fertile plains of upper Italy. Not like this is lovely Windermere: but it is as though some giant artist painted a grand picture eleven miles long and one mile broad, of rich, soft beauty, of wooded shores, of pretty islands, of tender coloring, of gentle slopes, of many charming villas, and then the pretty little cottages, peeping out from the trees at one as you pass in the little, almost fairy steamer, over these tree and hill-

reflecting waters; the queen of English lakes; the spot for happy, waking dreams. From a pleasant grove, and nestled in foliage and shrubbery, I saw Mrs. Heman's "Dove's Nest," a stately villa, looking down upon us. So lovely, so tranquil, so entrancing is everything that you involuntarily exclaim, "No wonder this was once the retreat of famous poets. Who, indeed, could live here and not become a poet, or an artist?"

SCOTLAND.

Harry took the fast express, and, flying at the rate of a mile a minute, he arrived at the great Scotch city, one of the great distributing points of the world's trade, solid Glasgow. It is indeed a noble city. Through it, across narrow Scotland and via Hull and Grimsby, England, is one of the world's great routes of travel and trade from America to the north of Europe. The further north, the smaller around is the globe. Lay a line on the map from New York or Boston and see how it just avoids the Nova Scotia coast, runs through Glasgow and Edinburgh, away to several lands of north Europe. By this route come many north country emigrants to America. Scotland is poor in farming, but rich in business. Glasgow with its solid buildings built to stand a thousand years, its good streets, its fine squares, its out door statuary, its big stores and shops, by its handsome women and active men, by its astonishing enterprise, its great ship building, its freedom of thought and action, its university, its industries, its trade, its eminent men, and its memories of its James Watt and Henry Bell, has made itself one of the great cities that influence mankind.

Whoever knows well Scott's immortal poem, the "Lady of the Lake," has in its accurate description of scenery and places, an admirable guide-book of the Scotch lake district. That is a good poem. Its fault is that its events ought never to have occurred. But many a thrilling story is spoiled by its actors behaving well. And then how that knight, King James, no doubt drunk, ran his noble horse to death, and how he flirted with the Douglas' fair daughter, and how they all made mischief generally, and some met their deserts, behold

are they not all chronicled in that poem? The summit scenery as you see it now is as Scott describes :

“ Their rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set,
 With cupola or minaret.
 And below,
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem,
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him, rolled.”

All the spots named by Scott are real. The guide showed Harry where,

“ Till, as a rock’s huge point he turned,
 A watch-fire close before him burned.”

That very rock stands nearly two hundred feet high, and was also Rob Roy’s lookout. Harry climbed it and gathered heather for book marks. Loch Katrine is beautiful. Great masses of rock lie like fallen hills on the mountain sides. They sailed upon the lake, but it was a chilly air, and not enjoyable; rather a “quick sail with small profits” Harry said. The Highlanders are a hardy race. Else how could they have lived? What could have originated, in that cold climate, seven hundred miles higher latitude than Halifax, the old costume, which was minus costume for the legs? Kelo did not like it at all, he said that rather than go with his knees exposed to Scotch weather he would prefer to be a millionaire and done with it. The very best of the poor Highland land looks as just adapted to the style of mowing machine that Lincoln once recommended to a farmer, as sure to cut a straight swath, no matter how drunk was the driver. The Highlanders are self reliant.

“Gentlemen of the Jury,” said a Scotch judge, “have you agreed on your verdict?”

“I’ve ageet, mon, but near a body o’ teithers has,” replied honest Sandy, who was so unlucky as to be on jury with eleven stubborn men.

In old times, it is said, a wizard advised the Scotch to live on animal food: so they at once took to a diet of oats.

They were whirling on towards Edinburgh, Kelo, trying to read a newspaper, muttered, "Naptha held at twenty-three pence! Let's see; Napthy ar one uv th' olt prophitz; I think he died intu olt Jusalem timez: but seems zo he's 'live, an got in't' plice court, an gotter giv bonz fu' 23 pens. Wonder wat he got hisself tuk up fur?"

Kelo was queer and guileful; his worst enemy admitted it. The most of his head was behind his ears; his forehead sloped as gently as a Kansas prairie hill, but at the top was a hollow like a buffalo wallow. His hair resembled dried prairie grass, and was cut in a square bang across his low brow; his nose started bravely down as if it intended to rest its foot on the earth, but, alarmed, turned quickly up and shied to one side; his mouth formed a battle line nearly across his broad face, before which his chin rapidly retreated; the line of his teeth was as irregular as that of a company of militia. Nature gave his eyes a detective look, a twist and querl in various directions; sometimes they each seemed trying to look at his immense ears. "That boy will make his mark in the world," said his mother; so he did, for he never could write.

They spent the night at a country inn. The hostess was cranky with Kelo because she thought him a heathen. But she mentioned that she had married a fool. Kelo retorted for the absent husband,

"An' yer man, he cel'bratid hiz wooden weddin' on his weddin' day by marryin' er blockhead."

"Ye'll pay muckle for that spring chicken for a' that speakin'?"

"Are you sure its er rale spring chi'k'n, marm?"

"Its no a lee. I've had that chicken ever sin' he wa' born, that spring of uv the Gypshun war."

"Wat sorter country ar' dis ar' Scotlin, marm?"

"It flows with whisky an' oatmeal."

"W'isky ar' bad. I blev 't' forbid'n fruit war apples, an' Adam made un inter applejack an' drinkt it, wich is wat made 'im fall."

This remark excited her admiration. Scotch-like she was deep in the mysteries none can fathom. She stood with her arms a-kimbo and stared at Kelo. It was a stare of approval. She exclaimed,—

"You're a theologian."

Kelo rose to his feet. He laid down the wing of chicken that he could not eat for toughness. He angrily replied,

"Madam, I'm er civel un; I doan' mek fuss; but doan' call me no bad namz."

"I dinna ca' ye names."

"Yer sed I'se er blow gin. I ar'n't." Seeing her pleased look he dropped his anger. She offered her hand and said, "Come to me an' be friends."

"I won't; I'se fraide, marm, ye'll kiss me."

"No; I winna kiss ye."

"Will ye' swar ye won't kiss me?"

"Yes, I swear."

"Then I won't come."

"Why not?"

"Cos anybody that'll swar, will lie, an' car'nt be trustid."

"Oo, my! Are you a man to be trusted?"

"I'd orter be; I owe er heap whar' I'se got trusted."

"Now, be serious an' tell me about America. Are the Injin women's costumes pretty?"

"In my tribe tha' ar', for natur' made um mostly."

"I lose my countenance at such remarks."

"Pity if yer ever recover it."

"You've said enoo'. Now run out and smoke."

"I doan' want ter go an' smok, I want thet door shut."

"Canna' shut it; thet door like ye'self needs hangin'."

They arrived at classic, historic, but smoke wrapped Edinburgh. The old city, once walled and confined to a narrow, high ridge, crowned on the south end by its romantic old castle, contained two long streets of tall houses, from six to ten stories, each floor a separate tenement. The new town lies outside, and across a now drained valley, and is symmetrical. The city is famed for its university, medical school and lawyers. Our cut shows it from Calder Hill, which soars above the new town.

The royal prince, Albert Victor, came to Edinburgh to open an

exhibition. Scotch and north English nobility and gentry, and rich and distinguished persons, twenty thousands of them, assembled. They looked like a Yankee crowd, except those official old gentlemen who were comically attired in bright colored robes of summer silk, and gay silk caps, like big boys playing woman. Yet they were mayors and councilors, and heads of colleges, men of renown. Here, too, came the famous seventy-fourth Highlanders, gaily plaided and kilted, splendid fellows, magnificent in colors, but bare legged. It inspires a touch of romantic sentiment to see these gallant men. Each looks as if he had just started up in full-blown life, from one of Scott's novels. The Prince, too, was in the same showy bare-legged dress, and the assiduous attention he received from the ladies, indicates how much of idolizing by girls and women most young men have escaped, by not having been born English princes.

High toward the sky, in a little room of Edinburgh's romantic old castle that is perched on a bold rock summit, James VI, afterward James I of Great Britain, became a boy baby: "A bornin' in high life, sure," said Kelo. "Yees, mon; on a slee, in a bit baskit, she, the Queen, let him a doon eighty-four foot to t' nearist crag, to be whiskt awa'," said a roostabout, of the resene of Mary's baby.

In Scotland Harry saw many handsome but reserved lasses. Some Scotch women are of real beauty, and of rapturous form. Her skin is soft and has the delicate tint of a seashell, and she wears a pleading look of infinite tenderness. Her flaxen hair harmonizes with the color of her fair cheek, and her features are usually well formed. She is demure, and she carries herself with stately dignity, despite the sweet expression on her face. She moves along slowly, does not often romp, and does not seem to understand flirtation, though in the clear depths of her mild blue eyes one can read an infinite capacity for devoted affection. If these bright eyes, fair forms, and clear complexions were aided by the winsome, genial manners of the French woman, who could resist them? Would not the whole marriageable world of men rush off to merry Scotland to capture them, to the neglect of homemade and hard-to-win girls? Kelo wrote: "As Scot gals work afield on farms, de Kansas Farmer'z

'Lions fellerz beter import der wifs & so mek bigger farm profitz. 'Merikin gal beter mary forin duke, 'Merikin boy mary forin duck, an' by dis jiural free trade ixchanj yunite ol nashunz az I pepel."

At Holyrood, while Harry looked at the rooms of Queen Mary, Kelo found a man alone in the ancient Abbey ruin, who showed him the interesting things and told him choice stories of old-time Scotland, its life and manners. Kelo was highly delighted. This was the best guide he had met. When they came to the old royal tomb, Kelo held in his hand the usual fee, sixpence, to give to this genial and polite stranger. When the man told him so vividly of the old-time quarrels and murders of kings, Kelo's pleasure so increased that he decided to give the man a shilling. Just then he asked:

"Who am dis toom jinin' ontu royalty?"

"My family."

"Wha—a—t!"

"The tomb of my ancestors."

"Who be yeh?"

"The Duke of Richmond."

Kelo, in his genial surprise, shook the Duke's hand heartily, and invited him to Mud City, Nevada, where Kelo would entertain him "in er lan' floin' wid whisky an' terbarker!"

Walter Scott had written some good poetry, when, in 1805, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" made him the most popular author of the day. His "Marmion," 1808; "Lady of the Lake," 1810; "Don Roderick," 1811, and "Rokeby," 1813, gave the world all it cared for of his poetry. In 1814 his first novel, *Waverly*, appeared. It was a triumph. Other novels followed, and the world read and wondered who could be the author. He received great profits. He built Abbotsford in old Scotch styles, a "picturesque romance in stone and lime," and then, in 1826, Constable & Co. failed and Scott was ruined. He closed his beautiful mansion, took lodgings, wrote prodigiously, and realized in two years nearly four hundred thousand dollars. His work was too much; he broke down. He died September 22, 1832.

Harry's visit to Abbotsford seemed like stepping back into old Scotch romance. It was a charming day and he roved at will

through the lovely spot. Here, in 1817, Irving visited Scott, and wrote :

"He was tall and of a large and powerful frame. His dress (morning) was simple and almost rustic. A green shooting coat, with a dog whistle at the button hole; brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. . . . He called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me. . . . I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome. . . . Scott seemed to derive more consequence in the neighborhood from being sheriff of the county than from being poet.

It is these melodies (Scotch songs) . . . that clothe Scottish landscape with such tender associations, . . . sweet and touching songs which live like echoes about the place. . . "Scotch, Welch, Irish, descended from the ancient Britons, have national airs; the English have none, their music is all made up of foreign scraps," said Scott to Irving.

"I am glad to hear it," said Scott to a servant who praised the novels. "When I come home tired and take a pot of porter and one of your novels, I'm asleep directly," added the man.

Abbotsford, with its servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a tax upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind that finally crushed him.

At Whitby, England, as Harry wound up a cliff, he saw varied and picturesque loveliness of scenery. He saw the quaint houses with red roofs, the bathing machines, the donkeys ready saddled, funny open carriages, gay postilions on horseback, he climbed one hundred and ninety-eight steps to look upon the magical loveliness. He drove through miles of beautiful country, the fields dressed in lovely green in contrast with the dark hawthorn hedges. From a hilltop the driver pointed and said, "Yon's the village." He saw no village, but on plunging down the hill found a strange one, the houses perched one above another so that the roof of one might easily be the doorstep of the one above it. The place swarmed with children; all England swarms with them.

At Runswick Bay he saw a village where the roofs of one row of houses actually form the footpath of those above it.

At Scarborough everybody seemed to have arrived; it was gay with music and society and every thing seemed charming.

He reported to the referees by cable every night, and here he got his first account: "Points made: Kane, 12; Miss Arden, 17." "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that the girl has begun by taking the lead! I wonder where she is now?"

Soon after arriving in York, Kelo came in and reported that he had discovered the strangest building he ever saw. "It don't begin nowheres an' it keeps on till it don't git ter nowheres."

"It is the city wall restored as in ancient days, it extends around the town. It is built upon a mound of earth," said the guide, J. Brown. "York is ancient; before Julius Caesar it was a town; in A. D. 79, Agricola made it a Roman station. It was an important Roman city. Here the Emperor Hadrian once lived, and Severus and Constantius Chlorus died. Some believe than Constantine the Great was born here, but that is not certain. It was the Roman capital of Britain. The English Parliament met here in 1160, and occasionally for five hundred years. Not far away is Marston Moor where Charles I got his final defeat."

Harry was astonished at the grandeur of the cathedral. Brown said, "Magnificent was the Anglo Saxon church of the eighth century. Twice burned and rebuilt, changed, enlarged, it is now this immense York Minster; it is five hundred and twenty-four feet long, two hundred and fifty feet wide, being twenty-four feet longer than St. Paul's at London, and one hundred and forty-nine feet longer than Westminster Abbey. Its grand east window is seventy-five feet high and thirty-two broad.

Of all men in England, **Gladstone** was the one that Harry most desired to see. At the York station, Harry saw an old man with a lordly face, and heard the words, "It's Gladstone!" Harry presented the letter of introduction given him by Mr. Cleveland. The "Grand Old Man" received it graciously, shook hands cordially and asked Harry to occupy the same compartment in the car with him. Gladstone seemed to be one of those persons who must talk, whose nature it is to yield information. Limited space compels us to condense the conversation. Harry remarked, "Of all the nations, that with which America is most closely related, is Great Britain. Sprung from it; the same race; the same religion; the same civili-

zation, she is mother of our industry, our language, literature, modes of thought, and our love of liberty. Till within a few generations, its history is our own history."

Mr. Gladstone smiled, put his feet on the opposite seat and said, "Yes; for many centuries our ancestry is common to both countries. The Irish who planted Christianity in the heart of Europe, the romantic heroes of Scotland, Bruce and Wallace, the English Hampdens, Sidneys and Penns who have sent down to us a glow of patriotism to inspire us, all the English of Shakspeare's time, are direct ancestors of Americans. You think of England as an old country. It is old, but many things are new. The recent changes are great. In ninety years our population has increased about two hundred per cent. This besides the great emigration to Australia, America and other countries. The last one hundred and fifty years have advanced England more than centuries before. To find old England you must look at castles, and ruins, and palaces, not at the business places of to-day. Great Britain is in full tide of rapid progress. Once the few ruled, now it is the many. The Suffrage Act of 1885 made voters of many men not voters before. They first voted in 1886. They will do better next time. If the Irish question were settled, we should still have many questions to adjust in England. Questions of land owning, of rents, of temperance, of education, of church and state, of tariff, of Sunday, and other matters engage attention."

To these remarks Mr. Brown added: "I have been in America during several national elections. But nowhere did I ever see such a wide-awake excitement as I saw in our last English election. Here men of all classes must talk with you; they could not help it; they were full of politics; Britain was stirred to its depths; all men were excited." Mr. Gladstone responded, "It is so."

Mr. Brown continued: "Now, to gain favor with the people, the nobility allow visitors to go through their grand palaces and fine grounds, and enjoy sight of the halls, pictures, statuary, and old armor. You may be shown through Ducal Chatsworth, with its treasured charms, and see its forty acres of flower garden, its romantic grottoes and fountains.

Harry saw old Yorkshire, and lovely, level Lincolnshire, a farmers' paradise, whence came many of our Pilgrim ancestors. But in Derbyshire he saw less than forty farmhouses in forty miles; much of the land is in grass.

When Harry arrived at Charing Cross, a workman begged to carry his heavy luggage; he said, "I will carry it any distance, no matter how far, if you will give me a penny for bread; I am starving!"

"But I may wish it carried several miles."

"I don't mind that if you'll give me a penny's worth of bread, for it is true, I am starving."

He carried the luggage a short distance and Harry gave him a shilling. Harry made inquiry and learned that the man was not a beggar; he was a workingman out of work. The tales of utter poverty, of suffering, that he soon heard from men willing to do the hardest labor, were pitiable.

In 1852, the great orator, Disraeli, tried to sustain the Derby-Tory policy. In vain he made able speeches; in vain he exerted all his mighty eloquence. As a debater he had but few equals, only one superior. When, one night, with magnificent display of his brilliancy in debate, he firmly spoke for the back-number principles of Derby; when he seemed almost to carry his measure by the most cogent and powerful argument, Gladstone, himself once a Tory, at two o'clock in the morning, sprang to his feet, himself electrified by the inspiration of eloquence, and assailed the policy and argument of that great Rupert of debate, in one of the most masterly efforts of which Gladstone alone was capable. Gladstone won, and his ministry came in place of Derby's. Then began that tremendous parliamentary rivalry, that magnificence of mighty competition, that rival leadership of the great British nation, heard in many a debate, ringing around the earth in the fame of these two illustrious orators, dictating the government of many millions of British subjects in all quarters of the globe, as potent with the two hundred million British subjects abroad as with the English at home; a rivalry felt in every country of the world; and which was closed only when, in 1881, Disraeli sank into the silence of the grave. After 1860, one or the

other of these men was the real authority, who, in turn, held far greater power than any king or emperor.

In 1866 Derby and Disraeli again came into power by defeating the Russell and Gladstone ministry on a reform bill. The Derby party had bitterly opposed making voters of poorer men than already voted. They said the people did not wish to vote. The people responded by holding monster meetings, by long processions, by torchlight they tried to light their way to vote. They passed resolutions and made addresses. Their monster procession in London started for Hyde Park. The Derby ministry caused the park gates to be closed. The crowd came; they threw down the gates and fence and took possession of the park. Disraeli and Derby were startled.

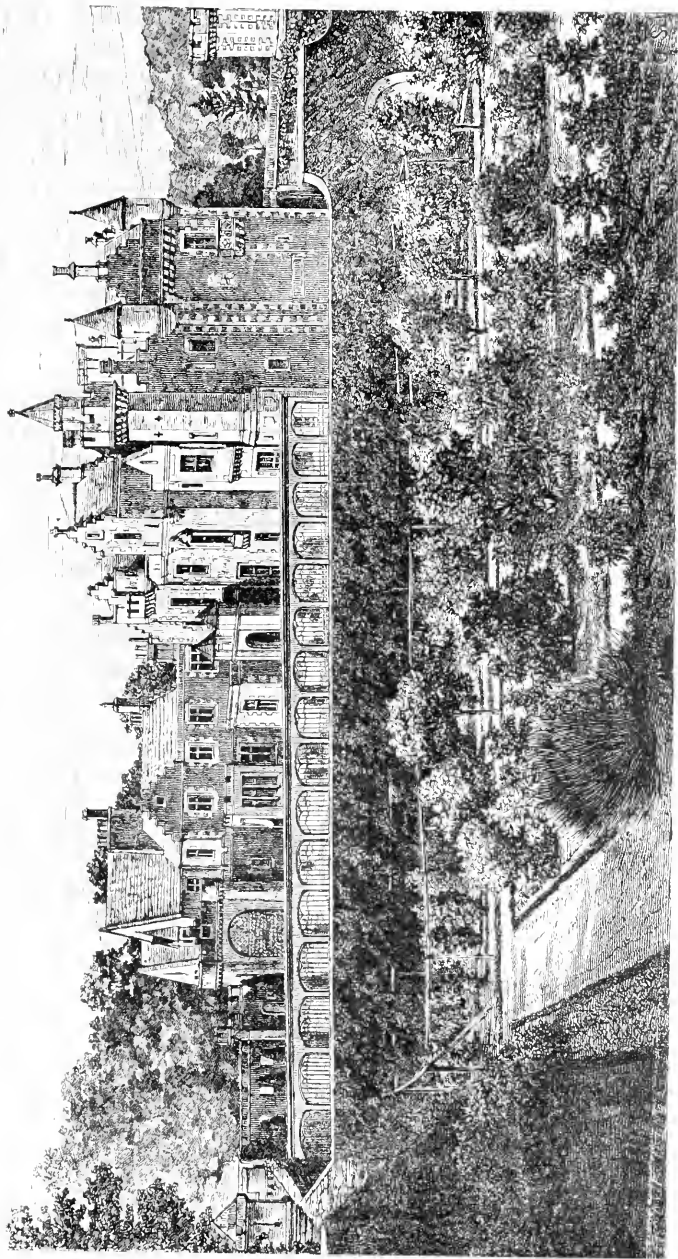
In many English towns processions marched. Papers reported the long time it took them to pass a given point. The people were aroused; Disraeli became dizzy; Disraeli wished to come over and get some of that thunder; he wished to bring in a reform bill, although against all the professions of his life and of his party.

The meetings were large; they became larger; England was moving; reform was the rallying cry; workmen demanded the right to vote; they insisted. Disraeli saw that something must be done; he did it; he offered in the Commons a reform bill. Derby looked on; but the House signified its dislike for Disraeli's sham bill. Rather than be driven from office by the reform idea, Disraeli would yield something. He gave way inch by inch. He pretended, he temporized. The liberal chiefs met. Gladstone and many others pressed the matter. Derby's ministry was going to pieces; three members resigned. The Liberals thrust upon the Derby-Disraeli ministry a radical measure and passed it.

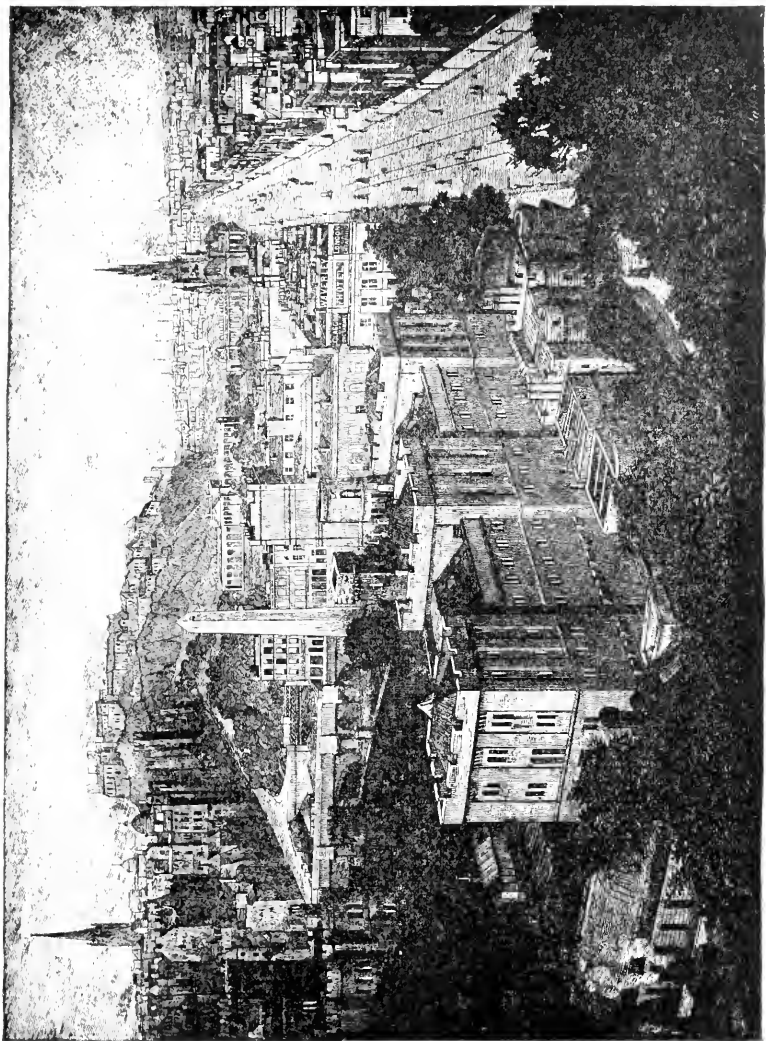
Thus was "settled forever" the great question. It had already been four times "settled forever;" it was twice afterwards settled. Finally Gladstone's Suffrage Act of 1885-86 has forever settled it by free suffrage. So having been six times "settled forever" it may revive to consider female suffrage. Politicians change their coats, but in this case the Tories turned the Liberals out of their coats and wore them as the genuine suffrage reformers — they claim to have passed the Reform Act of 1866.



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.



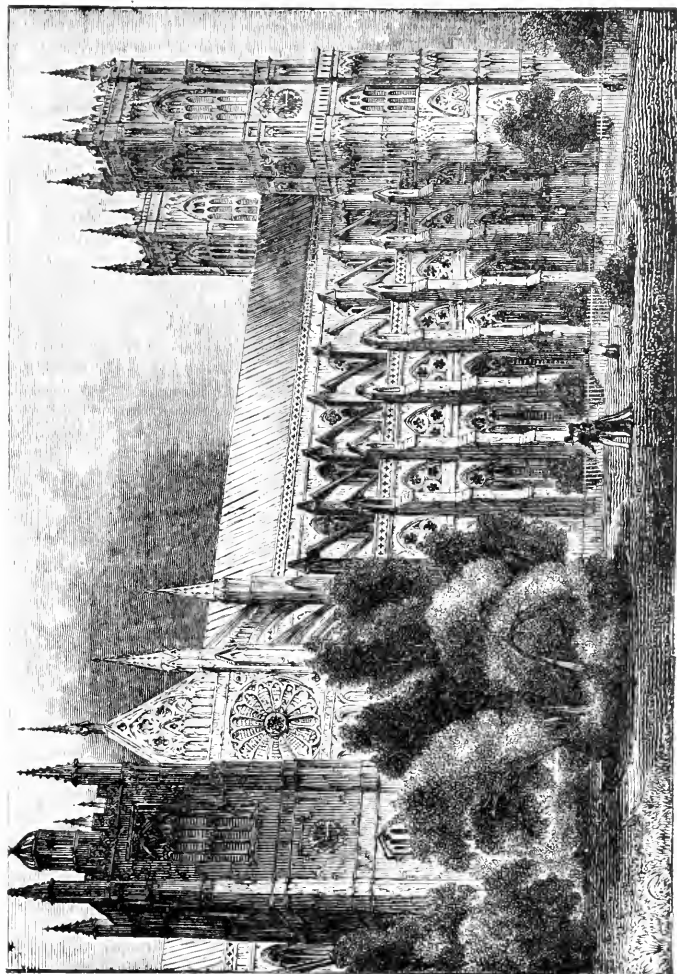
SCOTT'S ABBOTSFORD.



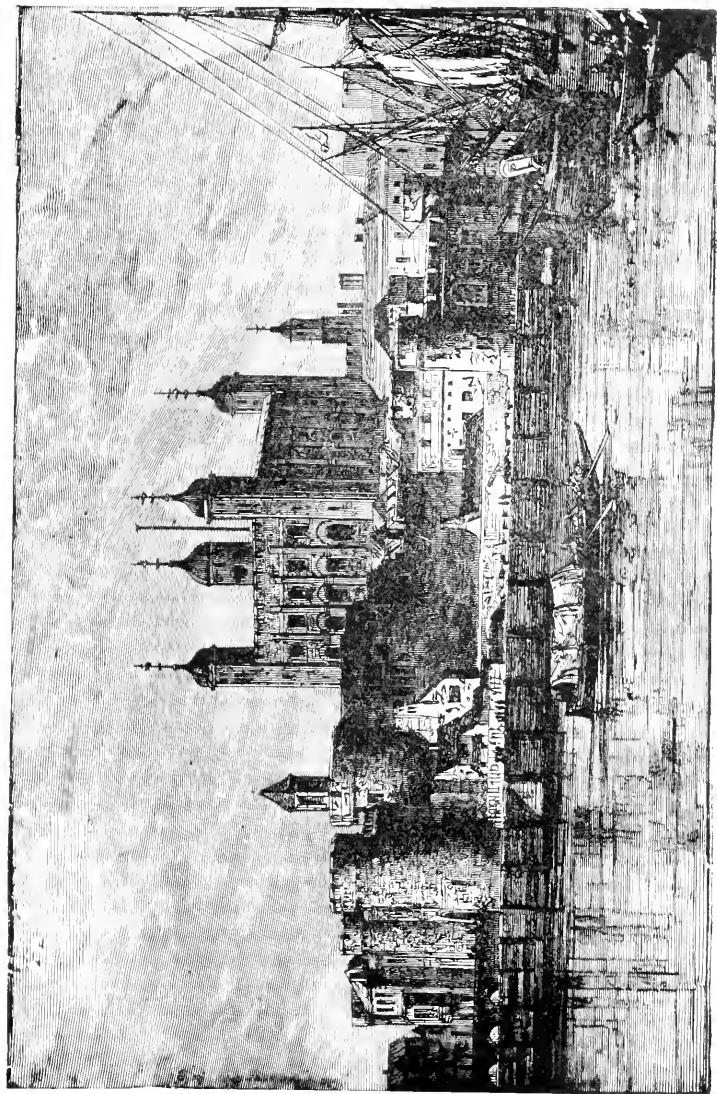
EDINBURGH.



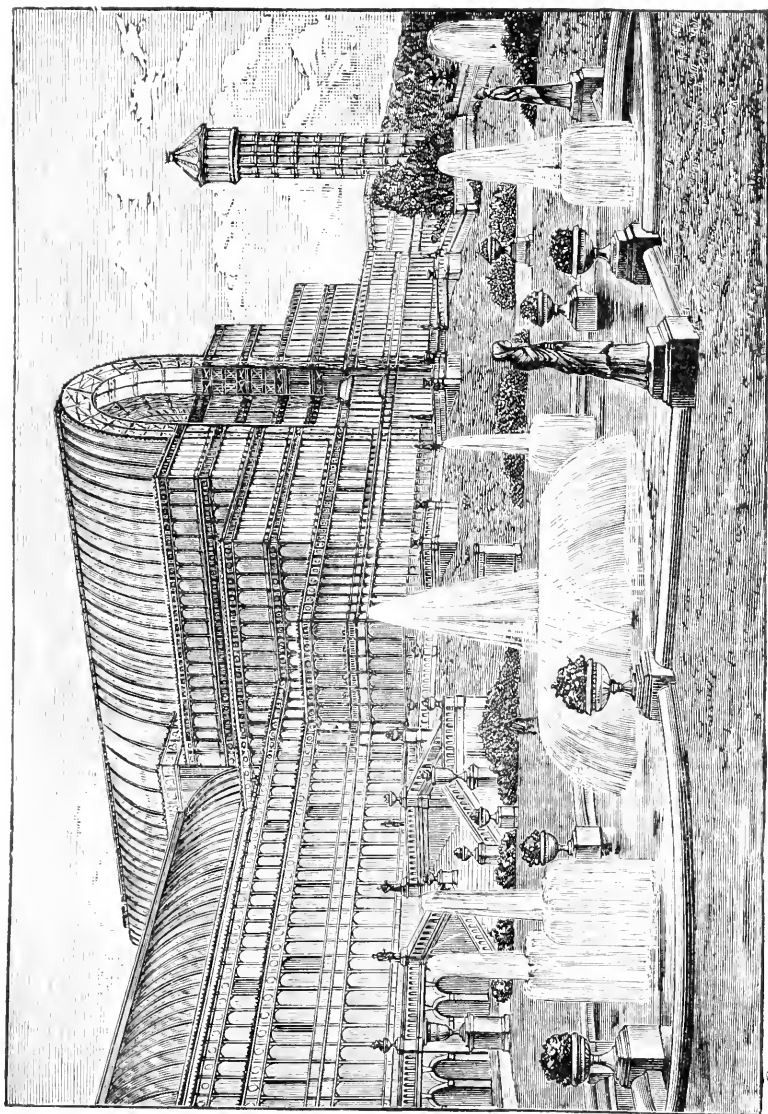
THE PARTING AT WESTMINSTER.



WESTMINSTER.



TOWER OF LONDON.



CRYSTAL PALACE.



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Parliament is two Houses, Lords and Commons. The Lords are hereditary. The ministry can dissolve the Commons when they will. But a new election must follow. The sovereign cannot veto an act. The ministry makes treaties, regulates foreign relations, and is the general executive. The sovereign has but little to do with governing. A cabinet minister is also a member of Parliament, active party man, and public speaker. Parliament usually sits more than half the time. The House must be elected as often as once in seven years. It usually lasts less time.

Harry went to see the House of Lords. He found it a grand hall, with leather seats without desks, rising on each side of the narrow floor. On one side sit the Lords who are members of the ministry, and their supporters; on the opposite side sit the opposition. It has stained glass windows filled with portraits of kings and queens, and the ceiling is gilded and highly colored. It is a richly beautiful hall, one hundred feet long, and forty-five feet wide.

Kelo sought wisdom from an Irish laborer in London, but the man took him for a spy and was not quite clear in his answers.

"Do you realize the beauties of yer Irelan'?"

"Indade an' I do that same; I married one ov thim same."

"I means Irelan' is very fair."

"Its mony a fair, sor; the hos' fair, the town fair, an' fare on the rail."

"Do yoo hav' ta lay in much coal for winters thar?"

"We niver slape in coal; its bids we slape in, sure."

"Is dis a healthy place?"

"Indade it is, but lots ov the paple are sick."

"W'y did yoo leave old Ireland?"

"Cos' I niver could take it wid me."

"But yoo were born thar?"

"Yis, sor, a mon can't be too pertikler where he does his bornin'."

"Don't you think I could marry a' Irish gal?"

"Maybe, some on 'em b'long to the s'iety to take care ov idyots."

"Yoo seem to have contracted bad habits."

"Its not contractin', an' its expandin' 'em I am, sor."

"Yoor walk is unsteady, you stagger."

"The stoutest ship 'll stagger wid too many sheets in the wind."

"There are holes in yoor garments."

"Perforated for summer wear, y'er honor."

"How did yoo get away from Ireland?"

"Its meself 'scapt on a pint ov law, an' I did."

"What 'pint?"

"Guv the pleece cop a pint ov w'isky to let me run."

"Let's disgress." And they disgressed.

Harry wished to see that which is greater than a king, and has many times dictated to England's kings, the House of Commons. It meets at four o'clock P.M., and sits far into the night. He sent in his card to a member to whom he had sent a letter of introduction. That card was a trump, it got him a seat. The Parliament Buildings are immense, but this hall is only forty-five by seventy-five feet, and has not seats enough to hold its six hundred and sixty-eight members, but all are never present. The long seats of leather, without desks, range up steep inclines on opposite sides of the narrow floor through the entire center. On one side is the ministry and their supporters, on the other side are "the Opposition." Near one end, and in front of the reporter's gallery, is the high chair of the Speaker. Two low tables are in the floor in front of the Speaker, where sit the committee chairman and two wigged clerks. The room is grand and beautiful. Its galleries, all around, are narrow. Ladies are admitted only to a place high above the Speaker, and concealed by a screen, so as not to be visible from the floor. Members sit with their silk hats on.

An American, who, some years ago saw the great contest of 1886, said: At my first visit I looked at once for Gladstone. What was this 'foremost man of all the world' doing. I had wondered how he puts in his spare moments. There he was on the low front seat, where smallest boys sit in school, so nearly sliding off his seat that he sat on his spine; his big head, bald at the top, was resting on the low back of the seat; his sliding had drawn his trousers above his ankles, and, with the weight of an empire on his mind, the illustrious statesman, of whom the whole world was talking, lay at ease, with

the greatest complaisancy in his large eyes and very bland face. He looked as satisfied as the small boy whose parent concedes him too sick to go to school and so lets him stay out and slide down hill.

Gladstone is rotund, with immense, radiant, and white face, high, arched brows, small hands, short limbs, and looks like a man who lives on good things. A bright, playful sparkle is in his big eyes. I heard him when opposition had aroused that peerless orator; when, inspired by the grandeur of his great theme, the defense of human rights in Ireland, he displayed magnificence of eloquence, weighty and artistic, for he is indeed the great artist of refined oratory. Elegant courtliness was expressed in face and tone and voice and gesture. His usual style is the perfection of the conversational. It would be out of place in the vast expanse of our American hall of Congress. You are quickly impressed that he is a remarkable man. At that time he was Premier, first of orators, first of statesmen; the leading figure of all the world; a giant in intellect; a colossus in power. No other man on earth held such power. Germany has less than fifty million people; Russia little above one hundred million; but Gladstone ruled the Queen, he controlled Parliament, he held the actual sovereign power of Great Britain's twenty-nine million shown by census of 1891, and Ireland's, Canada's, Australia's millions, and those of thirty-five more colonies, and India's countless hordes.

Debates in the Commons are without roughness, no boisterous tones, no high swinging arms, but much courtesy. Extreme opinions are expressed with bland tones; sarcasms with playful polish, differences with adroit politeness; the brilliant influence of the great masters of British eloquence, magnetic and electric, moulds and rules those less gifted, and sheds the halo of its splendor over the whole debate. The style is easy, the rhetoric carefully polished.

When Gladstone rose the whole house was instantly hushed to silence. He was incomparable in courtesy, bland, lofty courtesy, dignity, genial humor, clear, incisive, elegant in manner, with a voice of wonderful musical quality, equal in melody and rhythm, marvelous and mellow in tone: his big eyes flashed as bright as the great ruby in Queen Victoria's crown, their vivacity expressed the varying feelings of his sentences. With playful smile, and gracious lofty scorn

he seemed to sport his sarcasms like a papa too good natured to spank the Opposition, his cadences were of that papa jocosely telling them not to do so again. It was melody as musical in cadence as in tones. This quality is indescribable. He speaks slowly. For two hours he had been baited by the Opposition. The House was full of anger. The country was in a blaze. Tories were raging against him. Yet, singularly enough, there was a magnetic spirit in it that changed the whole atmosphere of the House. Gladstone had spoken. Now that Disraeli is gone there is no one who could adequately reply. Nature is liberal to Gladstone, it gave him a powerful frame, though not large; a voice of almost peerless quality, a strong, gracious face, pleasing manners; and culture during all his manhood in the society of the ablest men and orators have improved all these. Good nature is impressed in his face; he is cordial in style; he looks genial, his geniality is dignified without stiffness. His polished politeness, his wondrous affability when speaking, shows in his face, sparkles in his eyes, expresses itself in his motion, electrifies with the telling cadences of the melody of that matchless voice. He is the "Grand Old Man."

Fleet street, celebrated in verse by Pope, Gray, Swift and Ben Jonson, its newspaper offices noted by Addison, Macaulay, Steele, Isaac Walton, Cowley, Drayton, Stafford, Cowper, Baxter, Wesley, Whitefield, Dryden, Wren and Tennyson, reminded Harry of the Fleet Prison, now gone, where debtor clergymen once solemnized secret runaway marriages, and kept runners on the streets to invite persons to come and be married. Its old registers show two hundred and seventeen marriages there in a single day!

On the roof of St. Paul's, the grandest Protestant cathedral in the world, Harry saw a statue of St. Peter and his famous crowing cock. Peter seems likely never to hear the last of that rooster story. Standing inside the main doorway, Harry could just hear the slight murmur of the voice of the man who was preaching, so vast is the place. Here is some statuary, much of it in bad taste. Some British military and naval heroes, instead of being shown in their proper uniform, as history requires, are almost naked like heathen. Picton, killed at Waterloo, is represented as a ridiculous Roman

warrior. Several others are as bad history and bad taste as some of the statuary at Washington. At St. Sepulchre church, Harry saw the old grave of Pocahontas' John Smith, marked "Here lies one conquered: that hath conquered Kings." In crossing Gray's Inn Gardens, Harry found it like country seclusion, though in the heart of London.

Harry wished to see how the poor live. One of those noble men of whom England has many, who devote their time to relief of misery, offered to show him poverty. In St. Giles he saw thousands of people, but no handsome persons. Ages of vice and bad living have left their mark in the faces. At the Academy exhibition of paintings he had marveled at the beauty of the better class, the lovely women and noble men; but here in St. Giles where poverty is hereditary, was contrast to that fine picture. Here police were alert. The policemen of London are large men. A disturbance began in a corner groggery. Two policemen came on a run. These powerful fellows flung out several rowdies. Each was instantly caught up by two more policemen who came on the run and away they ran with the scamp. It was all over in a moment, no time had been allowed for a crowd to collect. Guided by a kind clergyman, Harry went to east London. There, in courts where the sun rarely looks in, he climbed rickety stairs, and saw very small rooms, stifling, filthy, malodorous, each room the home of many persons. Furniture hardly exists, except a few old boxes; beds are of rags, old straw, shavings or bare floor. Trades are carried on in this squalor.

"Why are your children almost naked?" he asked of a woman.

"Cos I hedder pawn the'r poor close for bread; I got only a shilling, but it bought six pounds of damaged bread."

"What do you earn a day?" he asked of an old tailor.

"Me an' my woman works from six a' mornin' to ten a' night, an' we gitz 1s, 5d (about thirty-five cents), an' it du jes keep us alive."

In one room were eight destitute children. "Where is your mother?"

"She's gone off in her coffin," replied the oldest, a girl of fourteen.

"Here is an attic," said the guide. A broken chair, a saucepan and

a few rags. It is dark and close. Here is no window. It is really a closet. On a dirty sack sits a baby girl of four years, her little shoulders and limbs show through her scanty rags; and she tends for half a day at a stretch, a wee, crawling infant, while the mother is away trying to get bread and beer. Here, in another place, is a twelve year old girl making match boxes.

"Who looks after you?"

"I duz, an' I looks arter my little sisters as well as I can."

"Where are your parents?"

"Mamma is in a mad-house, Papa is out o' work."

After an hour more of numerous sights, of which these are samples, Harry exclaimed, "O, what misery! What appalling distress!"

"But, sir, you have not seen the worst. These filthy dens are beyond the means of many!"

"What can be worse?"

"Hundreds cannot get the 2d to pay for a sleep in the poor lodgings where sixty or eighty persons swelter in one miserable room, both sexes together, so they huddle on stairs and in outside nooks."

"What a field for immorality!"

"The honest outnumber the dishonest. But they cannot avoid being crowded among the bad. The misery and sin here caused by drink is beyond description. In Easton Road district is a drinking place for every hundred inhabitants."

"How much can you earn?" asked Harry of a trousers maker.

"A shilling in a day of seventeen hours' work," was the reply.

"What do you live on?"

"Crusts and tea. For making men's shirts, women get ten pence a dozen." (Twenty cents.)

"This is enough for to-day; I can stand no more," said Harry.

"It is as bad as I have seen in lower New York," said the missionary.

"Tell me of them."

"I have seen much misery here. Kate, a girl of fourteen years, was belle of Blank street. She was large and handsome, a sort of queen. One night she was to shine, to eclipse herself. She led the



QUEEN VICTORIA.

dance, had the most partners, drank the most gin. She had always drunk it. Partner after partner treated her, and praised her bright eyes and beauty, and her eyes grew brighter and the wild night went on. As Kate went home, fire burned in her veins. Visions of awful horror came, vile creeping things with forked tongues seemed crawling on her, horrible shapes gathered, frightful agony tore her soul from her body. The coroner came: the verdict was 'died of delirium tremens.'"

"But are not the liquor sellers licensed?"

"Yes; licensed to make paupers, to destroy the peace of families, to cause extreme suffering and want to the helpless, to insure abuse to tender women and children. Yes; licensed to ruin children, to lower morals, to engender idleness, to debauch men, to debase women, to make quarrels, to starve infants, to damage health, to squander property, to take away comfort, to make all the misery you have just seen."

"Yes, sir; licensed to blast all my hopes, my happiness, to degrade, to ruin me, who was once the equal of any man in England," put in a ragged semblance of a man who overheard them.

At Hyde Park, London, Harry saw the finest horses, the best carriages, the richest crested and coroneted turnouts of the most magnificent people of Europe. That same night, in London alone, probably one hundred thousand persons were supperless. England needs, and many are working, to obtain restriction of sale of drink.

"Did you ever know any such things in our country?" asked Harry of an American to whom he told what he had just seen.

"Yes. In Ford, Ohio, John Pulit's two industrious daughters were ambitious to own a house. They worked in a mill and saved eight hundred dollars from their little earnings. Then they sent their father to draw the hoard and buy the house. Late that night the two poor girls found him in a licensed bar-room helplessly drunk, and the money gone, lost or stolen, he could not tell which."

Great Britain has the most extensive trade and commerce in the world, big and fast ships, the most vessels, mines of coal and iron, and deep harbors near each other; enterprise is awake, they can make anything, and will go any distance for a market. England

without Wales, is the densest populated land of Europe; only Belgium can compare with it for density. It is the most powerful. Russia comes next in power, and rules one-sixth of the land of the world, but only about one-third as many people. With India and thirty-six other colonies, Great Britain is the greatest empire the world ever saw; far greater than ancient Greece, Rome or Carthage. It is seven times greater than Napoleon's mighty empire when at its height. It has the most powerful navy. One shot from one of the four steel guns on her steel ship, *Invincible*, weighs more than a full round of shot for every cannon that Wellington had at Waterloo. One sees in England the largest men, the most stately ladies, the handsomest soldiers, the richest nobility, the greatest manufacturing, and the worst poverty; they are a noble people, but they have destitution, and misery in plenty.

On a visit to Windsor, a royal residence, Harry found the old castles in three groups, the sovereign's apartments, the Round Tower, made by Edward III, to hold the famous Round Table; and St. George's Chapel and the cloisters and military knights' houses. From the top of the Round Tower, he had a fine view of many historical spots. "Yonder is Eton," said the guide, "the famous school; thereaway is Runnymede where the Barons received the Great Charter of liberty, from King John, in 1215. Look three miles through this magnificent arcade of big trees; it is a grand, overarched drive. The mansion you see to the left is Frogmore, where Queen Victoria and her husband passed many happy days. There, too, you see the magnificent mausoleum erected by the Queen to her husband, Prince Albert."

"Who am de female young lady a-walkin' up de hill?" asked Kelo.

"It is a princess, one of the Queen's granddaughters."

"She looks jis' like other gals, ef I hadn't er bin tole, I'se liable t' ha' ma'rid her, nebber mistrustin' she's er princess."

The truly royal and sumptuous Albert Chapel, and the St. George Chapel, with the elegant and rich interior adornments, are a delight to the eye that loves the beautiful. The sight of the fine old English park, with hundreds of tame deer, roused Kelo. He wished he

had a park like it. "Earn money and buy one," said Harry to banter him, "thirty years ago Gould had but one hat to his head. Since then, by attention to business he has realized five millions."

"W'at can Gould want wi'd five million hats!" was Kelo's reply.

In returning to London, they took a passing view of the rich art collection at Hampton Court, in what Kelo called the palace of "Linsy Woolsey" (Cardinal Woolsey), and then on by Sydenham, and saw the vast Crystal Palace, built in 1854 of iron and glass, with its hall one thousand, six hundred and eight feet long, where white statues peep out from among plants so fine that they must excite the admiration of every plant-loving woman. The many courts and halls afford a unique view of the art and culture of many nations and ages. The sight of the department of antediluvian animals again aroused Kelo. He said he had hunted many wild horses in America, and he hoped, "If neder def nor fatle axdent meet me sooner, I'se hopin' 'fore I dies, tu hunt gyaskutoses, an' mammoths, an' todder ant hvin anymilz."

Harry found the English were generous. Of all the grand apartments in the world, devoted to literature, no other is equal to the reading-room of the British Museum. It is a dome standing upon the ground. It is one hundred and thirty-nine feet across, larger than St. Peter's dome at Rome. More than one million three hundred thousand bound books are in its enormous library. The wealth of curiosities of ancient Egypt, Ninevah, Greece, Rome, and of the modern world are there. To this immensely expensive collection, all paid for by the British, you are admitted for a small fee. If you go there to do literary or scientific work, you will be furnished admittance free of cost, with arm-chair, desk and attendance. This whole book is too small for description of the Museum. It is a vast treasure-house. Years may be spent in study of its contents.

At South Kensington Museum Harry found an enormous collection of specimen goods, many of them too costly for a private person to own, but all bought with British coin, and you are admitted to see or to study the articles of the wonderful exhibition, for your own benefit. This is done to help along arts and invention, to exhibit models on which you may improve and so make your fortune. It is



LONDON BOYS.

a grand place to delight the hearts of investigators of the useful and of the beautiful arts. The space of another volume many times the size of this one, would be too small to do it justice. Britain, at a cost of about two million dollars, has recently erected at South Kensington, a beautiful and large Natural History building, with an extensive collection in natural history and geology. To go through it and see its wonders was, to Harry, like walking in an imaginary castle of the beautiful, the halls of a strange and charming world. When the British are generous, they have a grand way of doing it. These three institutions may well make an American proud that he is of the same race.

At Madame Tussand's Kelo spoke to a wax figure, believing it to be a live person; because it did not answer he was offended, and made complaint to an old gentle man seated there turning his head looking at the various figures. The old gentleman was the figure of William Cobbet. Because he got no answer Kelo remarked to a policeman that it was an uncivil set. When the policeman proved to be a figure, Kelo was pacified only by being taken to the Chamber of Horrors and shown Napoleon and many murderers. He climbed into Napoleon's carriage, taken at Waterloo, and he wept over the body of Alexander II, of whose murder he had just for the first time heard. He asked why the Nihilist did not take his scalp.

At the "Zoo" Kelo was in his glory; he admitted that there were more animals than he ever saw, except in Nevada, the only form of admission he ever made abroad. Kelo said he had tamed many a panther in Nevada, he would try it on a lion. Kelo went up to the cage, he stared as hard at the lion as the average young man stares at a pretty girl. Leo quickly put out his paw. Though he could not write, he did make his mark; he gave Kelo's big nose a bright red mark down its center, and with such force that Kelo went over backward to the floor. He said he got down there to look up at the ceiling more easily.

The Tower of London is really several towers, all inclosed by a deep moat and exterior wall. Here many illustrious persons have been imprisoned. It is garrisoned by old soldiers in quaint old attire. Harry went through a gloomy road, like a deep trench, with

high stone walls on either side, then up a gloomy staircase of stone, fit approach to a prison, and suddenly entered a broad room, with deep window ledges, and was startled. His eyes were dazzled, his senses excited, his wonder amazed. There, in a glass case in the center of the room, broke suddenly on his eyes, the Regalia of England! Millions on millions of dollars worth of gold and glittering jewels! There was Queen Victoria's crown, blazing with gold and the big Black Prince ruby, and twenty four hundred diamonds! There, too, were gold and jewels, and crowns and scepters and crosses and orders of knighthood of marvelous brilliancy. It astounded Harry. Even Kelo admitted that only the mines of Dog Hill, Nevada, could show anything equal to this in richness.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Harry was walking in Westminster Abbey, the grand mausoleum of British great ones. It is indeed a place in which to wander and reflect. Here many generations have reared grand monuments to the great departed.

He sees a figure; she turns a charming, girlish face toward him: the small hat perched so coquettishly on her brow shades a pair of eyes that sparkle with good humor; the lips are half parted in a smile of innocent fun at some droll remark made by Teteto; the delicate nostrils appear to breathe the air with relish, there is a glow of health and good spirits about her, she seems in the midst of pleasant thoughts.

"Annie!" he exclaimed.

She put out both hands to him gracefully and with an air of easy cordiality. The girls who do that are apt to warm a suitor's heart; they are likely to be lovable. He caught her in his arms. It was in the Poet's Corner. It was late in the day, and no other persons were near. Standing in that spot, with many poets to witness Harry said, "Annie, I love you."

The bright eyes dropped to the gilded letters on Dicken's grave. Annie did not reply. She released herself from his embrace, and a slight shudder ran from the tips of her slender fingers to the moss rosebud in her pretty hat, and her little hands fluttered as they has-

tened on her gloves. She seemed troubled with his words. He repeated, "I love you."

She withdrew her hand. The pleasant eyes turned on his face and she said, "Harry, this is wrong. You should not speak so to me. You know the conditions made with Robin Smith. We must strictly observe them."

"How can you speak so coolly. Let us decide our own fortune at once by getting a license and being married here in London. When Mr. Smith finds that is done he will forgive us."

The bright eyes sparkled with displeasure and she said, "Harry, that would be neither fair nor honorable. I will never be won unfairly. I must leave you now. I can hear no more."

"Where do you stay? May I call on you this evening?"

"No."

She turned away by the cloisters. He would have followed, but she waved him back. In a few moments he saw her in a carriage driving away. He was so offended that he forgot where he was, and lighted a match on the tomb of old King Sebert of A. D. 616, and set his cigar going, to the great scandal of a verger who turned him out of the building. The next day it took him hours to find out Annie's hotel. He offered his card to be carried to her. But the servant said she was gone; that she had left for the continent ten hours ago.

"For what point?"

"Brussels."

In half an hour Harry was on a train in pursuit of her.

VI

ON THE CONTINENT.

Belgium has been in turn ruled by Spain, Austria, France and Holland. It formed part of Napoleon's empire. At his overthrow in 1815, England insisted that a nation should be formed of Belgium and Holland. The name, "The Netherlands," was given it, and is



ROYAL CASTLE, WINDSOR

still the legal name of Holland. Belgium separated from Holland in 1830. It is a kingdom with a Congress. It is the most densely peopled country of Europe, except England. Harry was surprised to find Brussels so fine a city, with many grand streets and elegant places. In the splendid public park, where he saw trees that in size astonished him, he met a gentleman walking, of whom he inquired, "What are the fine sights of Brussels?"

The man answered, courteously, "Here are many fine things. You see before you the Legislative Palace; it is a fine structure. Down the first street to the left is the Cathedral; beyond it is the Hotel de Ville. Try them first. Then you will find the art galleries and the lace factories interesting." Harry thanked the gentleman, but as he did not offer him a fee, Kelo took that on himself and handed out a half franc. The stranger motioned it away and walked on. "Tharz de mos' 'mark'ble man I'ze zeen in Urip; de fust t' refuse er tip; wish I'd axt 'im ter drink."

"It is the King, Leopold," said a looker on.

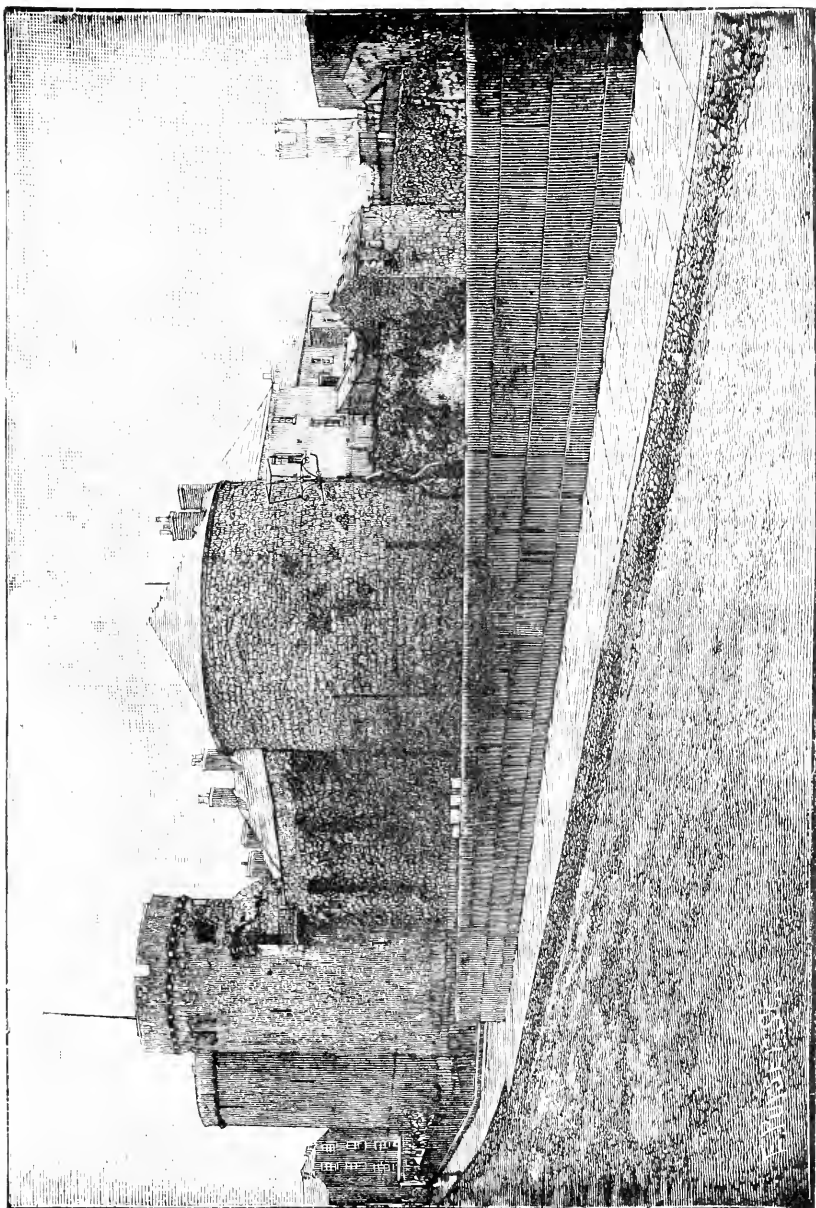
"Golly! We'z bet'r be kinder keerfle how we makez street 'qua'ntances! Ma'be git tuk up fur a' angel maawashit."

Harry looked over the art treasures in the Cathedral. He hoped to find Annie there. Kelo was much delighted with the many animals carved on the splendid pulpit. Next they went through the Museum. At sight of the monster whale skeleton, with a mouth more than eighteen feet long, Kelo was astonished into full belief in the story that a whale swallowed Jonah, which he had doubted.

Brussels is more than one thousand years old. A "Paris in miniature," it is a delightful place of residence. The higher class speak French, the lower, Flemish, traders speak both. It has many fine works of art and important manufactures.

"You should see our lace factory," said a man. "Just the place to look for Annie, women do so admire fine laces," thought Harry.

The room where many women were making laces had no windows, a regular but dim light is admitted from the ceiling. The extreme fineness has from eighty to one hundred and twenty threads in a single, spider-web pattern. The long time required to make a small piece surprised him. One worker, in a year of labor, was expected



LINBERCK CASTLE.

to make six yards, about eight inches wide. His offer of its weight in gold coin for a little collar, made the attendant smile. He bought it, but he gave five times its weight in gold.

A band struck up in the Park; he listened, admired, enjoyed, then spoke of his keen delight. "That's a remarkably fine band! I have rarely heard its equal."

"It is the Royal Band; it was once at Gilmore's Jubilee in Boston," said a guide.

As he did not find Annie at Brussels, he guessed that she had gone on twenty-eight miles to Antwerp, to see Rubens' world-renowned painting, *The Descent from the Cross*. "Girls do so like to see fine pictures; that is the place to look for her," he mused.

Hastening on by rail, past Meehlin's lofty spire of design so elegant and airy that it has been aptly compared to Meehlin's own fine lace, Harry came to the great seaport of Belgium, Antwerp. It was decreed by Napoleon the first seaport of the French Empire. In the sixteenth century it was probably the most prosperous and wealthy city of Europe, with a great fair and an immense trade. But Spanish rule depressed it. It is a fortress of the first class. The ancient ramparts are leveled and grand park gardens and shaded streets and elegant walks occupy their site, where of an evening you may see a happy crowd of all ages listening to the fine music of a band, as they stroll and gossip. These are elegant places. To walk in the evening in the Park and see the pretty bowers, fine trees, charming walks and the cozy spots, and lovers flitting among them, and making love to the sound of sweet music, is very pleasant. Antwerp contains many masterpieces of painting. Rubens' *Descent from the Cross* is very famous. Its women are not large and fat like most of Rubens' female figures, and the finish is very masterly.

"If you have listened, in Antwerp, to the chime of bells that fill the whole atmosphere with music; if you have stood there and heard its notes as they sounded out through the frosty air of the morning, how imperfect would seem to you a chime of eight bells, as compared with the swarm of bells of which that chime is composed!" wrote H. W. Beecher.

Still no Annie here. A guide assured him that she had gone to Rotterdam, sixty-three miles, that he had bought tickets for her at

five francs each. Harry reached Rotterdam, in pursuit, in a hundred and fifty minutes. It was forenoon, and all along the streets he saw women on their hands and knees washing the sidewalks, and others on ladders, washing the fronts of the houses, in that city of canals, where is the least possible dust. "Washing and scrubbing is the Dutch mania," said a man who presented himself as the "Portier." Harry was puzzled by this man; he was not the landlord; he did not seem to be a porter or a servant. But he offered to do everything; he took charge of the luggage, took Harry to a hotel, told him all about the city, advised him what to do and what not to do, and seemed to be a general helper of travelers, and such is what the Portier is in Holland and Germany. He knows everything and does many things for you, and he expects a fair fee, and he pays the hotel for his place. He had seen nothing of Annie; so she had not stopped at Rotterdam. While Harry waited for a train, the Portier showed him Boyman's picture gallery, the grand church, a noble bridge and some fine parks. But most interesting to see was an ocean steamer, just from New York, sailing through the streets of water!

As he was passing Delft, Harry asked Kelo if he could remember Delft in history. "Yaas; it am der place whar sailt de Sunflower wid der pilgrim motherz in 1620 to Plymuff." Schiedam, with its two hundred and twenty gin distilleries, was well known to Kelo; he wished to stay there forever.

Fifteen miles further took him to the Hague (Hääg) where Harry rode for hours amid its broad, handsome streets, spacious imposing squares, and lofty houses, and grand palaces, and in the grand park of large, old trees that connects it with the sea, three miles away. He looked at the fine old avenues, and saw the Swan's Pond, where the water is artificially kept in motion; then at the good picture galleries of this capital of the Netherlands. But no trace here of Annie. Kelo remarked, "I're afeart dat when yer wed'in' wid Anny kumz, she'll be abel t' prof er alibi."

"What do you mean?"

"Dat she won't be dar."

Haarlem has great attractions for girls. They love flowers. He

would try Haarlem. And a glorious sight it was. On the site of its old ramparts are now public promenades. Private and public gardens environ the good town. He saw the gorgeous display of whole fields of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, anemones and lilies, grouped in every variety of colors, and diffusing their delicious perfumes. The Dutch heart warms toward flowers. But where was Annie?

Harry crossed what was once the Haarlem sea, now drained and a very garden of fertile farms. He expected to see little of interest at Amsterdam; but he found it one of the finest of cities. Its many street canals running in a circle from the docks around to the docks again, and filled with queer Dutch vessels, in long lines, drawn by steam tugs right by the peoples' doors, while on each side of the canal is a paved driveway for teams, and a row of trees. It is a rare and curious spectacle. He started to walk, and keeping directly forward, came to the spot of his start. He had gone around the circle made by the street. The cross streets have nearly three hundred draw-bridges over these canals. The houses stand upon piles, great tree trunks driven into the ground down out of sight. Some streets are quaint, strange, spectacular, with their queer, fantastic finish. Their gables are all toward the street, and each house has settled differently from the rest so as to be out of plumb, so while the ground line is straight, every house pitches at a different degree as if to plunge down into the street. From some streets carriages are excluded; they are promenades of lively, social aspect. All seems cheery, all comfortable; much is elegant. Amsterdam has many attractions. It is a spot for those who delight to unite comfort and beauty. The stranger needs several days at this pretty city. Its canals make of it ninety islands. Harry entered the Palace. He was transported with delight. He was in a marble paradise. The magnificent Reception-Room, very large and one hundred feet high, is gorgeous with glistening, polished marble of most elegant and artistic finish, splendid in adornment, glorious in rare beauty, floors, walls, pillars, ceilings, a wonder of bewildering splendor. All the apartments are richly adorned with sculptures in white marble. This palace stands on thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine piles, a whole forest of trees having been used. Its

tower ends in a gilded ship. The grand museum, in a park, contains many masterpieces of painting, including Rembrandt's Night Watch.

Kelo went to walk in a magnificent park. He soon found himself in dense woods with pretty paths. He saw many animals. He was wishing he had a gun, when in the midst of a thick jungle of tall bushes he saw away above him a pair of large mild eyes looking down upon him! Startled, surprised, knowing that those slender bushes could not hold up any animal, he thought he saw an angel. He was sorry that he had ever said bad words. He repented that he was in great danger. What could an angel want of him! He stood riveted to the spot. He was afraid to run lest the angel should pursue and catch him. It was a trying moment. He dared not speak. He waited to hear what the angel might say. The angel said "OOOF!" as it shook its head. Then he saw it was the head of a giraffe. He was in the midst of the fine natural history gardens, where is a great collection. Its show of brilliant tropical birds, flying, fluttering, flopping and screaming, is the finest bird collection that Harry saw in Europe.

The Dutch are fond of beauty; they cultivate it with great care. Is this the reason why the Amsterdam women, servant girls and all, are so pretty? Some Dutch gardens, pictures, lawns, trees and parks are wonderful. Part of the country is below the level of the sea and the water is kept out by dykes. Some of the canals that cross the country are on embankments high above the fields. If one should break it would inundate the region.

Before A. D. 1100, Amsterdam has no history. Then the sea turned lake Flevno into the Zuyder Zee. Portuguese Jews came here three hundred years ago, and then French Huguenots, and soon British Covenanters and Puritans, all seeking asylum from persecutions, and then came defeated patriots from Antwerp. The fisheries, the great East and West India and American and general commerce, skillful farming, dairying and herding, making fine linen, storing grain against scarcity and high price, banking, and lending money and giving trade credits to the rest of the business world, made Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, an image of old-time

Venice. The world went there to borrow. It had the best ocean transport trade of the world. The refined Dutch soul is expressed in poetry and painting. Holland is itself a pastoral, commercial and industrial poem. It has produced many great painters. So has Belgium. In 1794 was a revolution, a French army came. Holland soon became "The Batavian Republic." In May, 1806, Napoleon made it a kingdom with his brother, Louis, as its king. In 1810, he quarreled with Louis in order to prevent trade with Americans, and to rob "American" merchants of 40,000,000 francs. Louis abdicated and fled from Napoleon's power, and Napoleon annexed Holland to his empire. Kelo wrote home, "amsterdam haz harn-zum' wimin & queer housez, ol' standin' wid ther' gabble enz tordz the streat."

Harry decided to go up the Rhine. The lower Rhine district has great industries. At Essen he saw an army of workmen making cannon of all sizes, from very small to immense monsters. The works cover many acres. Krupp discovered the art of casting steel in big masses. Coal and iron are mined near by. It is cheaper to make goods at the mines, than pay freight on material. Then on to Crefeld, which makes millions of value of silk goods every year, and to Dusseldorf, with its regular streets, extensive pleasure grounds, galleries of paintings, old and new, and its Academy of Art. And then to the twin towns of Barmen and Elberfeld, a trade and labor center with crowds of workers, the hum of busy industry, the rush of wealth making, the well filled shops, the marks of coal smoke over all. Silks, cottons, and many other goods spring into existence here. And then to Cologne, famous for scents and for religious oddities. It has a church (St. Ursula), that displays human bones in stacks, human skulls grinning in glass cases, and cross bones enough to cover the flags of all the old-time pirates. It is a place as dismal as the mind of a morbid man. Legend says that eleven thousand virgins were slain where St. Ursula church now stands; but Kelo remarked, "It am er heap easier to tell er lie than for er lie tu be tru."

The church of St. Peter has a frightful altar piece by Rubens, the realistic crucifixion of St. Peter, head downward. It makes one

shudder to see it. The vast cathedral is massive and elaborate, a tremendous pile of that expensive style, pure Gothic. It is said to have originated in A. D. 814, was burned in 1248, recommenced then and finished in 1881. In a magnificent crypt of gold and precious stones are shown three skulls, said to be those of the wise men of the East who came to Jesus when he was born in Bethlehem! Harry stood on the third step of the golden crypt, and then was tall enough to look into the gable of that high gold structure, and there he saw those three skulls set around with glittering jewels. This rich crypt was hidden in Napoleon's time, lest he should seize it. Here are bundles of gristly bones kept as relics, and it is fit place for bottles of the darkness of the dark ages. But the cathedral itself is magnificent. Its two tall towers pierce the sky five hundred and twelve feet. The great, front portal is ninety-three feet high and thirty-eight feet wide. The outside is beautified with a profusion of buttresses, turrets, galleries, cornices and foliage work. The interior is six hundred and fifty feet long, and the nave one hundred and forty-five feet high. The top is upheld by fifty-six enormous stone columns. The interior area is seventy thousand, three hundred and ninety-nine square yards. It could contain an army. The stained glass windows, old and new, are pretty, and better than the statues.

Convinced that Annie had gone up the Rhine, Harry hastened on by rail. The grand scenery deeply impressed him. Here broken cliffs seemed to reach the sky, there old castles were perched on crags, and green groves nestled in sheltered spots high up toward the clouds, then steep vine-clad hills stood before him. In one place he counted fourteen great stone terraces rising high, one above another, like stairs, and all covered with vines. In places, the windings of the steep and deep gorge of the Rhine, gives such peculiar, rich and varied shades of light, so weird, so delicate, that this added charm to the already superb scenery, and interest is added by the local legends of love and war like this :

Roland went to the wars. His love waited long, then, believing him dead, she entered a nunnery on that flat island at the foot of a height. He came back. Finding she was lost to him, he built a

castle on the crag-side where he could look down on her abode. Sometimes he saw her at her devotions. Her death broke his heart. He was found dead with his eyes turned to the spot where she had been.

Bonn, with its university, was passed, and then a steel railway took Harry to the top of the hill at Rolandseck, where he was delighted with a wide view of the mountains, crags, castle ruins, deep gorges and lofty crests, with mournful Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains before him. At Neweid a bevy of Moravian women, in white caps, the girls with blue ribbons, the unmarried women with pink, the married women with blue, and widows with white, looked picturesque.

Coblenz is very beautiful. It is the center of the finest Rhine scenery. Here meet two of the most picturesque rivers of Europe. A bridge of boats, four hundred yards long, and a fine railway bridge cross the Rhine, and beyond them rises the majestic, strong fortress, Ehrenbreitstein, its foot three hundred and eighty-seven feet above the river, and its massive walls, stand on a rock inaccessible on three sides. It looks impregnable. It is large enough to hold an army. It has been a fortress from very early times. It has withstood many sieges. Napoleon's peace with Austria, of Luneville, in 1801, required that it be dismantled. But on his last overthrow, in 1815, France had to pay to Prussia fifteen million francs to restore it, and Prussia has used much more money. Harry went to the top and there had a glorious view of the grand old, castled, vine-clad Rhine. Harry saw a party of soldiers drawing a cart loaded with bread, up the fortress' steep and winding road. It was a hard task, Kelo said it was difficult as climbing "the hill of fame, ef dar be sich er hill." Two of those soldiers are German barons, for in Germany and France title is but little exemption from military service, every young man, without regard to rank must serve, and so these barons were soldiers. From the fortress, Coblenz and its lovely environs form a splendid, great picture, richly framed by lofty heights ornamented with castles.

"Wat am dat asterisk up dar?"

"Obelisk, you mean. It commemorates soldiers who fell in the Austrian war in 1866."

At Wiesbaden Kelo made a discovery. He came, excited, to Harry, saying, "I've foun' der strangis t'ing! A whol' bilin' uv chickin brof ar bilin' jis rite outen de groun'! Com' an' see it!"

It is the chloride of sodium mineral hot spring. Its flavor is as Kelo described it.

Mainz, a strong fortress town, a Roman camp before Christ, six hundred years ago the center of the league of Rhenish towns, Harry found to be a quaint, queer city, with narrow and crooked streets, odd looking buildings, the town of six centuries ago, and then added is a district of new, broad, American-like streets, the whole surrounded by the hills and fortress walls, and the Rhine. A strip three hundred feet wide has been cleared along the river. To Mainz Napoleon was driven in 1813: after his terrible defeat of Leipsic, its strength was his refuge. From 1815 to 1866 it was garrisoned jointly by Prussia and Austria. Since Sadowa gave it to Prussia she keeps eight thousand soldiers here. The Mainz cathedral dates back above one thousand years. Destroyed by fire in A. D. 1009, 1081, 1137, 1181, each time it was rebuilt on a grander scale. At Mainz was born Gutenberg, who invented printing from movable types, about A. D. 1440, after Coster of Haarlem had also invented it in 1423. Dr. Faust sold a printed copy of the Bible to the king of France for seven hundred crowns. It was an imitation of manuscript. Faust was charged with being in league with the devil, and forced to reveal the secret invention.

In the citadel Harry saw the Eigelstein, erected by the Romans B. C. 9, on the spot where Drusus met his death. It is now but a gray circular mass of stone forty-two feet high. It was eighty-two feet high as late as A. D. 1500.

Harry saw a milkman with several cows, stop before the door of each customer and milk the required amount. No chance to water milk there.

Harry could almost touch the vines as he rode from the Rhine to Frankfort. It is a famous vine region. Frankfort, the old-time capital of the east Frank empire, the birthplace of Goethe, election place of many emperors of the old German empire which ceased in 1806, was a free city till 1866, when Prussia took it.

Before this century Germany was many states. It had an emperor and two houses of government. In 1802 Napoleon divided a part of it among his friends and took the power over them. He took the title of "Protector." His Confederation of the Rhine, of 1802, which placed him in power over part of the German states, dissolved the old empire. Its emperor, Francis II, took, in 1806, the new title, emperor of Austria, as Francis I. The present empire dates only from January 18, 1871, and is not a renewal of the old empire.

Of the Kaisersaal Kelo said, "Its front door openz inter its sullen," and so it does. It contains wonderful paintings of many gone-by monarchs. The cathedral, grand, somber, artistic, contains a strange, life-like relief of Jews mocking Jesus. Possibly the realistic picture has fed the hatred of the Jews which caused their exclusion, on pain of death, from the market place, and the locking of them into their own street, Judengasse, every evening and Sundays and holidays. The old gate is gone. Harry saw there the residence of Meyer Anselm, founder of the Rothschilds, a shop fifteen feet wide.

They went to the Zoological Gardens. Kelo remarked, "Mung der lionz ob der Zoo, I seen er queerum uv salt water fishes. Ef dem was cookt wud dem be salt cod fish?" Kelo was delighted with a picture of St. Sebastian tied to a tree and shot full of arrows. All those roastings of saints delighted him as much as if he had been the best kind of a Sunday-school boy. If they were painted to glorify the church, then why not send them to our wild Indians? They alone can fully appreciate them. Europe has many of these horrible paintings. At Darmstadt Kelo saw Flink's painting of "A Woman Cleansing Her Boy's Head." It roused in him unpleasant recollections of the Sunday mornings when his mother used to scour his face with sand to "take off the Injin." Then he found a bust which he called, "A wimun dat's bust off all her close off." It was one of Solomon's wives. Kelo said, "I s'poze Sol cudn't 'ford t' dress his wives, cos he had s' many."

Few places equal in beauty the environs of Heidelberg, for five hundred years, till 1721, the capital of the Palatinate. From 1802 it belongs to Baden. High up on the hillside hangs the ruined castle, founded five hundred years ago. Its round tower, ninety-three feet

in diameter, was blown up by the French two hundred years ago, and half of it still lies in the moat. In 1693 the castle was burned. It was rebuilt, but lightning ruined it in 1764. It is the most magnificent ruin in Germany. The facade, part Ionic and part Corinthian, standing three stories above the high basement, is still richly adorned with beautiful sculptures.

Baden, at the entrance of the **Black Forest**, was crowded with summer visitors, who were roaming its picturesque, wooded hills, and delightful valley. As a watering place Baden is rivalled only by Wiesbaden, which it excels in beauty. "The principal efficacy of its water consists in its high temperature," says Badeker. "Den w'y not drink b'ilin' water an' git well tu hum?" asked Kelo.

Harry found Strasburg located not on strong hills as he supposed, but on an almost flat country. It was long a free city of Germany. In 1445 it repelled a French attack. In 1681, in time of profound peace, Louis XIV of France seized it, and the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, confirmed it to him. Germany exacted its cession back to Germany in 1871. Its university, founded in 1621, closed by the French in 1794, was reopened in 1872. Goethe graduated here in 1771. The cathedral is bold and striking. Its famous clock attracts spectators. At twelve o'clock, as he was looking at it, the twelve apostles, of large size, came out and walked around the Saviour. A rooster, perched on a pinnacle, flapped its wings and crowed loudly. "Nebber I've seen er wooden rooster and wooden men do the like o' that afore!" exclaimed Kelo. Perched three hundred and thirty steps in the air, on the spire platform, Harry had before his eyes a grand panorama of the town, the Rhine, the Black Forest in the east and the Vosges in the southwest.

At their hotel in Strasburg, a German and Frenchman disputed about the fighting qualities of their dogs. They agreed to let the brutes decide it by a fight in a dark room. Kelo was chosen umpire. He alone was in the room to insure fair play. The dogs began in great vigor and noise. Kelo had found a secret trap door. He opened it and away went both dogs. Then he called in the principals.

"Got in himmel! Dey ish eat each toddler up!" exclaimed the German.

"Le chien haf exhaled!" cried the Frenchman.

The German sat down to reason it out: the Frenchman wrote a brilliant account of the strange affair.

Wild, beautiful and varied, above all other wooded districts of Germany, are the scenes of the Black Forest. The country looks as if once blown up by dynamite, and fallen back in immense, grand fragments, where water courses have washed their beds among the gigantic débris of rock, and trees have grown up wherever they can find soil to cling. Through it the railway strangely picks its wonderful way, now high and sheer up in a crease made in the very face of lofty rock, far above the tops of tall firs that grow at the precipice's foot; then through a tunnel to cut off some sharp angle; then halting on some high rock platform above some quaint village. At Triberg, Harry saw the finest waterfall in west Germany, the Faulenbach, four hundred and twenty-six feet in seven distinct leaps over huge blocks of granite. So winding is this railway that sometimes he saw, a few rods below him, the rail on which he had come, but which took a mile of turnings to climb to him. This winding of the track enables it to ascend. Then he went through a bore in the mountain, more than a mile (eighteen hundred and fifty two yards) through the hill of SOMMERAU, the WATERSHED between the RHINE and the DANUBE. He walked from the station back to the crown of the hill. It was raining. The rain that fell from one side of his umbrella, ran down the north side of the mountain, and away through the Rhine to the North sea: that which fell from the other side ran down the south declivity into the Brigach, and away to the distant east through the Danube, to the Black sea. Near by St. Georgen, the Brigach is the real source of the Danube, though twenty-one miles further on, is a walled spring called and shown in pictures as its source. The source is twenty six hundred and sixty feet above sea level.

At first sight of the upper Rhine, Harry was astonished. He exclaimed "It is green!" Nearly all the lakes of Switzerland are green! He had never before heard of green water. He went to the Falls of the Rhine. These are in volume the grandest falls in Europe. On the left bank the river falls sixty feet, on the right bank forty-eight

feet; the rapids soon increase the whole fall to nearly one hundred feet. Harry saw rainbows form in clouds of silvery spray. From a projecting iron platform, the spectacle is stupendous. The wide green water leaps with a roar like continuous thunder down the precipice.

Switzerland is about half the area of Maine. It is in several local governments with one general head, and is a free country. Most of the laws must be voted by the people direct. Its languages are French, German, Italian and dialects of each and of all. A majority are Protestants, but nearly half are Catholics. The President has but little power. His term is short. Primary education is compulsory. The people are well informed and they pursue many occupations. Silks, cottons, leather, paper, and watches and jewelry are made in several places. In Lake Zug, near Zurich, are the remains of ancient lake dwellings. They contain clumsy stone tools and bones of the stag, boar, fox, cow, sheep and dog, and excite great curiosity.

At Lucerne market was being held. Kelo was soon attracted to a bevy of girls, each trying to sell him something. He gave way to the fairest and bought a small dog. The others accused him of partiality. To appease the next he traded to her the dog for a pair of wooden shoes. This set the others to cackling harder than ever, and he traded the shoes for a basket of cherries and invited them all to picnic with him. The girls declined but insisted on trading. He got three yards of cheap calico for the cherries and traded again for a cigar case. Then they tried to sell him a goat. Kelo began to edge away. He offered the calico to any girl for a kiss but got no taker. They followed him up, and he turned to run. The girls pursued, the crowd laughed and Kelo ran faster and turned the corner three steps ahead of his foremost frolicsome pursuer.

Lake Lucerne, with its green water—a delicate green—and the grand parade of mountains that rear their tall heads all around to frame it in, with the three peaked Mt. Pilatus, the last abode of Pontius Pilate, high above his right, and the famed Mt. Rigi on his left, and a whole assembly of tall mountains right before him, was a grand picture that astonished him. He walked over a bridge and looked deep

down in that clear green water and saw the fishes at home. He came back by an inclosed bridge that is a picture gallery. A walk of a few minutes took him to a little garden where rose a high precipice in whose big face the "Lion of Lucerne" looked down upon him. The enormous lion, twenty-eight feet long, is cut in the sandstone bluff itself. It lies in a cavern, dying, transfixed with a broken lance and sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw. The rock bears the names of twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers who fell at Paris, August 10, 1792. Kelo, too, was astonished. He had seen the elephant in the circus, and the lions, but he never till now believed that a lion can be bigger than an elephant.

Lucerne is picturesque, its walls built five hundred years ago still inclose it. The view of lake, mountain and snow-clad Alps is one of great beauty. Harry ascended Pilatus. From its summit he saw a vast extent of highly improved country before his delighted eyes. It seemed a marvel of stupendous beauty.

In crossing the lake to the Rigi Kelo stuck to his favorite colors, for he went to sleep in a chair freshly painted red, white and blue. A peasant woke him and asked pay for the spoiled paint. Kelo demanded pay for his spoiled summer suit. They became angry. On landing at Vitznau the peasant threatened to throw him from the cliff. Kelo was ready. Each attacked the other. The moment they closed in, a big dog rushed upon them; the onset threw them whirling from the rock, through the air, into the lake below, the dog on top. The water closed over them. They were gone from view for half a minute. Then the dog appeared. Next up popped Kelo's head. Then came the Swiss. They were thirty yards apart. Both swam to attack again. But an officer forbade it. The water had cooled their anger and they came ashore, and the Swiss offered to paint Kelo's suit all over. Kelo said, "As I're er christian, I furgib ye cos I can't punish ye: but if I ever git able, I'll lick ye!" Harry was indignant, he said, "Kelo, I think you and I are not suited to each other." "I know it," said Kelo, "I orter hab er better master."

The north side of the Rigi is very steep, the south side is broad terraces and green slopes and pastures with four thousand cattle, and with chestnut, fig and almond trees at the base. The Rigi com-

mands a very extensive view of wonderful beauty. At sight of those cattle Kelo's cow-boy instincts were aroused, he wanted to get drunk, to brandish a big knife, to hurt somebody. He shouted, he drank, he fired off a revolver, but he was captured and led away to solitude.

Half an hour before sunrise an Alpine horn sounded. Then all was bustle, noise and confusion, the sun was coming. A throng rushed from the hotels to the highest point.

"A faint streak in the east, which gradually paled the light of the stars, melted into a band of gold on the horizon; each lofty peak became tinged with a roseate blush; the shadows of the great space between the Rigi and the horizon gradually stole away; forests, lakes, hills, towns and villages revealed; all at first gray and cold, till at length the sun burst from behind the mountains in all its majesty, flooding the superb landscape with light and warmth."

But in an hour the mists rose and condensed into clouds and hid most of the landscape. At breakfast when many persons were present, Kelo appeared. He was exuberant. He had found a pony, mounted, lassoed a cow and brought her in with triumph. He tied the beast to a pillar of the portico and swaggered into the breakfast room. The landlord, in great anger, rushed in and ordered him out. Kelo refused. "I'll have a service on you!" he cried. This reminded Kelo of religious service. He mounted a sofa and preached thus:

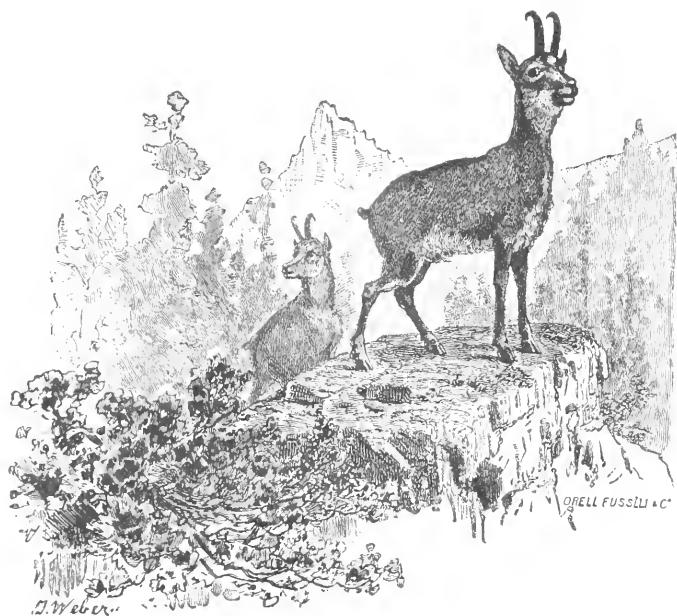
"My tex' am, 'Jesruran waxed fat and kicked.' Why did he kiet? I don't no. Who did he kiet? I can't tell. But I'll tell who orter be kiet. Fust. Yer guest w'at goes an' sez yer corn cake didn't suit 'im. Sekunt. Him as spites ye w'en yer leaf off doin' 'im favuz. Thurt. Him thet borrhertz yer nabur's things w'en ye want ter borerer 'm. Fo'th. The chap az wants me ter b'leve jis like he b'levz. Fi't. The feller as domno yer want yer money that he borrhert. Sixth. The one thet furgits ter say 'good mornin'.' Sev—" But here a rush of waiters carried him off.

From the top of Rigi Harry saw where a big slide had marked the opposite Rossberg. "It is," said a guide, "the spot where, in 1806, a mile of earth and stones, one hundred feet deep and one thousand feet wide, from a height of above a half mile, slid to the valley, burying four villages and their four hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants."

At Altdorf he saw a colossal statue of Tell on the spot where that hero, who is mythical, is said to have aimed the arrow at the apple on his boy's head. No matter that he did not live, we have our real Tell. In our "mind's eye" we can see the whole affair, so it answers our turn quite well, we stick to our hero. But Kelo murmured: "How storiz is spilt! Now Billy Tell nebber tole a lie; Ben Butler nebber cut down his papa's cherry tree; Poky Hunkus nebber saved Blaine; an' az fur de boy thet stood on de burnin' neck, he's kinder petered out."

As Harry entered the great, dark depths of the stupendous gorge of the ever brawling Reuss, he looked away up to the gorge's great gatepost, the Ross-stock, with its head a mile and a half sheer in the air, many hundreds of feet of which are almost perpendicular.

Up the wild splashing Reuss, that marvelous gorge where the world seems to have cracked asunder; where often the rock of immense height overhangs the railway, you pass long and frequently through the tunnels made through solid rock, while mountains are directly above your head; you run long in simple artificial creases in the very face of lofty cliffs; often where the sun never strikes; frequently in intense darkness, and then shoot out of the eternal night of the great depths of the rock and dash across a slender steel bridge at great height from the great rift's bed, and down there for an instant catch a glance of the white foaming Reuss dashing among rocks and over steeps. You catch a glimpse of the sun, then you are again deep in the interior of another mountain. Thousands of feet above your head the sun is kissing the great rock summits. The smoke obstructs your breath, you long for light. Out you dash into day again. On you go, looking for a moment up some deep valley where some other stream pours into this crazy Reuss. Then you fly along a slope from which you try in vain to see the top of the opposite summit. You behold a great mass of *débris* that has lodged on its way down; you see that it is ice, but old, faded, discolored, it looks like clay and rocks. Then for a short distance you breathe again. You look at a dead wall of rock on your left hand while on your right away down, down you see, afar below, the tops of tall slender trees. You could toss a stone upon them. You



CHAMOIS.



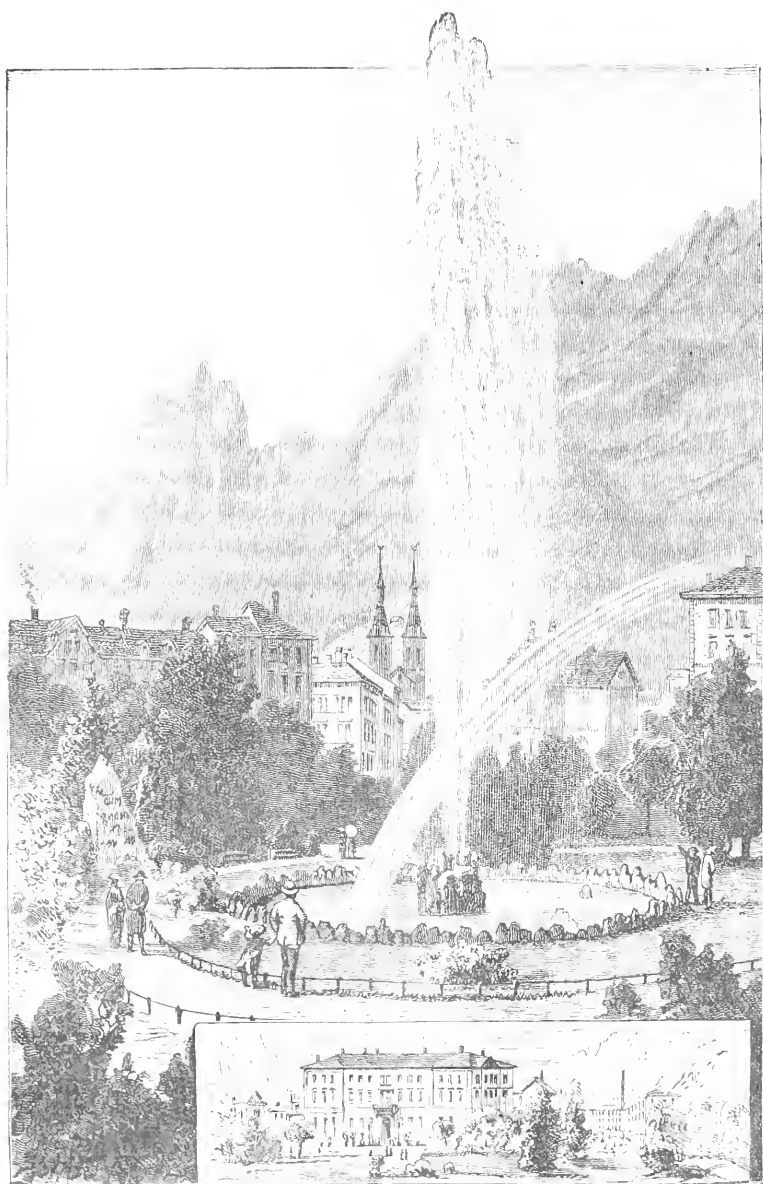
MEETTENSEE, GLAURUS, SWITZERLAND.



ONEIL FUSSELL & CO.

J. W. L. L.

LAKE DE TANNAY, SWITZERLAND.



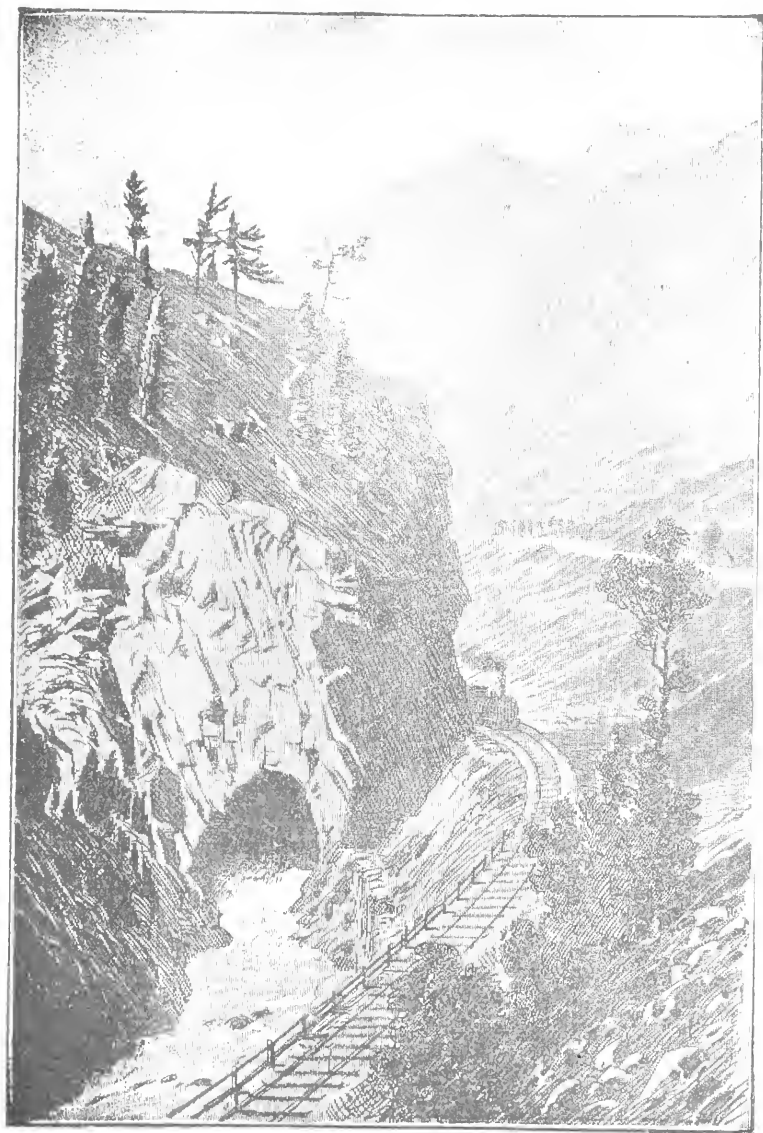
VOLKSGARTEN, GLARUS, SWITZERLAND.



ALPINE HAYMAKERS.



WOMEN OF MERAN, SPUGEN PASS.



RIVER TURNED THROUGH ROCK, BRENNER RAILROAD, TYROL.



WATERFALL, SCHLEIZEN GORGE, AUSTRIA

reach Amsteg. Not far to your right looms the mighty Rothstock, its high head almost two miles above the sea; right ahead to the south stands the pyramidal Bristenstock piercing the sky nearly two miles. The mind expands with the grandeur of massive scenery. But the most interesting part of the line begins here. The many falls and cascades of the frolicsome Reuss are wilder. You rush across a gay river on an imposing iron bridge one hundred and seventy-seven feet high, catch sight of the Windgellen about two miles high, then through long tunnels, and then across the wild-dashing Reuss on a slender bridge fifty-four feet higher in the air than Bunker Hill monument. At Gurnellen you are at the bottom of the rift in that spot and twenty-two hundred and ninety-seven feet above the sea! In all directions tower enormous mountains. But Goschenen, nine and one-half miles further on, is thirty-six hundred and forty feet above the sea. How is it possible for the railway to overcome this difference of one hundred and forty feet elevation per mile? Here was a problem for engineers. They have done it. The rail enters the interior of the mountain of rock, winds in a spiral like a corkscrew, and so rises one hundred and fifteen feet *inside* of the mountain itself. At the end of sixteen hundred and thirty-five yards—almost a mile—it emerges to daylight and you see Wassen perched on top of a rock directly in the way, but far above you. Then you enter the second tunnel, wind around more than half a mile inside the solid rock, come out, recross the river, pass through the rock under the village, cross a handsome bridge, rush into the interior of another mountain, take another turn within it, then through various other tunnels and over bridges; and then you look back and see the village that you have passed *under*, and it is still above you! The melting of snow on the high summits pours down numerous waterfalls, one of which is of astounding height, and presents a very beautiful spectacle. Then came the great St. Gothard tunnel. It is an immense bore of nine and one-quarter miles directly through that mountain. It was begun in 1872 and finished in 1880, at a cost of about ten million dollars.

Harry left the rail long enough to go through the somber, lofty defile bounded by high, almost perpendicular cliffs, the border of

the Reuss, to the old "Devil's Bridge," where, amid wild scenery, a picturesque cascade plunges one hundred feet into the abyss, sprinkling the bridge with its spray. It is a wild strange spot, a singular place for war. Yet here, in August, 1799, the Austrians and French met and fought, and the former were driven away. A month later Russians and French fought here. The French tried to blow up the bridge, the Russians went down into the river bed under galling fire, and climbed the other bank, and drove the French down the Reuss by the way that Harry had just come.

To pass through the greatest tunnel in the world took twenty minutes. The center of the tunnel is more than a mile directly under the summit (Kastlehorn). He passed thirty-three hundred and fifty feet below the surface of Sella Lake!

On the Italian side, the Ticino forces its way, it descends in many falls and turns of a wild, rocky gorge. But the railway to make descent circles inside the mountains, in two places in loop tunnels, that wind like continuous winding stairs, it goes through rock tunnels in many places. The Faido waterfall is magnificent, the scenery is beautiful, romantic. Masses of rock lie among fine chestnut trees, queer houses crown the crests. Then come more great cascades. That of Lavorgo falls hundreds of feet. Then the Ticino itself makes a great leap from its rocks downward, and the railway descends again in two loop tunnels, corkscrew fashion, and then in more and immense loop tunnels. Opposite Bodio a fine large waterfall appears as if leaping right out of the cliff itself; it is very high; and then another. Magnificent falls appear here and there. Here is a cascade that must be eight hundred feet; there is one of 1200 feet spouting from the monster precipice, falling, spreading like a veil, striking a mass of rock débris, disappearing, reappearing, leaping down hundreds of feet. The Faido, a splendid delight to the eye, appears to fall in three leaps, 1800 or 2000 feet, and more of it is hidden by rocks. It is in early summer when the high snows are melting that these streams have water to make their grandest displays.

Harry took a quick turn of the lovely **Italian lakes**, saw Locarno and its scenery, sailed down the fair Maggiore, turned into

Lugano, crossed the mountain on the steep railway, slept at Menaggio, heard the landlord's story how the late Vanderbilt once grumbled to him of his hard fate in having, unlike men who are not millionaires, no time to see the glories of that wonderful lake Como, nor even time sufficient to sleep, for he must make his tour of Europe in a given number of hours, and return to New York to look after his railroads; how he ordered the landlord to call him very early in the morning, and to compel him to get up and go. It was an amusing and true story told under the vines of the garden, while Harry was taking lunch. In that pretty garden Harry wished intensely for his Eve to enjoy that fine scenery, to sail and sing together upon beautiful Como, to gaze at its lofty shores, to gossip of the loves of the ancients, who with Pliny, lived there to dream Elysian visions of fair happiness in so charming a spot. His feelings became inflamed, he ordered a boat, left as abruptly as did money-laden Vanderbilt, and sailed to Como, and on by rail, hoping to find Annie at Milan, for, said he, "Girls admire Italy, that is where she has gone. I'll find her, she shall give up this race and marry me at once, and then we will see Europe together in happiness."

In large and charming **Milan**, he quickly made the round of the picture galleries, the libraries and public gardens, and the museums. He rushed through the great marble cathedral, looked with half a glance at a dozen of its thousands of statues, stood in the great Piazza del Duomo and stared ten minutes at the magnificent façade, paid a fee to see the splendid exhibition of the treasure and the old saint under the high altar, went to the Marie della Gracie to see the Leonardo da Vinci picture of "The Last Supper," called it what it really is, a bad drawing, a sickly, disagreeable set of men, faded by four hundred years of age, but with revolting expressions of the faces.

In the street, he was passing a mean looking place where he saw persons entering. He followed. Pushing aside the *portier* that here does duty for a door, he entered and saw a most singular church, with four square chapels on each side, and a gallery over each, and all covered with very old and very bright and queer frescoes, a monster show box worthy of the late Barnum's circus. It is the St. Maurizio. It is strange and gorgeous.

Harry had studied the phrase book, there was the English and its equivalent in German, French and Italian, he would order in Italian at the gorgeous Arcade Victor Emanuel. A waiter in sober black stood with napkin on his arm to receive the order. Harry gave it. He was confident it was in good Italian. The waiter's eyebrows raised a little, but he stood still. Harry repeated the order. "I maks im unstan," put in Kelo, and he cackled like a hen to mean that Harry wanted eggs, and then he rang a loud shrill crow through the Arcade to signify chicken. A crowd began to gather. Kelo crowed again. Two policemen came quickly. Then Kelo raised a bottle to his lips and put on a drunken look to mean that he wanted whisky. Three soldiers arrived. With this military escort, Kelo was moved off. But on Harry's assuring them that Kelo was only ordering supper, and would not repeat his entertainment, they released him. But Kelo insisted that he was a free man, that freedom must prevail, and a government that thus insulted liberty ought not to be.

Then they took him to prison. Kelo folded his yard long black hair up into the top of his tall silk hat, and declared that the great Italian navy should not prevent his revenge. He would knock the head off those policemen. "I ohus sell my life dearly," he said. Harry interfered to save Kelo. But this only endangered himself, Kelo had defied Italian power. Was not Harry a party to the offense? Harry saw that he must act promptly, better have Kelo pay a fine and go free. So he asked instant action. Kelo was taken before a judge. The court fined him five hundred dollars for his threats, and would condone the disturbance if both would instantly leave Italy. Harry paid the fine. Ten minutes later he entered his hotel to pay his bill and order a carriage for the station. There he met, on the stairway, Annie herself! Harry told her the situation. He must leave Italy. He wished her to go with him. They must be off at once. They would be married in a few days. They could travel together or settle in some romantic spot of grand Switzerland and be happy. "Come, let us be off!"

Annie was indignant that he should propose thus to take advantage of her benefactor and his own. "It would be perfidy, treachery; I will not discuss it," she said as she passed him on the stairs. Harry

was about to follow her and urge his case, but he saw a policeman watching to see if he would try to evade leaving Italy. He dared not provoke his own arrest. By daylight next morning he was in the Splügen Pass. He halted only to cool his heated blood by climbing on foot the famous Via Mala (Bad Way), and to admire the queerly costumed women of Meran. Kelo had bought a pair of boots at Milan; they were pretty and he was vain of them. But now that he was on foot both soles came off. They were only paper. But Kelo scorns to be disconcerted by any trifle. He walked proudly on, wearing the pretty boots minus soles. When a bevy of maidens followed and laughed at the prints of his toes in the soil, he affably told them that this was the usual style in America. They laughed again, and Kelo, who is a hero, dashed among them and kissed the fairest, for which he was applauded by a fat old Swiss gentleman who was riding by.

At Sargans Harry took the wrong car and went off his course to Glaurus. But a few hours later he was at Innspruck in the Tyrol, on his rushing way east. A dispatch from the referees gave, "Points made, Annie, one hundred and sixty-three; Harry, two hundred and thirty-one!" "Good! I'm clear ahead! I'll pay Annie off yet for her refusal of my proposals," he said.

At Vienna Harry wrote to Annie this letter:

"Dearest—The moon shines brightly into my window and by its gleam I write—I love you. My darling, O, my darling! I have hastened from you, I regret it; I wish I had staid till you consented to forget your foolish adherence to what you mistake for obligations to Smith, and joined me to be happy. But I will have you yet. Don't think to escape me. I win this race, I win you; I will have no excuses."

Then lighting a cigar he walked on the Ring, the grand boulevards made in place of the old ramparts; he gazed at the grand gothic Votive church, whose lovely architecture delighted him; he cocked his eye at the University, Town Hall and Exchange; he observed that it was the finest part of that sumptuous city; he saw that the people were gayer than North Germans, that East and West Europe meet in throngs at Vienna, that the masses amuse themselves, that

the parks and gardens seem vast pleasure grounds. He admired the more expressive faces, the free gait, and cheerful ways of the people. Then he gave a handsome Gypsy girl a franc to sing to him. Then a franc to play her tambourine; and then five francs to dance. Then more francs to sing, play and dance. He tried to sing with her; but the tune would jar. Then he, too, danced. It was scandalous and a policeman arrested him. The officer let the girl go with a reprimand. Harry was startled. Here might be an end to his winning the race, to his winning Annie and the half million.

"I will give you a franc to release me," he offered. The man said "No!"

"Five francs." "No." "Twenty francs." "No!"

"Look a-here; I'll give you one hundred dollars, and I'll leave town quicker than a run." The man took the one hundred dollars, and in ten minutes Harry was on a train rushing down the Danube. The same Gipsy girl was in the car singing to him. The passengers objected and the guard put her off at the station between Presburg and the Baths of Totis.

The Austrian Empire is various countries and different peoples and languages. In area and population it ranks third in Europe. The Tyrol, Styria and Carinthia are mountainous. Hungary is a plain between mountains. Bohemia and Moravia are almost circled by mountains. Galicia slopes to Russian plains. Dalmatia is part of the Balkan region. The emperor is king of Hungary, which is of many different races, but Magyars are dominant. The Austrian national legislature is sixty members from Hungary and sixty from the rest of the empire. Germans and Chechs dispute dominance in Bohemia. Galicia is Polish. The empire contains Magyars, Germans, Moravians, Chechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Slavs, Italians, Rumanians, Jews, Gipsies and Tyrolese. It is fifty-six political divisions. The other races resent the presence of the dominant Germans and Magyars, who are not a majority, and hardly two-fifths. The Slavs are nearly a majority; in the north and south they are a majority, but in different parts they differ in religion; Catholic, Greek and Islam.

Hungary is a vast plain rimmed with mountains. It is the basin

of an ancient lake. It depends most on agriculture. Wine, wheat, cattle, horses and sheep are great products. Ninety-two per cent of its soil is said to be arable. Most of the Danube's banks are not stable, but they shift with the floods, and so islands and channels change. Harry saw floating mills on it. He saw many islands above Komorn, but below there the river lay in a single bed for a long distance. Then the narrow gorge, the iron gate of Orsova, separates the plain of Presburg from the plain of Hungary.

"Are your women industrious?" asked Harry of a fellow traveler.

"Very. They do much farm work."

"How do you win them to matrimony?"

"Ah! few women would marry if we did not first love them."

"Do you always marry for love?"

"No. At Topanfalva a maiden's fair is held on St. Peter's and St. Paul's day. It attracts the young men. Hundreds of girls with their relatives come there."

"Are any chosen?"

"They sit upon their packages among their cattle dowry. A lawyer sits under a tree to draw the contracts."

"And are girls taken freely?"

"More than a hundred at one fair."

Harry proposed to stay at the fair, but the Magyar said it was not in session.

The Magyar is fond of fine clothes, ribbons and flowers on his hat, silk sash over blue or red jacket with metal buttons, white overcoat with flowers embroidered, loose linen trousers with broad fringe. He is fond of dancing and music.

Much contention exists between races in Austria and Hungary. JEWS are traders, they increase rapidly. Epidemic and endemic diseases less affect them. GIPSIES are plenty. Every fête requires them as musicians.

VII

FRANCE.

All was bright and lovely as Annie entered France. Vale and slope were gay in soft green blended with deeper hues of grain. Birds chattered in the chestnut trees that shaded the red-tiled cottages. The gay morning landscape seemed to smile a welcome to her; she felt unlike a stranger in that pretty land.

She saw amusing spectacles, nut brown girls riding donkeys; the signs on little inns, "*On loge a pied et a cheval*" (they lodge on foot and on horse); the many women at work tilling fields or trundling carts, and, at a village she beheld a bridal procession moving to music of fiddle and clarionet, the groom in blue, the brunette bride by his side in blushes of red, and robe and slippers of white, and a wreath of white roses in her hair; a bevy of maidens, each perhaps wishing herself a bride; a troop of young men looking wistfully at the brown girls. Then on went the train, and hill, grove and valley of this well tilled land flitted by and then—Paris.

On the Atlantic steamer Annie had become acquainted with Count Rocco Corvo. They were met at the station by Dr. Deran, a skillful American physician, and by the Count, an Italian who could speak French American, and conducted to the Grand Hotel.

After a French breakfast, bread and black coffee, they took the best method to see the famous interior boulevards, the top of an omnibus, and looked down through the small trees into the windows of the pretty shops. The buildings are inferior to many streets in America. It is in public structures that Paris is grand. These boulevards follow the windings of the old fortifications, whose place they occupy.

As they neared the Place de la Bastille they saw steam rising through an aperture in the street. On passing the Bastille monument they observed a steamboat in a deep cut in the square. It looked as if in dock. Five minutes later the steamer had disappeared.

"Where can it have gone!" cried Mrs. Maler.

"I saw it here not two minutes ago!" added Annie.

"It is a mystery? Can a steamer disappear in broad day?"

"I niver did seen no country like dis ere!" put in Teteto.

Here the Count came up and joined them. Teteto demanded, "Do der debbel lib a-herree? Do he cum gobbel up steamer 'fore yer eye wen yer arn't a-lookin'?"

The Count explained that here steamers enter the underground canal which they navigate under the streets of Paris. "Know'd gophir an' fox t' hab holes; nebber know t' steamers t' run in thur holes afore!" said Teteto.

Turning back west they soon arrived at the Hotel de Ville (City Hall), the usual rallying place of revolt, burned by the Commune in 1870, but now rebuilt new and grand; then to the tower of St. Jacques, from whose lofty top they saw Paris in panorama, the public buildings looming far above the common blocks.

Then on to the Louvre. Here they left the carriage. The Louvre is many museums, it is said that if all its works of art were placed in line they would extend fifty-nine miles. They entered the gallery of sculptures.

"Here," said Dr. Deran, "you see the growth of the fine arts from their earliest dawn, a curious spectacle, each age by itself, art speaking through four thousand years; its infancy in the east, its early youth in Egypt and Phœnicia, its young manhood in ancient Greece and Rome, and its decadence with their decline, and its glorious revival from Canova's time. Its gem is seen in a basement where the Venus of Milo of an unknown ancient artist, whose charm combines a goddess and a lovely woman, holds a levee among Venuses and Aphrodites, this century's masterpieces, a collection of great beauty.

Teteto heard a man declare, "I carnt see no buty in sich skulpt rocks; they're all naked!"

"All angels is nakid," replied Teteto; "ye needent mind it unless ye liv' in a state of total depravity."

"I live in the State of Nevada," said the man.

"Allee same," put in Teteto.

They took the delightful walk from one end to the other of the Tuileries gardens, and came out at the Place de la Concorde.

"The low Grecian building across the Seine, is the old Palais Bourbon, now occupied by the Corps Legislatif," said Dr. Deran.

"What is this ancient column in the center?"

"Column of Luxor, given to France in 1836, by the Pasha of Egypt; it stood at Thebes for four thousand years, now it is upon the very spot where stood the bloody guillotine in the Reign of Terror; just here the French heads were cut off. Here died Danton, the Girondists, Madame Roland, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and others."

"I see around this great square, eight statues, and one of them is decorated."

"They are for eight cities. That of Strasburg is hung in mourning for loss of that city in the war of 1870."

Along the river were many men fishing. Teteto asked one "What do will you catch?"

"The sous that Monsieur will toss to me," replied the man, and he did it.

The drive through the grove avenue of Champs Elysee, to the Arc de Triomphe was delightful. From the top of the Arch one hundred and fifty-two feet high, they saw another grand view of Paris.

They paused at the Palace of Industrie to visit the Salon. In the vast display of new pictures Annie admired many but could not decide which she preferred. She asked, "What is a good picture?"

Doctor Deran gave this wise reply; it is doubtful if it can be excelled as a real definition:

"There are so many and so varying schools of painting that but one true test exists: a picture is good if it continues to please the owner and his friends; better if it pleases a large number of persons, and best if it pleases everybody."

"But are not all good paintings made by set and arbitrary rules?"

"No. Paintings vary so much that a connoisseur knows the work of different men as he knows handwritings."

Teteto saw the picture of a monkey that resembled himself. He asked, "Ain't dat er foine pietee? Fince art, see! Artile artist."

"The artist must have been very artful to get it hung at all. Don't you see that nobody looks at it?"

As they were walking in the pretty promenade of Champs Elysees an adroit pickpocket of polished manners took Annie's gold Waltham watch. She saw the act. Perceiving that he was detected, instead of running, he glanced coolly at its face and with a superb air handed it back to her with the remark, "I beg pardon, Madame, I have no watch and I must know the time of day lest I be too late for dejeuner. I thank you." This act so amused the crowd that no one asked for his arrest.

Passing the Trocadero, and on to the Champ de Mars, they saw the Eifel tower piercing the sky a thousand feet. From its top they were enjoying the grand view of this immense hive of human beings, when they saw what they could not have yet perceived from the ground, that a thunder shower was rapidly coming. They hastened to arrive at the Invalides and to have its cover from the rain; but it caught them. "O my! How the lightning thunders!" cried Teteto, "an' how orle de thundershine shinee!" for the lightning did indeed glare and the thunder crashed like the thunder of these old Invalides guns when they used to announce the victories of Napoleon. The Church of the Invalides is Napoleon's tomb. Under its lofty dome he sleeps in a crypt of Finland granite, the marble all around is polished to the utmost luster, the apostles in the dome one hundred and sixty feet above the tomb look down through the faint blueish light that adds to the solemnity of this grand tomb. Below the floor and balustrade you look down into the twenty feet depth of the crypt which is thirty-six feet in diameter.

Annie's impressions of France were various, from pale pink to bright scarlet.

"What can you tell us of Paris?" asked Annie.

Madame Deran replied, "It is first mentioned in Caesar's Commentaries as Lutetia, of mud huts. In the sixth century it became the capital of Clovis. In the eighteenth century the old ramparts became the interior boulevards. Napoleon I embellished it. But as

late as 1834, gutters ran in the middle of the streets, house drainage was little, oil lamps hung over the best streets, and few pavements existed. Under Napoleon III (1852-1870), many old houses were removed, and great new streets made. The German's siege of Paris, from Sept. 19, 1870 till Jan. 28, 1871, made less damage than expected, but, March 18, 1871, the Commune took possession, and in May, while the French army were suppressing them, these rioters destroyed with fire many chief buildings, public and private. Nearly all of them except the Tuileries and St. Cloud, have been restored.

Twenty-eight fine bridges span the Seine. The building stone is a light colored limestone, rather soft, easily carved, and it hardens on exposure to light. Many a house is built around four sides of a square, each floor being a separate house, and all reached by one staircase. The gardens of the Tuileries and Champs Elysees, and St. Cloud, are very fine wooded parks with many fine decorations. Place de la Concorde is a great open square connecting them. It has elegant buildings on two sides. The places Bastille and Vendome, contain tall columns, the latter made from cannon taken in war by the first Napoleon. The Arc de Triomphe in the west, was begun by Napoleon in 1806, and finished in 1836. It is one hundred and fifty-two feet high, and one hundred and thirty-seven feet wide. Several great streets radiate like a star from it. Adjoining the Tuileries grounds, stands the magnificent Louvre, an immense aggregate of imposing buildings filled with works of art. Paris is very rich in fine arts, the palace of the Beaux-arts, Luxembourg, the Hotel Cluny, the Gobelin's tapestry factory, the Sevres porcelain factory, the annual Salon, and many others.

Paris has above sixty churches, the grandest is Notre Dame. The Pantheon, the Madeleine, and several others are interesting. St. Roch is noted for its fine sacred music. Paris contains many literary institutions, its Bibliotheque is the largest library in the world, its Sorbonne, College of France, Ecole Polytechnique, and school of Arts et Metiers, are all famous. Its charities are enormous. It has many palaces. But it is time to start, so I cannot mention more at present."

The great dry goods stores in Paris are not equal in extent to

some of those in America, many of the clerks do not speak English. Germans often speak good American but it does not seem to be a Frenchman's best point. Teteto wanted a pair of cheap gloves worth fifty cents. At the Bonne Marchè behind the glove counter he saw several smiling young women whose bright eyes were disconcerting.

"Are the gloves for Monsieur?" spoke the suave French voice.

"Yis."

"Will Monsieur please sit before the counter?"

He took the high stool in agitation, his head on a level with hers. Purringly she asked, "Will Monsieur tell me his number?" Like most men he did not know that gloves are numbered. Then she daintily raised his hand, the spot of ink on it looked to him very big, he wished he had a chance to wash that hand. She held his hand by the finger tips to see the form of glove required, he feared she would kiss it. Then the same pretty tone asked, "What color would please you?"

"Ashez uv liliz."

"O, Monsieur, do not you meestik? Ees et zee ashee de rosee?"

"Yis. That'll do."

"Vat ees tattlettoo means?"

"I wantee red, blue; any colors, jis watter hap'n t' hav'."

She softly took the hand again in hers, looked into his face with a French smile. Teteto began to think this a tender affair. She carressingly inserted his fingers, with glances and little chirrups of speech she buttoned and smoothed the glove with a gentle pat. He valued that pat at the price of twenty pairs of gloves. He was recovering his self possession.

"Would he have the other glove put on?" Yes, he would. He felt by that time that he would like to sit there forever and buy gloves and have her put them on: but he was half-blood Irish and Irishmen love the women. When he had gone, with slight elevation of eyebrows she said, "Va!" He had paid twice their value for those gloves.

At the famous Observatory a distinguished professor received them politely and showed them how the heavens are observed. Said he, "By looking through this great telescope you may see Venus."

"Let me look, quick! I want to see how she is dressed!" cried Maler.

They heard the exquisite sacred music at St. Roch; it was low, sweet and stirred the tenderest sense of tranquil beauty. The sermon put Teteto to sleep; he could sleep best under a sermon.

After morning service the boulevards and parks were thronged, so were the places of amusement, and thousands went to Versailles, where in front of the grand Palace Teteto saw a sea of upturned faces watching the play of the large fountains. This spectacle always draws a throng. The many rooms richly adorned with marble, bronze and fresco, with the thousands of paintings, the elegant mosaic floors, and all the marvelous brilliancy of art and taste in the palace, the elegant bowers and walks and avenues in the grounds, the long lines of statuary, and the evident enjoyment of the hundred thousand people then walking, gossiping, strolling among the groves and fountains and halls, the gay costumes, the smiling faces, the general aspect of pleasure, the tone and spirit of the occasion, the charming beauty of the renowned old place, all conspired to render the occasion one to long remember.

With Annie's party were several persons of different nations. They had agreed to observe the general fit and fitness of the dress of persons from different countries. On the way back each reported result. It was agreed that the American ladies were better fitted and carried their clothes in the best style. It is not at church and on the street that the French ladies wear their best. Except at balls, dinner, and opera they dress no better than Boston women; not so well as those of some of our western cities.

On all fine Sundays, Parisians like to make excursions to the country, to dine on the grass, to sing in little quartettes of friends, to pass the day as merrily as birds, but on week days they are hard workers. As they returned along a fine boulevard in Paris, they were exclaiming, "How beautiful! How rich is Paris." But when the carriage passed through an eastern street, away from the fine boulevard, they were soon exclaiming, "How very poor! What sights of poverty!" Paris usually keeps its beggars out of sight, while in most of Europe they are conspicuous. They do not annoy a traveler as in England and Italy, but they exist.

Rare and queer is this cemetery of Pere la Chaise. The lots are narrow and small, but crowded with monuments, many of these loaded with flowers and immortelles. Cards are seen left at tombs with corner turned down to signify a personal call. In one part are tombs of famous men. In another, poor people for whom no lot is bought or rented, are buried in a common trench, and in five years the bones are removed to the Catecombs under Paris and the ground again used for trench burials. But a lot may be rented for a small sum for ten years, or for a larger but still moderate price held "in perpetuity." As Annie was wandering among the beautiful tombs, the guide called to her, "Come and see where sleeps a marshal of the empire!" Descending a steep place with difficulty she came to a simple grave. A little iron fence guarded it from intrusion, the ivy twined among the iron rods, the dew from their blossoms dropped tears upon the green sod that covers him who living was Marshal Michel Ney, who won even from Napoleon, the proud title "Bravest of the Brave."

"Now we will dine at the Café. A French dinner is a reunion of friends, where is as much talking as eating, it should yield all the pleasure that is possible. It should be a sumptuous banquet, adorned with flowers and beautiful women, and surrounded by mirrors, statues and pictures. "Animals feed, man eats, and should know how to eat," said Doctor Deran.

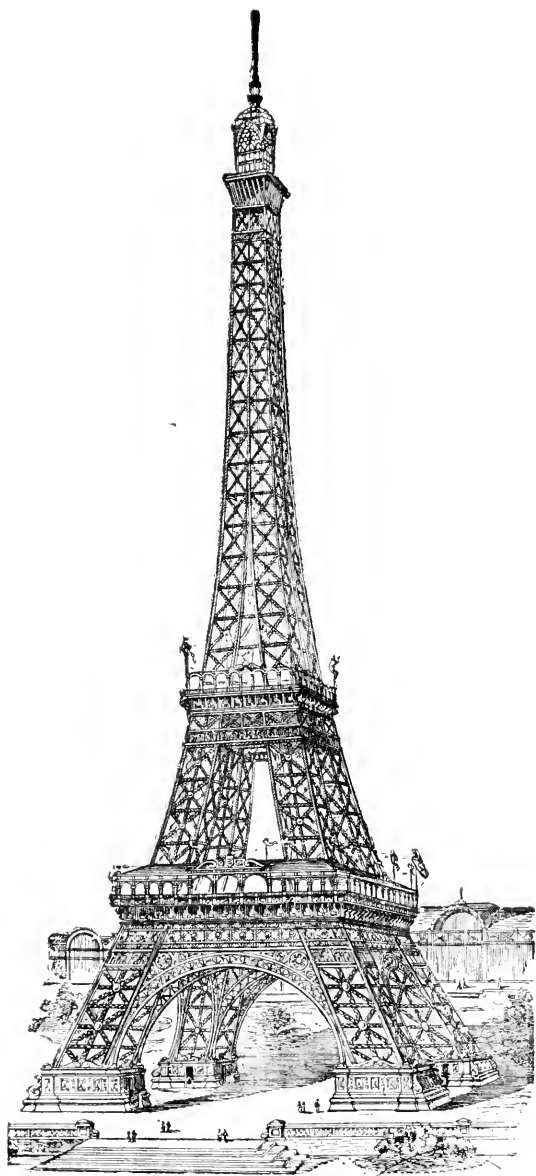
They took a snow white table near a window where they could enjoy the sight of the promenading on the Boulevard. The Doctor ordered the dinner; soup, carp a la Chambord, capon with Perigord truffles, a pheasant a la St. Alliance, asparagus with sauce a la omelette, ortulans a la Provençale, meringues a la vanille, and Brie cheese and a choice wine. "You shall have a dinner whose fragrance will remain in your memory," he said. "Good! I'se loughin' fur de fried pork ob Nevada; now I'se take ham an' eggs," said Teto. But the Doctor ordered him away, saying, "A being who eats merely to live is base, and next to a good dinner is good company there."

"You esteem good food of great importance?"

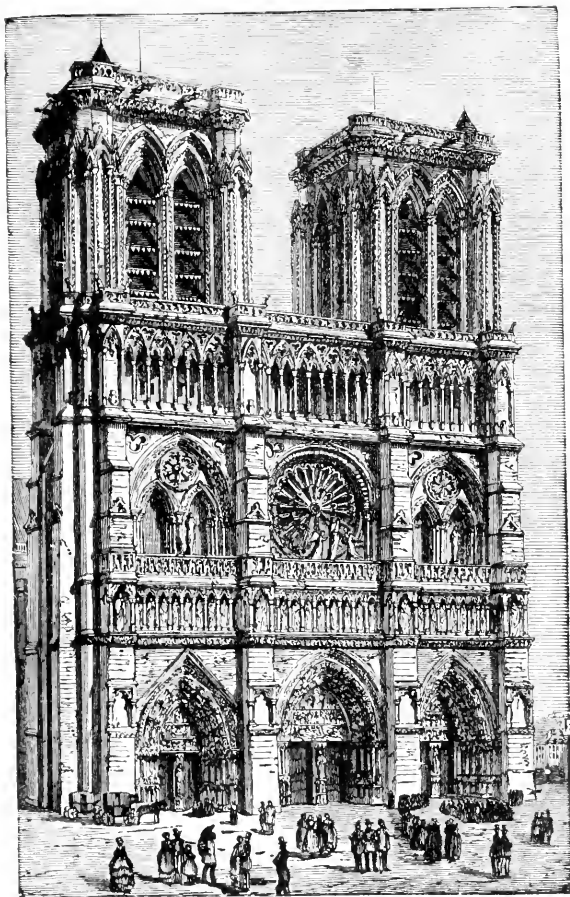
"This is a good axiom,—'The fate of a nation depends on how they are fed.'"

Teteto left saying, "I eat more simplicity." The dinner was ready just as the street lamps began to twinkle. At the table were French ladies, whose joyous eyes sparkled a welcome, "and the fruits and ices gave color to the gay scene." The lively talk, in pleasant tones, for well modulated is the French woman's deep and sympathetic voice, in which harmony is cultivated, and it exerts magnetic influence. Woman's voice sometimes is a head voice; in French women it is a chest voice. They were so civil, so kind, that it seemed to Annie as if they had always known and loved her,—so grateful is cordial kindness. Each one said something pleasant to her. Blessed be politeness, it makes the way of life to bloom like the roses of Paradise. The French like to get the best out of life by making it smooth and pleasant. Their motto that one cannot be too polite, brings them rich returns. The French woman is charming, "The simple act of passing a cup of tea is accompanied with a look and gesture that is irresistible." Her voice is soft and winning in private life, her cultivation modulates it, and it is not in high key. She has and she uses grace of movement, carriage and gesture that give her a general charm. She converses without mere talking; a woman, plain at first sight, may, after half an hour of conversation, appear handsome. The French woman may be of small features and petit figure, with eyes of a deep brown or a sparkling black. She has small hands and feet. In the soft transparent olive of her cheek, one may detect the shade of a blush. Her long eyelashes sweep the velvet skin beneath. About the corners of her mouth lurks the softest touch of a bewitching smile. Ah, staid old cavalier, that passeth by with stately tread; why do thine eyes turn longingly to meet the half-raised orbs that drop again with a glance of melting tenderness?

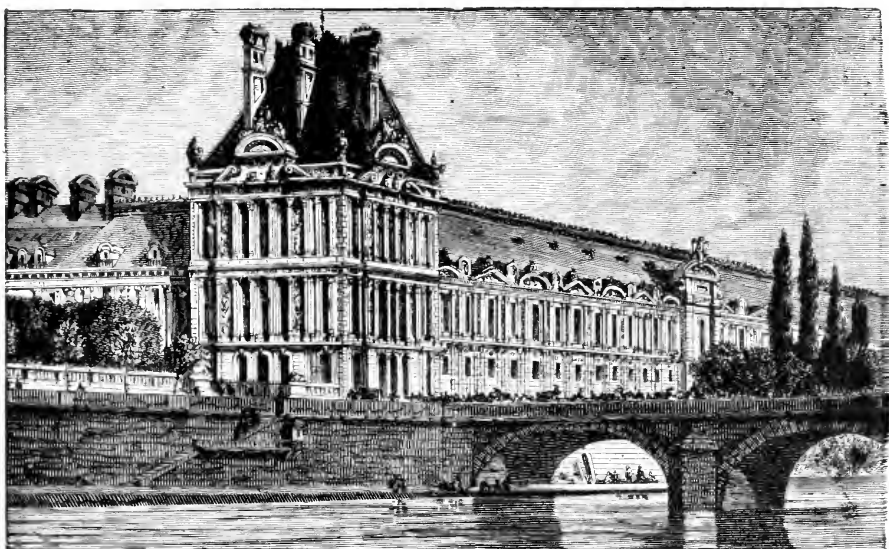
As the dinner progressed, course after course, through one hundred minutes, the Count's soul expanded, he was brilliant, witty, flattering. At the dinner he told the widow that he loved her. A dozen persons heard the declaration, but no one regarded it as at all out of place. But the blushing Mrs. Maler begged him to desist. Then they sauntered along the Boulevard, and found themselves and all the world delightful. At Café Napolitain they took seats at one



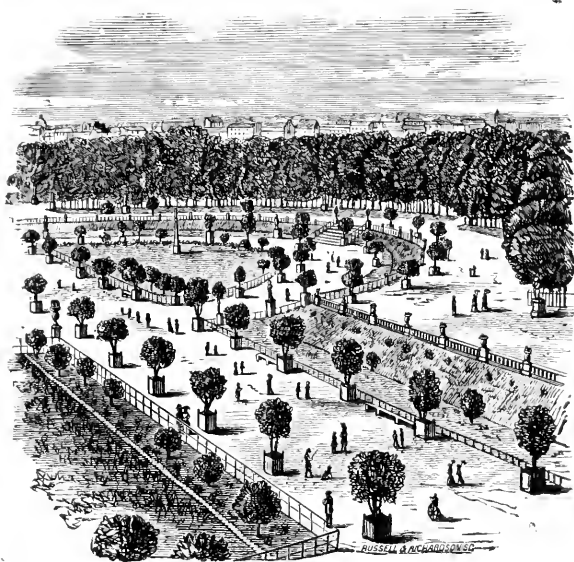
EIFEL TOWER, PARIS.



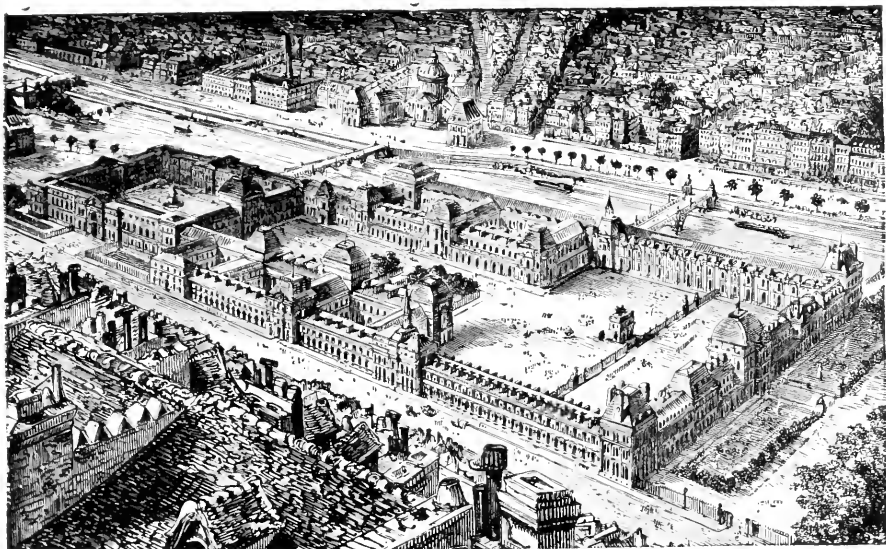
CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.



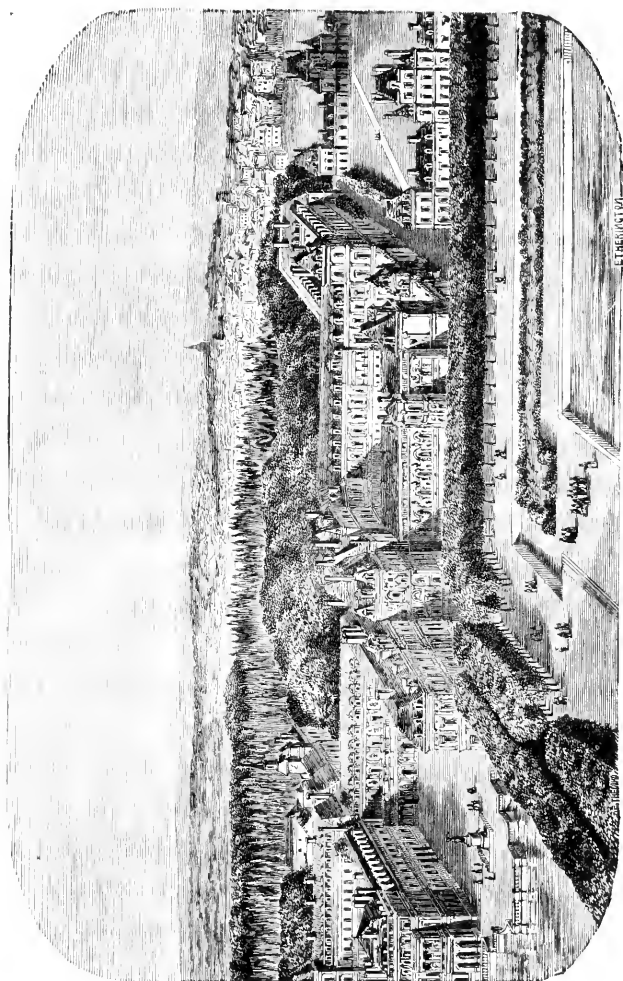
Corner of the Tuileries, with the Pont Royal.



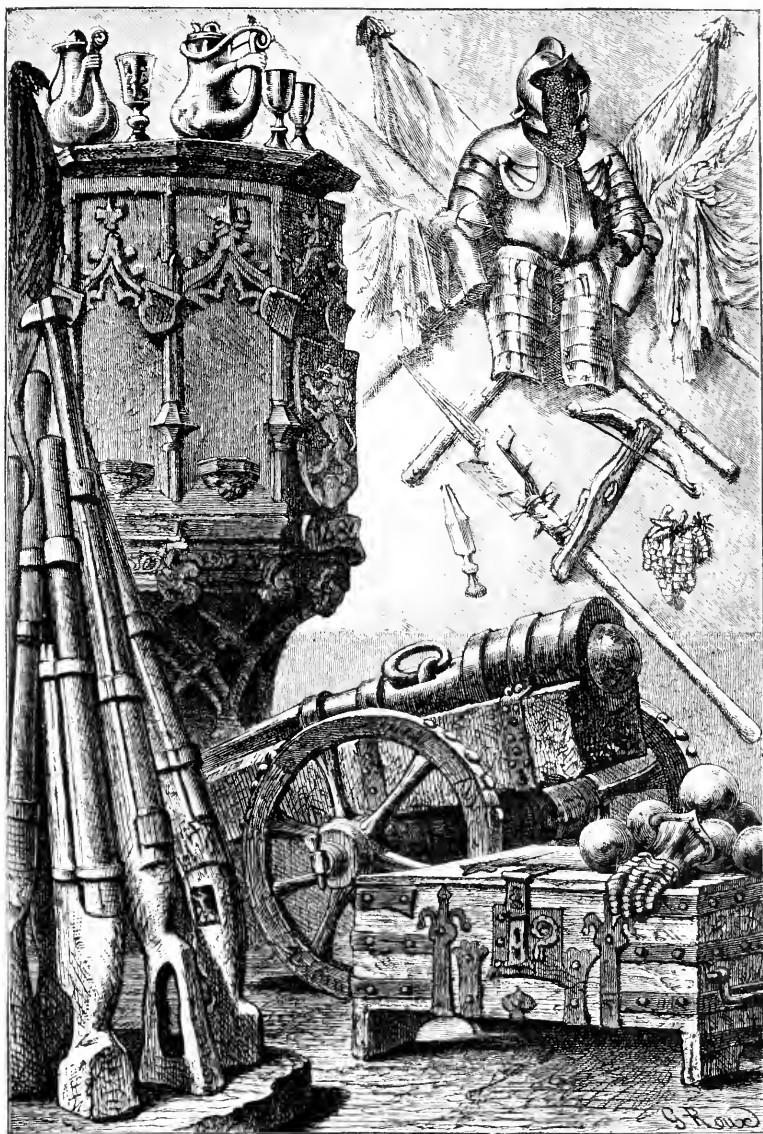
TUILERIES GARDEN, PARIS.



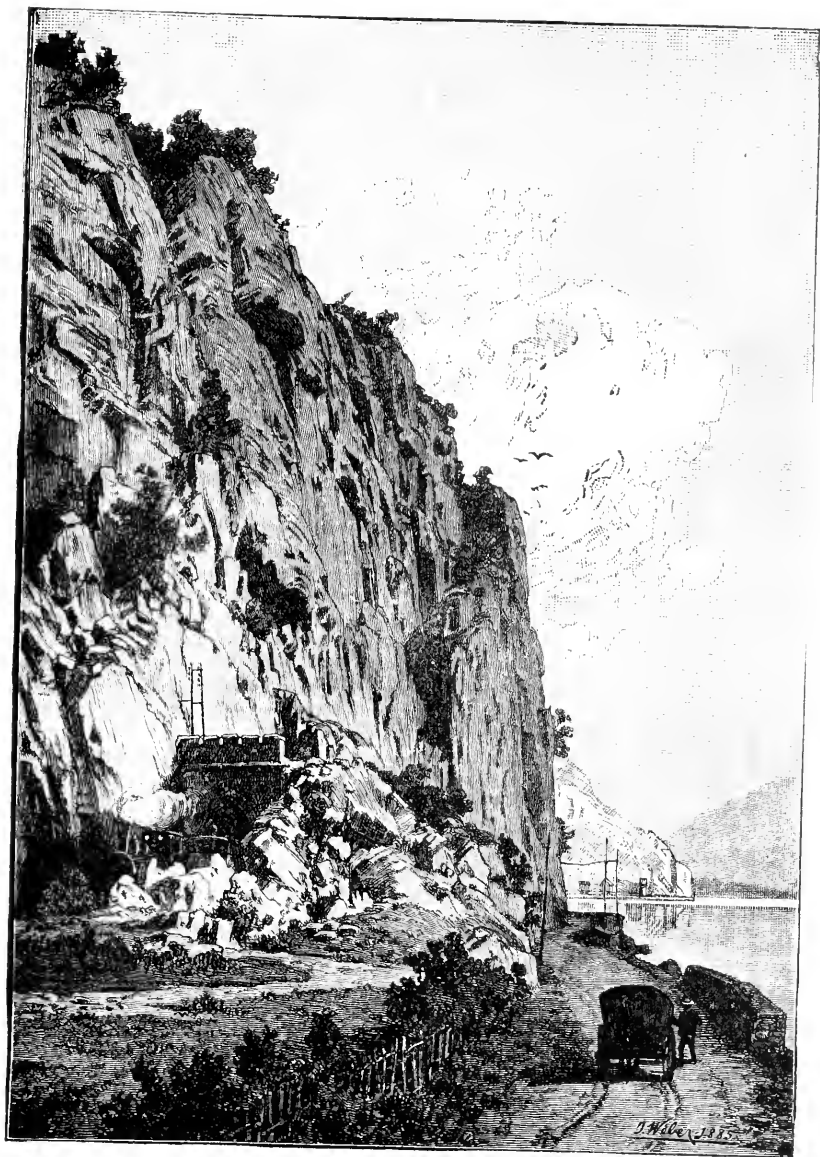
PALACES OF THE TUILERIES AND THE LOUVRE, PARIS.



PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.



HISTORICAL MUSEUM, MORAT, SWITZERLAND.



GRAND ROCK TUNNEL, LAKE BOURGET.

of the little tables on the sidewalk, and sipped fragrant black coffee and were happy. Teteto came along and declared, "Th' wimin uv dis villig' an de harnsumist in all the de world!"

"How are they in America and England?" asked the Count.

"Allee samee," was his ready answer.

The pleasant party took Annie and Mrs. Maler to the Opera, that unequalled theater, begun in 1861, finished in 1874, at a cost of 46,000,000 francs (including the site).

"What a blaze of glory!" Annie exclaimed, at sight of the great staircase, where fifty persons can stand abreast.

Mrs. Maler gazed in wonder upon the marvelous magnificence. "Is any one country rich enough to afford this glory?" she asked.

"The Government aids in its support. It is lavishly adorned with great richness of material. This fine green granite is from Sweden, this red granite from Scotland, the yellow and the white marble from Italy, the red porphyry from Finland, and other rich stones are from France and Spain. These wonderful corridors and saloons are of finest workmanship," said Dr. Deran.

"I did not believe the world held anything so luxuriantly beautiful!"

"This excessive splendor of finish and decoration, the brilliant and the lovely in fine art, you may so photograph on your mind as to retain its image for years, and so ever enjoy it. The entire range of human art has been used to make this lovely temple complete."

Just then upon the stage a love-smitten Faust in the garden scene threw himself at Marguerite's feet, caroling "*Laisse moi contempler ton visage*" (let me contemplate thy face), and sympathy throbbed in the Gallic audience, and when Marguerite, in supreme happiness, held her lover in her arms and cried, "*Pour toi je veux mourir*" (for thee I would die), an electric shock ran through the spectators, and they shouted, "Bravo," with tears in their eyes.

The scene so impressed Teteto that he confessed that once he, too, loved a girl.

"Did she return your love?" asked Annie.

"No! She kep' it," was the uncertain reply.

Louis XVI was king eighteen years, from 1774 to 1792. Napo-

leon came into power by force, December 25, 1799, as First Consul, became Emperor May 18, 1804, was overthrown in March, 1814, returned in March, 1815, and was crushed in June, 1815. Then Louis XVIII reigned till 1824, and then Charles X till driven away in July 1830. The Bourbons did not suit the French, they had come back loaded with debts, and with old nobility who assumed to control France. Their incapacity, lack of good faith, and unstatesmanlike conduct ruined them. The revolution of 1830 made Louis Philippe king. But France felt too much repressed, the revolution of 1848 made it a republic till the usurpation of Louis Napoleon of December 2, 1851, and he became Emperor a year later. He surrendered to the Germans at Sedan, September 2, 1870, and the republic was proclaimed September 4, but it was not wholly in power until the Commune was crushed in May, 1871. The chamber of deputies are chosen by popular vote of the people, the senators are elected by delegates from various councils and the deputies. The president is named for seven years but may not hold so long. Every man twenty-one years old votes in public, and the votes are counted in public.

Teteto had an argument with a Boulangist, he spoke of him as "the jinral 't combs canon balls outen his hair," and added, "Th' Bouy partee is the smallest party in France."

Through the gentle rolling champaign country they sped to Fontainebleau, spent hours of pleasure in its old forest and in admiring some of its nine hundred rooms, looked at the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication, April 6, 1815, and at his apartments now kept just as he left them, and then on via pretty Salmis, where they rode for two hours to view the scenery, and then arrived in time to see the moon rising, over Neuchâtl, as it lifted its head above the distant Bernese Alps. They had half an hour at Morat's old Museum, then whirled on via pretty Friburg, and caught a fine view of Lake Geneva from Lausanne. It was a surprise to see that its waters were of a deep blueish green. At Geneva they felt almost at home, so many times they had read of its great part in the world's movements. Beyond Geneva they deflected to the east to see the wonderful mountain scenery of Chamouni; found the vale hot, dry,

with an abundance of snow and ice in sight, and turned to Savoy, where they saw nut-brown women hoeing crops, driving hogs or cows and doing other work that prevents beauty. The soil is poor, the country standing up edgewise, the rocks proudly raising their rough heads, the aspect sullen, and the water roared and rushed along its rocky bed. Wilder and narrower was the gorge, nearer and bleaker rose the mountains, steeper the ascent, keener and crisper the air of night. The valleys were small, the train rushed through rock cuts, then impetuous torrents poured down precipices and foamed and thundered, the vine no longer clung to the hillsides, fair sunny France, of plains, glades and gentle acclivities, had yielded to Savoy's crags upon which snow, no longer skulking behind distant peaks, now stood boldly out. From brows of bold cliffs streamlets leaped in silver recklessness hundreds of feet, falling in feathery foam; a half dozen such cascades in half that number of miles. In the great Mt. Cenis tunnel they passed through the mountain, more than seven miles of solid rock,—a great hole bored through this barrier between France and Italy,—and emerged in Piedmont just as the morning sun was rising. The great plain of northern Italy, with the Po in its center, extends, from these Cottian Alps, away east till it strikes the distant Adriatic. Its west is Piedmont, its center and east is Lombardy and the Venitian soil. It is the home of a brave, thrifty people. Its industries are great, its soil produces the chestnut, the mulberry, the fig, and rice, corn, grain and many other products. The green rice fields are pretty, the mulberry orchards are stripped of leaves by the silk worm, for this is the land of raw silk.

VIII

ITALY.

Near Turin Mrs. Maler exclaimed, "Isn't that just splendid!"

It was a long avenue bordered on each side by the rose trained into trees and all blushing their brightest tints of glory. After a good breakfast and a ride of three hours in Turin during which they

often left the carriage, they returned to early lunch and there compared their impressions of the handsome city.

"It is famed for its fine squares," said the guide.

"What a beautiful church is San Filippo!"

"The statue of Cavour is part white and part black."

"Yes; that gives it an odd look."

"The library is immense."

"It has 120,000 volumes."

"I never saw a picture so exquisitely lovely as that painted porcelain figure of the girl. Is it celebrated?"

"It seems to have escaped American notice; but it is of rare beauty, I do not know how far its fame has gone."

"Those magnificent adornments above and behind the altar in an apartment of a church seem to be very superb."

"They are of great magnificence."

"What is the finest view to be had here?"

"I will take you to the height of La Superga, where you will see all Piedmont, from Alps to sea, at your feet."

"O, let us see it at once."

They ascended La Superga by the steel railway, and a most superb scene was before their astonished eyes. There in mighty panorama lay great Piedmont like an enormous painting. Objects at great distance, seen through this Italian air, seemed but a short distance away. All around from the high Alps, Mt. Rosa and the Dom in the north, thence along the highest Pennine Alps to Mt. Blanc, the highest point of Europe; then the whole line of the Cottian Alps and the Maritime Alps, they could take in at a glance. Then below them lay the Po, stretched like a great thread of silver away across the great landscape, seeming to bind Piedmont to Lombardy in the east. Farms, villas, woods, rocks, many mountains and many streams made the scene variegated. Fertility of the vales made it brilliant.

"And this is Italy! What kind of people inhabit so lovely a spot?"

"The Piedmontese are liberty-loving and progressive."

"And comfortable?"

"They are sober and generally well off."

As they were passing through a new street Annie exclaimed, "Is it possible that we are in Italy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Here is a steam engine driving an enormous stone cylinder over a thick layer of stones, and crushing them level into the ground, thus forming a solid bottom for a street. I thought only America does such enterprising things.

"You will find that Turin is part of awakened Italy."

"We hear but little of Turin; but if this city existed in England or America how celebrated it would be!"

The room where they took their lunch was decorated like a conservatory, thrifty plants and fragrant flowers, and then the little tables under the trees in spots which twining vines inclosed, forming perfect little arbors, and they breakfasted to the music of a sweet singer, a girl of ten years, who, perched on a piazza, threw down to them kisses and glee. Teteto remarked, "She sings like a Eytalun Belladonna."

The fact that Mt. Blanc seemed so near, the country in that direction so charming, the distant Alps appeared so much lower than they are, had given Annie a new idea.

"We will cross the Alps where Napoleon crossed in 1800."

"Impossible!"

"We will try."

"And give up our Italian trip?"

"No; we will simply cross to the Rhone, then follow it up and come into Italy again through the Simplon Pass."

"Admirable!"

In half an hour they were on the way. Leaving the rail beyond Locano, they took carriage to Aosta, whose old Roman walls and towers they soon passed. The scenery was soft and pretty; walnuts, chestnuts, vines and corn were thriving; the view of the pyramid mountain, Grivola, reminded them of Egyptian pictures. The road soon ascended in long windings. At St. Oyen they left the last cultivation and entered nature's wilds. "Nebber riz in de wo'l ha'f s' fas' afore!" said Teteto, as they zigzagged up the path from St. Remy to the Hospice of St. Bernard, where a monk received them

into a room in one of the two large buildings and offered them food, for they were hungry. A few monks and attendants remain here the whole year. In summer many travelers cross here, but in winter only few, for then the cold is intense, the snow deep and the dangers great. The dogs aid to rescue travelers from snow. The place is sustained from gifts and its own revenues; it makes no charges for food or lodging, but receives presents from travelers. Near Bourg St. Pierre, they saw the spot where Napoleon with his army, on May 15-22, 1800, met the worst obstacles, for here is the deep gorge of Valsorey; the road is hewn in the rock.

"This scene is very wild, but it is enchanting," said Annie.

Very grand was the scenery as they went up the Rhone from Martigny. The Rhone valley from Martigny to Brieg, averages two miles and a half wide. It shows marks of many bad inundations. Rains often send rocks and débris in torrents from the mountains to devastate the banks, and blocks the current, and causes marshes of grass and reeds, beyond which rise masses of bare yellow-gray rock. Away to the right they left the Matterhorn, from whose sky-piercing summit, Hudson, Lord Douglas, Whymper, Hadow and three guides, in 1866, were precipitated nearly three-fourths of a mile (4000 feet) by losing footing, the most frightful fall recorded. It made Annie shudder as the guide recounted it. At Brieg, the railway ends. Annie resolved to see the high glaciers. They took the diligence. Just below the Rhone Glacier they crossed a little stream dashing wildly on the rocks of the ravine, it was the infant Rhone. The whole glacier ascends in terraces for about six miles. It is simply a great, frozen river. The idea that the high summits are pure white is error. They are of many shades, it is in many cases ice, the ice of years, old and dirty, taking many hues. But the spectacle of such utter desolation is appalling. All around they saw majestic summits, great mountain heads, stupendous in grandeur, desolate, utterly cheerless. The air was cold, all nature seemed dead, masses of ice lay in semblance of a river with rapids, falls, cataracts, levels, and swift currents, but all was still, frozen fast in its place.

Annie inquired if they could cross the mountains to Airolo and so reënter Italy by the Ticino. She was told that it could be done.

Would she wait for a guide? None were just now at hand that could go. But she could not wait. Either she must return at once to Brieg or lose time. But the diligence was gone, another would not start for many hours. What is to be done? They were told it would be nine hours to Airola. It would be twelve before they could reach Brieg. "Let's try it for Airola," said the resolute widow. But here they made a great mistake. It was not long till there were signs of storm. "It will rain soon!" said Annie. It was not rain but snow, and then hail that came! "Whoever heard of snow in June!" she exclaimed. But here it was. The storm burst with high wind. Night soon closed over them. It was no gradual sprinkle or gentle gust, but the snow came in sheets. The wind almost swept them from their feet. Then came lightning and bold thunderclaps. The lightning lit up a very dismal scene, the ghastly snow, the grinning rocks, the awful depths of chasms unseen except at the moment of the frightful electric glare, and then again filled with unknown depths of inky darkness.

In this place, winter lasts nearly eight months, even in summer, it makes visits, and strangely enough, the lightning then is sometimes seen. A few wooded slopes are overtopped by bare pinacles of rock. Avalanches are common in winter and spring.

To converse was impossible, to pause was perilous, to proceed was extremely dangerous. They paused under an overhanging rock. But the whirling wind drove them away. They went on. They were soon separated. It was hours later when Mrs. Maler reached a little habitation. She was met by a man who made an exclamation of great surprise. "It ees eempossible! It cannot be!" He took her by the arm and he stared in her face to see if she were a living person. Then he said, "It is empossible; but it is true!"

He led her into some kind of a shelter where she sank exhausted into a seat. He gave her stimulants and exclaimed, "How have yoo did the eempossible, Madame Maler?"

She recognized that voice; she saw the Italian Count himself! She could only say, "Annie is out in the storm!"

Seeing Mrs. Maler was safe he left her and rushed away into the storm. In an hour he returned with another man and bringing Te-

teto. But they had found no trace of Annie. The Count waited only to see that Mrs. Maler was recovering and he went again in search of the missing girl.

"It am all settled," remarked Teteto.

"Annie is dead?"

"Efer she ded or she will be Harry's, for now she go on no can, he win race, win Annee allee same!"

"O you mean that the race is ended; that after this affair Annie will not be able to travel?"

"Jis so, alle same."

Mrs. Maler was now enough rested to observe that she was in a singular place. It was not a peasant's hut. It was a strong place. The door was of iron and was banded and riveted as if great strength was required. The apartment was large. It was evident that it was the entry way to a larger place. She heard the hail-storm outside. But nothing could penetrate here. The walls were of steel! She walked around the room. She was as securely imprisoned as if inside of a big steam boiler! Steel was above and all around; walls, roof were steel!

Teteto was deeply depressed. He declared, "Annie is dead! I knows it! On'y las' week we sat 13 at table. It's sure sign, somebody die, it be Annie, sure. At that moment the door flew open and in walked Annie and the Count. The Widow caught her with welcoming arms. "How I wish you would hug me that way," spoke a voice and Andy McScot, too, had arrived, and here he arrives in this story.

The Count had found Annie where she had sat down to rest, and made drowsy by the storm, was just falling asleep; a sleep from which she would never have wakened. But girl athlete as she was, she was not exhausted but only very, very weary, but would soon be rested.

It was not long before they all sat down to a good French dinner in another building. A French dinner is a wonderful restorer. How it might cure American dyspeptics!

The Count said, "This place is eenaccessible. Now tell us how you all three have got here?"

“Inaccessible?”

“We believed so. Yoo arrival deesconcerta.”

“Tell her why,” said the Count, and the Scot told. What man so full of practical science as a Scot? And who so much uses his knowledge? Andy McScot took his hint from Maxim, he would invent a flying machine that could drop a ton of dynamite upon the head of Russia, he can then dictate to all the world that each one shall have his own way and that all persons shall be happy; he will compel them to be joyful; everybody shall be the happiest man — except those whose privileges must be sacrificed to make the newly perfectly happy still happier. Nothing mean about McScot. He had taken the Count into partnership. They must have a secure retreat where they could construct their machine, else the Czar would pounce on it and then — why — exit the new invention and exit McScot & Co. hanging. So in what they believed a spot inaccessible to any but themselves, they had made a shop where no Russian Czar could climb with any 100-ton Krupp gun to blow upon their plan. This is why McScot and the Count, men of women-loving nations, were disconcerted by the arrival of two of the most charming of women. They could, perhaps, trust their secret to them, but how about Teteto? That must be seen to.

“Here is a bluff within ten steps of this spot, that is half a mile sheer descent. Its foot rests on a mass of sharp stones. I will give you your weight in gold if you will jump from it at once, Teteto!” said McScot.

“I’ll do it! Let’s have the monee,” and Teteto threw off his coat and stood ready to jump.

“I cannot pay you now; I have not the money here, I will pay in Paris.”

“How I gittee me monee? Can’t giv credit dis a-way,” said he doubtfully, and then on reflection recanted.

The storm passed away. The moon rose before morning and looked down upon a very grand scene. Mrs. Maler, unable to sleep, arose and walked out in the frilled night-robe that the count had lent her. All was still except the waterfalls. They were singing their eternal music. She looked down the awful chasm of which the

Count had told Teteto. Far, far below, she saw the tops of tall trees, an immense distance, directly down, down; across she saw abrupt mountains of rough rock. She walked along the margin and saw a deep gorge from which a stream of foam was sliding down about 550 feet into a basin that checked it before it joined the waters of the great chasm. It was a thrilling sight. She saw a bridge, a very narrow one. On it she saw some one, he was coming! It was not light enough to recognize him at once, but she believed it to be the Count. She saw another advancing from her direction! The two met on the high, narrow way. Neither would turn back! They were hostile! They met. She saw a short, sharp contest! What an event at that narrow height over the sloping waterway! It was a quick victory. She saw the first comer thrown off! Saw him strike in the water below! Saw him make a splashing in the small torrent. He was trying to recover himself, trying to save his life. The stream was just strong enough to barely carry him along down its fatal slope. He made a terrible struggle; but she saw him slide, still sliding, nearer to the 550 feet of fall! Saw him roll over, thrash the spray; it constantly nearly covered him. She saw him hold for a moment. She held her breath. Then partly seen he was again gliding! He reached the brink; he made one final shuddering struggle. The fall there was very steep and foaming. Then she saw the dark object quickly slide down the 550 feet, strike the water below with greater splash, go under, rise again, cast a look at her and, like a good French soldier, make the military salute and then he went under forever!

All this passed quickly. It so silenced her that she had not even screamed. When it was all over she called out, but no one heard; they were all asleep. She did not know just where anyone was lodged. How we love a friend when we have just lost him! The strange sight made Mrs. Maler aware that she loved the Count. How noble in him to see her and make the military salute at his final plunge. Who but an Italian would have done that?

Who could be the slayer? Was it done by the order of the Czar of Russia? Probably. Was Teteto hired to do it? Perhaps! What a bad world we live in! Will McSeot be able without the Count to

make a machine and drop the kerosene upon the Czar's head? Perhaps not. And the Czar will live and reign! Who wonders at revolutions!

Daylight came, several persons were astir. Mrs. Maler saw a house. She felt herself again widowed; she was unhappy. At early dawn, herself still in the Count's frilled night robe, she entered the house. It was large, commodious. She looked through several rooms; all were empty. She came to a hall. She would look into the room beyond; it might be the Count's favorite room; just where he has often sat. She would just look into it; she will sit in his chair. She pushed the door gently; it did not yield; she pushed harder; it opened. All seemed still within; the room appeared deserted. What more lonely than the vacated chamber of those whom we love, but who have suddenly departed from us forever! She entered. There rose to his feet—the Count! She exploded with anger, sense of injury, feeling that she had been fooled.

“What for did you ri-die-u-lous-ly commit sliding down a mountain stream? How very Frenchy!”

“Madame, you misteek; I not French, I Italian; I live; I renounce life! Never! What mean you?”

“I saw you killed right afore my eyes! You fell fightin' onto a bridge. With military salute you slid to future fire in splashin' water! There!”

“Ah, Madame! I comprehend. It was not I; it was a Billy goat. I came dis way, the goat meet me; we contend. I him from the bridge threw. It was he that you saw. He slide down, he turn and say *burrr*. He turn him over. It was flash of him tail that you took for salut militaire.”

“Can it be?” said she, in a tone of chagrin.

“Madame, accuse me! I love you! I am your —,” but the buxon Widow had fled.

At breakfast Teteto rendered his opinion on the dynamite project thus, “Let thet Czar be. Ef ye doan' let 'im be I'se afert it 'li be like I sor a owl; feel big, fly high, he swoop down onto ole gander. Gander he surprizt, owl set clawz into ganderz ribs, gander set he teeth onto owlz neck, both flop off de rock into swif' water, goose

keep holt, owl try gitawa', owl he drown, gander happy, he swim, sq'awk, brag big."

The Count looked confused, but addressing Mrs. Maler he said, in apology, "To vork for love is better than to vork for hate of Russia. Will yons give hope eef I desist vrom plots?"

The Widow blushed deeply and said, "Wait."

They returned to Brieg and went through the Simplon Pass, through the Ravine of *Gondo*, one of the grandest and wildest gorges of the Alps. Narrower and deeper became the way step by step till smooth and immense walls overhung the road, and the brawling Doveria was roaring in its white, rough bed. A huge mass of rock had fallen, but the line pierces it for 735 feet. Emerging from this gallery they saw a waterfall which is crossed by a slender bridge. On both sides the rock towers to the dizzy height of about 2000 feet. The somber mouth of the gallery forms striking contrast to the white spray of the cascade. A beautiful glacier (the Bodner) was seen beyond the ravine. This magnificent Alpine scene is on the road built by Napoleon I. Soon after, five peaked Mt. Rosa, highest on the Alps after Mt. Blanc, looked down upon them through the Valle d'Anzasca.

Italy is almost exactly double the size of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont (about 110,000 square miles). The most of the north is one great plain, with the Alps to its north and west, and Alps and Appenines on the south. Italy produces silk, mulberry, wheat, rice, figs, melons, oranges, lemons, many kinds of nuts and some cotton. It was many states, but they are all now united as the kingdom.

Venice, romantic and beautiful in nature and art, garden of the sea, flower bed of delight, requires moonlight or sunshine to show its best loveliness. The sun was smiling as Annie, tastefully dressed, allowed the doves on St. Mark's square to alight on her arms and shoulders and gracefully pick wheat from her hands. The passing spectators admired; Italians respect beauty. Mrs. Maler called for horses to ride. "There are but four horses in Venice," replied the guide.

"Get those four."

"They are old."

"Never mind that, but get them."

"They have already traveled from Greece to Rome, then to Constantinople, thence to Venice, from here to Paris, and are now hitched over the great entrance of St. Mark's."

"Dead?"

"As dead as dead can be; they are of bronze and thousands of years old."

Venice is a city of palaces on the sea, of grand old churches and galleries filled with masterpieces of renowned artists. It has in its history much that is romantic and glorious. Here is fine old architecture. Rising vision-like from the sea, it is fascinating. It was time for highest tides, and when Annie saw the grand place of St. Mark's partly flooded, each palace doubled by reflection in that "green pavement which every breeze breaks into new fantasies of rich tessellation," it was marvelously beautiful.

St. Mark's cathedral is finished in exquisite beauty. Near it stands a famous dial, splendid in azure and gold; and a bell tower with an angel said to be 30 feet high.

As, by gondola, they skimmed the water of the Grand Canal by moonlight, they exclaimed—"How very romantic. The ravages of time on these marble walls are not visible in this light."

"Venice seems to rise from the ocean like a golden city paved with emeralds."

"Wonderfully her lights are multiplied by reflection from the rippling waves!"

"The turrets and pinnacles glitter like constellations in the sky!"

"Did you ever see the like?"

"I'se nebber did 'cept w'en I git a blow in de eye," replied Teteto.

"What immense bridge is this over our heads?"

"The Rialto; it is 72 feet wide, consists of one span of 91 feet and is 24 feet above the water, Madame."

"What is this before us?"

"It is a crowd of bathers, Senorina."

"What are they doing?"

"Bathing in this canal."

"So they are; men, boys and women!"

"Almost naked!"

"They mean no harm."

"And all these wine shops have the Virgin enthroned in a blaze of crimson lamps!"

"That is done to attract the gondoliers to spend their money."

In the evening the square, San Marco was crowded with gaily dressed people and officers, some promenading others seated in the piazza, sipping tea, coffee and wine, and enjoying the sight of the flirting, and hearing the music of a band. Around four sides of the square this piazza extends. It is brilliantly lighted and the windows are full of rich goods for sale.

Inside of St. Mark's are vast treasures of art and arts. Two alabaster columns from Solomon's Temple, wonderful carvings, superb statues, masterpieces of painting, mosaics and other rich objects of many ages and many lands adorn it. It has a mosaic floor, very old, now uneven, and mosaics are on its walls and ceilings. All these are wonders. In the mosaic of Mary's genealogy, the figures of life-size, when seen from the grand front entrance in dim light, resemble monkeys up a tree.

The Doges' Palace is magnificent in architecture, gilding, carving and other decorations and superb in paintings by masters.

They crossed the Bridge of Sighs, visited the dungeons, and the Cicerone, without notice, shut them in one of the worst, as Lord Byron once had himself shut for 24 hours in the same cell. Annie was startled, the Widow screamed and Teteto said bad words. But the door was quickly reopened, it was the man's joke.

The Bridge of Sighs is not connected with any romance, it merely connects the law courts and prison for common offenders. Contrary to general opinion, Venice has many streets. Each house opens to a street or alley, one can walk all over the place. The ways are very narrow. Lovers can whisper across from window to window. Shop fronts are open, so the street seems like a long corridor of an exposition.

Of pictures and other treasures of art there seemed no end, they are in many churches and palaces and at the Academy of Art.

Flying on they stopped an hour to see Bologna and its two lean-

ing towers, one 256 feet, the other 130 feet high, and its new parts, well paved and spacious, and old part of narrow, crooked and dirty streets.

When the train was about to start for Florence, Annie took a seat. Others came in and Mrs. Maler in her haste seated herself alone in another compartment. Just then the Count came. His eyes blazed with pleasure as he saw Mrs. Maler and with warmth he shook her hand delicately. "I am deligh, ver glad, troo happy yous to meet," said he, "may I sit wif yous."

Mrs. Maler gave him affable welcome. The train started. They were being whirled over the pretty scenes near Florence, when the Count, who for half an hour had been almost silent, succeeded in capturing the Widow's small hand and then suavely said,—

"Madame, I am desolated!"

The Widow looked gratified. He added,—

"I go Venice, you to find, I learn you vos gone; I walk by a canale, I look down in de cold vater, I me shudder, I vish trow me een zat vater—"

"Oh! Sir!"

"Eet vas dat you vos gone—"

"Don't do it, now don't!"

"Hear a me; I visht—"

"O, sir, I can't hear it!"

"I visht I vas—"

"Don't say it!"

"—Een a paradise of good dinners wid yoo."

"O, only that!"

"Wif goot music an' love an' yoo."

"Why, Sir!"

"On le Atlantic steamvapeur I saw yoo, I yoo admire, I yoo approach, at yoor firs' glanz I see in us attraction mutuel, eet vas magit attrac', ve vos spirits kintred."

"O, dear Signor, Signor, you are too kind to say it."

"Ah, Madame; et yoo vos too charmant, too delireoos (delicious): behold le emotions of my soul!"

At these remarks the Widow's usually plain face looked all bright,

bewitching, shining out of a coquetish little brown veil, for what woman does not become beautiful under the power of active, present love that makes itself known.

"Yoor leedle hanz is colt, mine is hot, I yooors vil varm," and he took them both in his own.

"What a little goose I am!" said the Widow. The cars made so much noise that the Count heard wrong and replied,—

"I tinks zo, I pleefs eet, we gree 'nteerlee," which reply nettled the Widow. She had settled back in her seat, the very picture of happy delight, now she erected herself and replied,—

"Suppose—that my heart sinks and fails me for fear I don't love you?"

The Count rose to his feet, he laid his hand impressively upon his diaphragm, he put on a very impressive look and said,—

"Behold me! I declar' zat I love—le Diable!" The last two words were a digression caused by a sudden shock as the train ran over an unlucky goat, and the next moment it entered the station at Florence, and all was bustle, which stopped love making. But the Count was able to add, "I me fear you haf no heart, so I gif yoo mine."

"I bid you welcome to Florence," spoke a manly voice. It was Mr. Gifford, American Consul, an old friend of Annie's. It was pleasant to hear a home voice and see a home face.

The Consul presented the Count Rocco Corvo as if he and Annie had never met.

"Why, Sir, are you a real Count?"

"I haf ve honor to be, if yoo please."

"And we have called you Mister?"

This conversation startled and pleased the Widow. She had been wooed by a real Count! She was so delighted that her eyes sparkled and the carmine of her cheeks became richer and she gave the Count her sweetest and most winning smile. She asked,—

"Where do you live, my dear Count?"

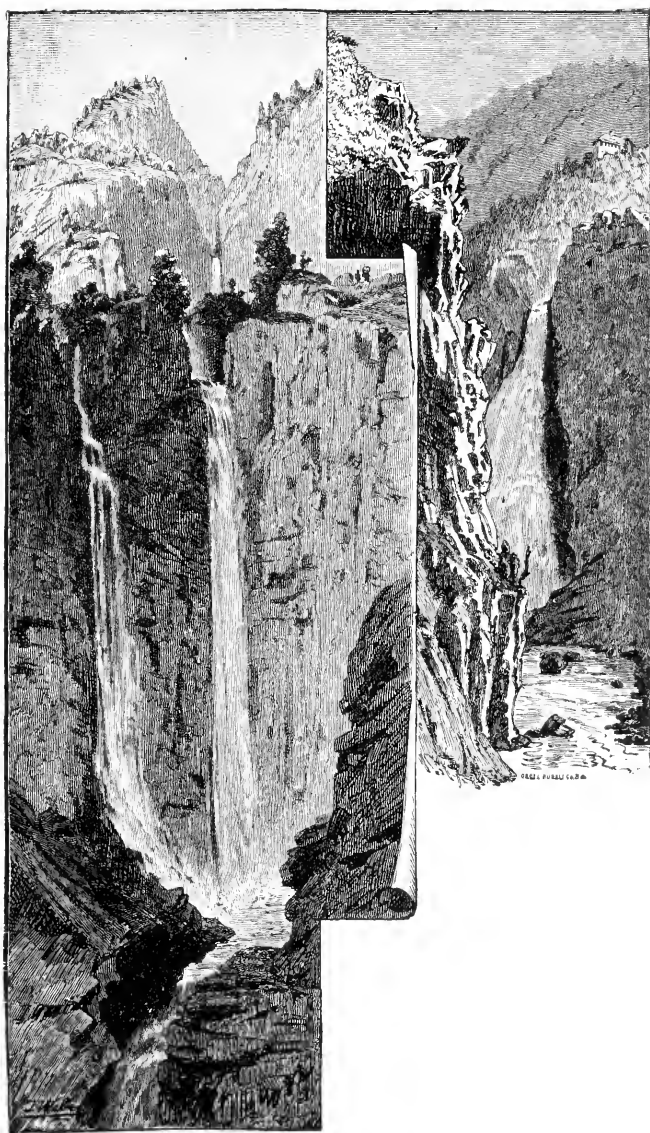
"Here in Florence, Madame."

"Keep house?"

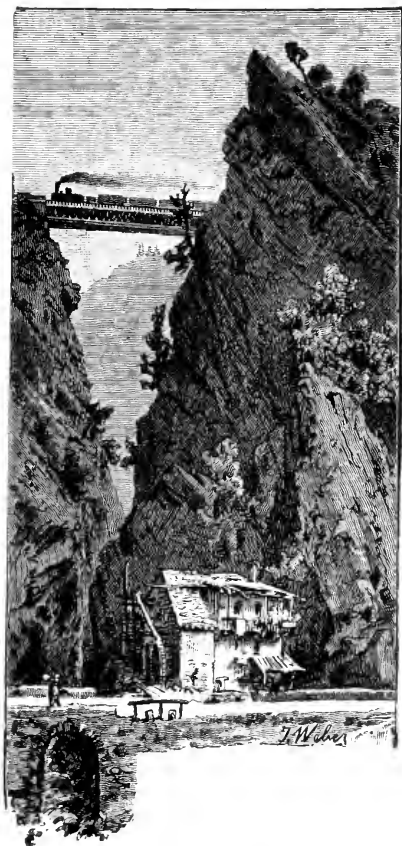
"Yees, Madame, I lif in my palace, Callee."



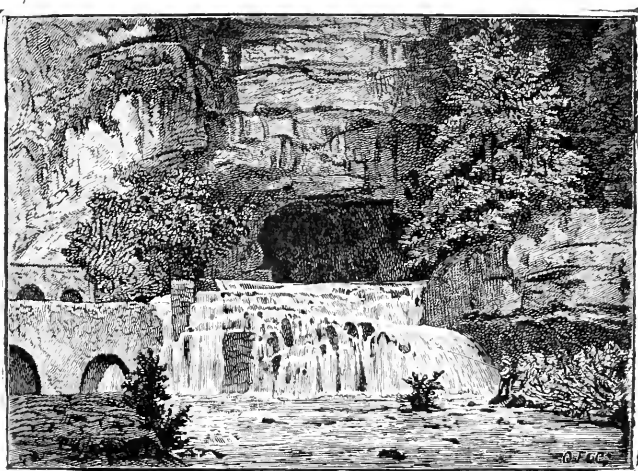
CHATILLON CASTLE, LAKE BOURGET, FRANCE.



CASCADE BELOW FORT ESSEILLOX.



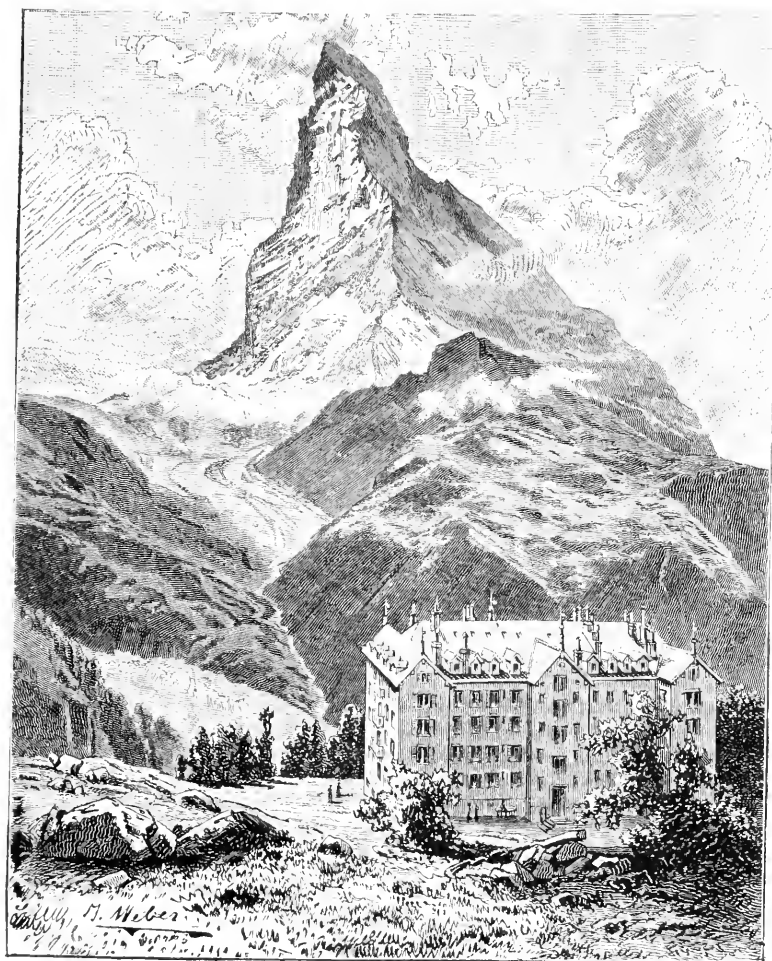
BRIDGE OF CAMBUSCURA.



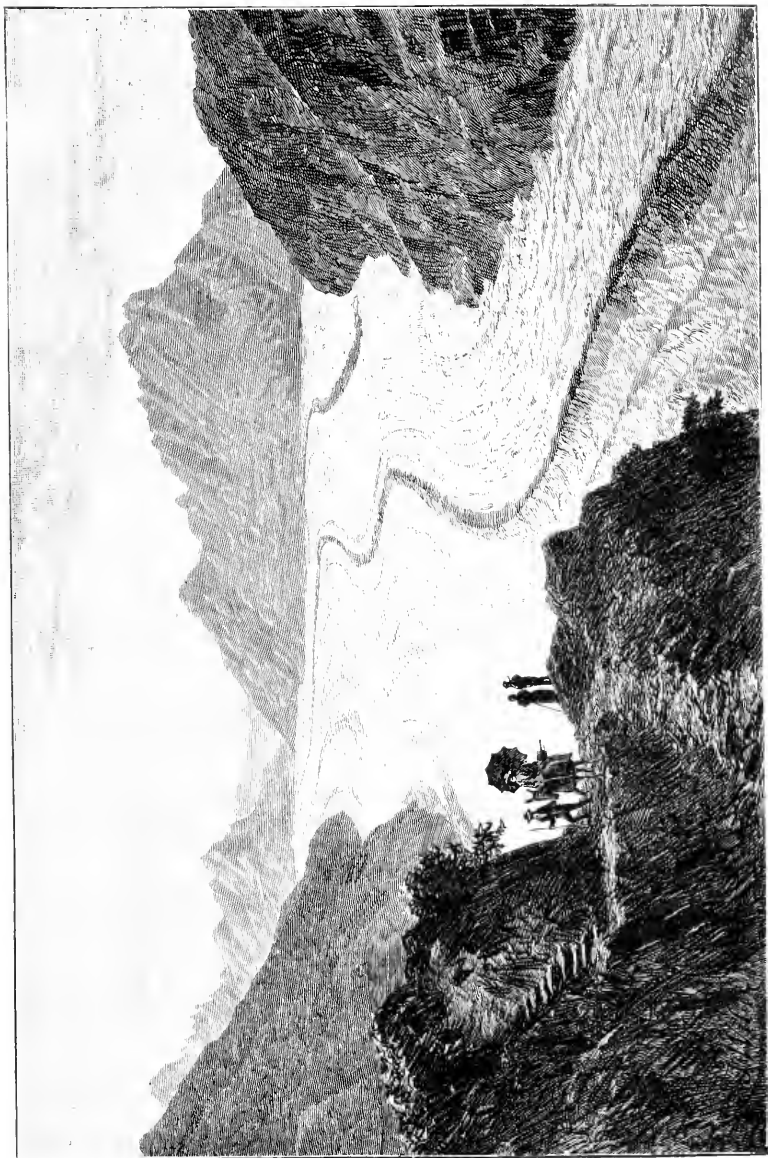
SOURCE OF THE RIVER LISGN, FRANCE.



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD, HIGH ALPS.



THE MATTERHORN, HIGH ALPS.



ALETSCHE GLACIER, HIGH ALPS.



ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

The Widow could not forbear throwing up her hands in surprise. The gesture pleased him; he saw in it that she was really interested in him. He explained that he occupied only two small rooms, that he was compelled to rent all the rest of his palace in order to subsist, all but the picture gallery, which was closed. This statement might have cooled the ardor of most title aspiring women, but it did not seem to have that effect upon the genial Widow Maler. She was at one moment overflowing with exuberance and the next instant she seemed in deep thought. They had not been long at their hotel and she had not found a good opportunity to tell Annie of her great fortune when she received a note from the Count requesting her utter silence on the delicate subject of his love.

Florence, "Brightest star of star-bright Italy," was radiant in June beauty of fields and gardens and glorious in wealth of flowers as well as in wonderful treasures of marvelous art. In palaces it excels all other cities, and the Tuscans are charming and genial. Its pretty situation, its treasures of art, architecture and painting and its manufactures, give Florence great celebrity.

In the Piazza Loggia de' Lanzi for hours stood hundreds of men talking in deep Tuscan tones. They wore long cloaks lined with green, thrown over one shoulder, and they looked as if they had just stepped out of old pictures. Here once the crowd, excited by Savonarola, made bonfire of many pretty things, and here later was Savonarola hanged and burnt, while his neighbor, A. Vespucci, was exploring America's shores, A. D. 1498.

Of palaces "The façade of the Pitti is 460 feet in extent, three stories high in the center, each story 40 feet in height, and the immense windows of each are 24 feet apart from center to center. . . . Add to this the boldest rustication all over the façade, and cornices of simple but bold outline. There is no palace in Europe to compare to it for grandeur, though many may surpass it in elegance."—*Ferguson*.

"Ponte-Vecchio — that bridge which is covered with the shops of Jewelers and Goldsmiths — is a most enchanting feature of the scene. The space of one house, in the center, being left open, the view beyond is shown as in a frame; and that precious glimpse of sky and water and rich buildings, shining so quietly among the huddled roofs and gables on the bridge, is exquisite."—*Dickens*.

"The Ponte Vecchio, least like other bridges in the world, laden with the same quaint shops, where our Spirit remembers lingering a little."—*Romola*.

Dante's house has been renovated till every original stone is gone.

"The view from San Miniato is best seen towards sunset. From an eminence, studded by noble cypresses, the Arno meets the eye, reflecting in its tranquil bosom a succession of terraces and bridges, edged by imposing streets and palaces, above which are seen the stately Cathedral, the church of Santa Croce, and the picturesque tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while innumerable other towers, of lesser fame and altitude, crown the distant parts of the city, and the banks of the river, which at length—its sinuous stream bathed in liquid gold—is lost sight of amidst the rich carpet of a vast and luxuriant plain, bounded by lofty Apennines. Directly opposite rises the classical height of Fiesole, its sides covered with intermingled rocks and woods, from amidst which sparkle innumerable villages and villas."—*J. S. Hartford*.

That day and the next, the Count did not appear. He wrote to inform the widow that he was called from the city by matters of urgency.

The church of Santa Croce, the "Westminster Abbey of Italy," is vast and has pretty stained glass. Around it are tombs of great Italians, including Michel Angelo and Galileo, besides many noted only for their fine tombs.

So animated is the expression of Donatelli's St. Mark, in Or Santa Michel, that Michel Angelo once asked it, "Mark, why don't you speak to me?" That church is filled with beauty and glowing with harmonious color. There is the Gothic shrine of Ugolino's Madonna:

"Fresh in virgin beauty after five centuries, the jewel of Italy, complete and perfect in every way. The design is exquisite, unrivaled in grace and proportion,—it is a miracle of loveliness, and though clustered all over with pillars and pinnacle, inlaid with the richest marbles, lapis lazuli, and mosaic work, it is chaste in its luxuriance."—*Lord Dudley*.

"Or San Michel would have been a world's wonder if it had stood alone."—*Hare*.

"The Cathedral was begun in 1298 to build the loftiest, most sumptuous edifice that human invention could devise." Many great sculptors have worked on its façade. "The exterior is incrustated with

precious marbles and it is filled with beautiful sculpture. The northern porch is especially rich." The interior is bare, modern and chilling. Pillars and arches are brown. The only color comes from the rich stained glass of the narrow windows. There are but four columns on each side of the nave.

"About the Duomo there is stir and strife at all times; crowds come and go; men buy and sell; lads laugh and fight; piles of fruit blaze gold and crimson; metal pails clash down on the stones with shrillest clangor; on the steps boys play at dominoes, and women give their children food, and merry-makers join in carnival fooleries, but there in the midst is the Duomo all unharmed and undegraded, a poem and a prayer in one, its marbles shining in the upper air, a thing so majestic in its strength, and yet so human in its tenderness that nothing can assail, and nothing equal it."—*Pascarel*.

Michel Angelo said that the two gates at the Baptistry, opposite, are worthy to be gates of Paradise. Angelo's Lorenzo is a marvel of expression in marble, and in San Lorenzo are his Day, Night, Dawn and Twilight of which Mrs. Browning says:

"Day's eyes are breaking bold and passionate. . .
The Night has wild dreams in her sleep, the Dawn,
Is haggard as the sleepless, Twilight wears
A sort of horror."

In the Cloister of the Medicean Chapel the cats are fed as the clock strikes twelve. From every roof and arch and parapet, mewing, hissing, and screaming cats rush to devour the food.

On entering the Tribune they were struck with wonder. The room is an octagon about 25 feet across. The floor is paved with rich marbles, and the vaulted ceiling is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is lighted from above. Here are some very renowned works; the Venus de Medici, the Dancing Faun, the Knife-Grinder, the Appollo and the Wrestlers. On the wall are five pictures by Raphael, three by Titian, one by Michel Angelo, four by Correggio, and several by others. With emotions of delight, surprise and astonishment they gazed on these masterpieces. The Venus de Medici presides and seemed to extend to them a gracious welcome; she is not a goddess but a lovely woman who rejoices in her beauty.

IX

ROME.

They were at

“Rome that sat on her seven hills,
And from her throne of beauty ruled the world.”

Rome is still great though damaged by the great explosion of 1891. They were in the grand basilica of *St. Peter's* when it should always be first seen as the shadows were rapidly yielding over nave and vault, and the sunbeams pouring through the upper windows had not yet gained the glare of full daylight. They felt lost in the grand marble expanse. The great marble statues, the monuments, the magnificent decorations, the love touch of the delicate light to mellow those effulgent charms that masters of beauty have created, the mystic silence of the vanishing darkness that seemed partly to veil its glories, made them feel that they were small atoms in that vast and glorious place. The gilded ceiling, shadowed by sunken coffers, the great piers with Corinthian pilasters, their niches and statues, the arches, the recumbent figures in stucco, the medallions, the many marble ornaments, the hundred and twelve winking lamps were before them. So was the bronze *St. Peter* whose foot has been so many times kissed. It is said to have been a *Jupiter*, but the hair is not as in *Jupiters*. They came under the great dome. There,—

“Astonishment and admiration break upon the mind and carry it away. In sublimity it is so much beyond other architectural creations that it demands epithets of its own. There is no work of man's hands that is similar or second to it. . . . It seems to be lifted and expanded by the elastic force of the air it clasps. Under its majestic vault, the soul dilates.”—*Hilliard*.

The monuments here of the Popes are costly, somewhat uniform in model, pyramidal, a statue, a sarcophagus, bas reliefs, supported or flanked by statues, allegory run wild. The finest is Canova's *Clement XIII*, expressive, artistic symmetry and grace, below is its chapel door guarded by two lions. The arches were now shrouded

with gray twilight, mysterious voices seemed to come along the arches. With softened tread they retired.

With early morning they were ascending the great dome. It was a long, fatiguing climb, but not very steep. Weary, they were resting when the Count came up. He greeted them both with genial politeness. They stepped out upon the roof above 150 feet from the ground. The roof is extensive.

"How strange! It seems as if a village is up here!" said Annie.

She saw wide spaces, houses, a fountain playing, people living upon that roof. The views are fine. Two cupolas raise their heads above a hundred feet more in the sky. Five other domes, smaller, but of great size stand there. Then the great dome itself soars above all these so high that their sense of magnitude felt enlarged. From the gallery inside the view below was very striking; men, away down there, appeared like mites for smallness. By the winding staircases between the inner and outer shell of the dome they ascended to the base of the ball where they had a broad view of Rome that once ruled the world.

The Count stood till they were seated. A little proud and tender smile lurked in the Widow's eye, while the Count's face had an odd expression, the corners of his mouth were twitching, his eyes were blinking for a moment, and then he was himself again. A short, shapely man, not young, with quiet dignity, not dark but of a sun brown fit for a soldier's cheek; the high, broad brow was a little bald, a tawny moustache shaded a not small mouth. His eyes had an introspective expression in their browned coffee shade, they looked dreamy, but their glance could be trenchant, they could command. The face, rather broad, was not much lined; the whole aspect was calm and genial. No wonder the Widow, looking on this man, should feel either that she had won a great triumph in gaining his love, or distrust that such a man really loved her. That she could not decide this distrust vexed and grieved her. Why should he, a Count, make love to her? This distrust caused her to resolve not to acquaint Annie with the fact that he had declared his love, until she could first see what is to come next. With a strange feeling of dread, and longing, she lived through that interview. She

listened as well as she could with throbbing heart, to his pleasant gallantries to Annie; all her pleasure in that morning was gone, so she let Annie carry on the conversation with him.

They left the main church by the *Piazza*, and stopped by the *Obelisk* to view the fountains and colonnades that guard the approach to St. Peter's. They were in the center of the ellipse of about 800 feet long. On either hand four rows of high columns form a vast semi-circle facing its mate opposite. (See plate.) Adding the *Galleries* nearer the main building and we have two immense sickles facing each other, each with a great fountain in its center. All are colossal, the porticoes are 64 feet high. The nearly 200 saints which stand in statues upon them are each 11 feet high. But all is harmonious, graceful, and seems light and airy. A great army could stand here and the place not be crowded.

The Count went with them to that congress of palaces, the *Vatican*; it is Papal palace, library, and the best museum of art in the world, in sculpture superior to all other collections together. All Europe could not rival the Vatican. It has marvelous triumphs of painting in the frescoes of Raphael and Michel Angelo. It has wonders of heights and marvels of perspectives. Space is ample, you may feel as if walking in a city. Its sculptures are thousands. Its vast display of beauty set the Widow into a whirl of confusion; she walked right on with an air of resolution and soon lost herself. She found a settee, sank upon it, and with the fatigues of her journey she fell asleep. And Annie and the Count were together! They found the Widow and saw that she was sleeping, and busied with the attractions of the place, they left her to sleep on.

It is true. The Count had learned from the Consul what a mistake he had made in believing that the Widow was a fortune owner. Now with Annie he was gay, affable, winning. He was looking often in her brown, sweet, bewitching, lovable little face. In her eyes he saw a tender, gentle, yet wild look, untamed, free, the pretty and small mouth had a refined fullness, the nose a delicate curve; the skin was soft, clear, every change showed in it; and he found her of charming mind, vivacious speech and, though a shade of embarrassment crossed his brow, he was delighted with her. He showed

her the gallery of sculptured animals, the horses, the lions, the dogs, and, entering the Hall of the Greek Cross that bright warm day, the effect of the scene was like joyous strains of music. There color beams in lovely tints, a superb doorway is flanked by two red granite colossal statues, the pavement is rich with parti-colored mosaics, the roof is gay in gilt and paint, white marble cornices and capitals sit on gray or red granite shafts; statues, vases, busts, sarcophagi and candelabra are placed with unerring taste. The effect is rich, airy, exhilarating and daring.

"Eet ees superba; yoo love ze elegante, dis iz elegantissima."

"It is very superb."

"Does ze Senora vish to zee booteefle peeectur?"

"O yes, I admire them very much."

"Zen ve vill zee ze peeectur gahlerree, hare eet eez."

The oil paintings of the Vatican are about fifty. He led her directly to Raphael's renowned Transfiguration, the last and best work of that illustrious artist. She made no exclamation of wonder, her soft, but bright eyes turned upward in wrap silence at the marvelous beauty of the masterpiece. She perceived the drawing, the coloring, the grouping, the dramatic power of the figures, the expressive face of the Saviour, the bereaved mother and disciples. Standing thus, Annie was thus herself a striking and pleasant picture, for the greatest artist never equalled nature, and often when one's eyes are weary of looking upon the works of the five greatest of early Italians masters, Michel Angelo, Raphael Sanzio, Titian, di Vinci and Correggio, it is refreshing to return to the real and look at the faces of actual, living persons, in their animation of real life and joy. But the light that fell upon this indoor living picture was toned to show its best loveliness. Do you wonder that this man of cultured taste saw in the highly trained American girl, a new form of high beauty, beaming with a charm of intelligence that the most vivid brush of the great old masters could not portray?

Glancing at her the Count exclaimed, "How loveable!" The words escaped his lips in a low tone. He arched his eyebrows, and put on a slightly startled look to express, "It said itself in spite of me," and Annie silently accepted this pantomime apology. Annie

asked to see the famous Library. The Count conducted her into a noble hall, splendid in frescoes, statues and galleries. But not a book is in sight in this oldest and most famous library of Europe, they are all in cases.

They found the Widow sitting bolt upright on a settee and fast asleep. A young artist thirty steps away was slyly sketching her. Had this act occurred a few days earlier the Count would have quickly resented it, but now he spoke gently to awake her. She was so indignant at the act of the artist that she asked to be taken away from the Vatican, so they went to see the *Pantheon*, the best preserved of Rome's ancient buildings. They found it crowded by common buildings, in a close spot. The portico, 110 feet long and 10 deep, is beautiful; it rests on 16 Corinthian columns, 8 in front, and 4 having two others behind them dividing the portico into three parts like the nave and aisles of a church. The interior is a rotunda under a dome, the only light coming through a circular opening 28 feet across, in the apex of the high dome. This light adds rare charm to this noble place.

The many obelisks, the *Castle of St. Angelo*, built by Hadrian for his tomb, the numerous fountains, the *Turpeian Rock* diminished in height by débris at its base, yet still sufficient to render any traitor thrown from its top, as harmless as hay; the colossal statue of Pompey holding the globe ready to throw it at somebody, the Villa Borghese and its grounds, and many other objects, received their attention. Teteto found a statue of Jonah sitting on a whale, the whale hardly as large as the man.

"Dis a-here settles it, Joner wur a cowboy an' he lassooed de w'ale, an' rid 'im de t'ree days a' nights, an' neder swallert todder dtwer mistak' uv translashum; dis here ole statute mus' a-bin made in dem ole timz by some ninny uv Ninevah 't node 'im, sure."

The Count showed them his old palace. It was a large building with capacious rooms, most of which were let for rent. The basement was used for a warehouse, the next story by American and English families, the higher story by artists. The Count reserved to himself and his mother only small and inconvenient quarters in the poorer part. Annie was hardly expecting this situation, but the

Consul told them it is not unusual in Italy. Many noble families have no means of existence but either to work out a fortune like other persons or live in this way, rich in palace and pictures, but else in poverty. The Count's picture gallery is really valuable, but it brings no income and is closed most of the time. In walking through it the Count had managed that the Widow was escorted by his mother. This disloyalty to Mrs. Maler left him free to attend Annie and find place to say to her,—

“Do Signorina leek moi palazza?”

“It is a fine old place.”

“Yees,—eet ees feena. Eef eet onlee haf da socceatee, da leet off da sun uff love, zen veel all ba hahppee az nafare vas.”

Annie blushed deeply under his searching eyes, but she did not turn away. He continued,—

“Do not yoor heart talls yoo da—”

“Bills uv mortality! Wotter country whar de sen' er feller a bill uv his mo'tality 'fore he's de'd!” came in the sharp voice of Teteto, who had found an English newspaper. The Count scowled. “He gave me a sardine smile,” Teteto afterwards said. Annie seemed as if about to cry. The Widow saw the situation and came sailing up and in two minutes they had politely taken leave of the Count and his parent. The Widow put one of her pet bonbons in her mouth, leaned back in the carriage and — O that people would learn that it is impolite to ask direct questions,—she asked Annie what the Count was saying to her! But at that moment the carriage wheel struck a Roman beggar, and, as Teteto expressed it, “Wheeled him into line,” or the wheel threw him down flat on the road. The driver stopped, the beggar raved, demanded pay for the harm done him. Teteto paid him ten cents, which satisfied him.

They found the *Capitol*, once of marvelous size and magnificence, now a mass of ruins on which are three palaces designed by Michel Angelo and occupying three sides of a square. In one of them is the Dying Gladiator. In another, the *Museum*, is a vast collection of works of art. On a ride about the city they found the renowned *Forum* a desolation, but the grand *Arch of Constantine* still rears its proud head in solemn majesty as it did twenty-four centuries ago;

but the palace of the Caesars, on a hill above a mile in circuit and less than 200 feet high, presents shapeless ruins, and kitchen gardens, cabbages and lettuce, and trees and vines, but is crowned by a smart modern villa. The *Colosseum* is a picturesque ruin where the irregular decay has stopped at just the right point for sentiment, by day a stately form, by night a majestic vision. They saw it by bright starlight; and when the late moon arose, they saw deep vaults of gloom opening in ebony walls, they saw stars through breaks, and conjured up shadowy forms of emperor and gladiator coming out of the darkness and passing on, and "the breezes that blow through the arches are changed into voices." The Count was wooing Annie.

"America ees young, eet haf great destinee; Eetila ees mature, eet haf great recorde; booteefle ud ba union,—marriage off ze two countreez, ze art, ze powers, ze moneez, ze deesteenee uneeta, vot yoo sahz?"

"I say that I like Italy immensely."

"Eemanslee! Vel! Ah, moi Signorina, zat me var mooch plahz. Cood yoo leef een ze palace een Eetalee an' ba hahppee?"

"I admire palaces, but my tastes are simple, I should have to acquire expensive ones."

This reply encouraged him and he went on,

"Do yoo lof a lof storee, Signorina? Vil yoo lat moi tale vone?"

Instantly she perceived that he might have misconstrued her words and she said,—

"I do not understan—"

"Annee! Annee! Where be ye?" came in the Widow's voice cutting the air of that somber place. So the proposed love story was laid on the table.

X

SOUTHERN ITALY.

GAETA.

Morning glittered in beauty at Gaeta. The shore of the darkest blue sea shone like a sickle of silver; soft but abrupt hills rolled

away off to where villages cling to precipices. A tropic smile of cactus hedges, of the orange, the lemon, the fig, and clustering festive vines, a glowing, impassioned scene. The faces of men and of nature are new, the party had entered a new domain where flowers and leaves are brighter, and men more passionate, the sunshine more rich, the people more picturesque, more dark and dirty. Delightful form, light, colors, danced in the great landscape at Fonda, where once lived Julia Colonna, so provokingly beautiful that a Sultan sent corsairs to capture her; but sweet Julia, hearing the attack, escaped, clothed like Eve before the fall, but consoled for loss of her dry goods by this compliment to her beauty. The Count described it vividly as if he had witnessed the interesting affair.

NAPLES.

One look and you have it: Rome and Florence require time and study. Naples is pageant, has no churches, no palaces that one need to see. The museum holds the art and antiquities. No one can describe or exaggerate the beauty of scene. Two projecting arms, 20 miles apart, embrace the famed bay, the shore connecting them is almost a line, with the hard old smoker, Vesuvius, near its middle. The whole landscape, water and earth, luxuriates in beauty; the dazzling blue water, the range of sky-piercing mountains capped for months with snow, their girdles of forests midway, the shore cliffs draped with vegetable glory, countless points crowned with villas, houses or monasteries connected by glowing orange groves, orchards, vineyards and gardens. The lines of beauty and grandeur meet where tall Vesuvius towers, solitary three-fourths of a mile, but appearing much higher, in flowing, graceful outlines, the ideal mountain of painters. And then its mysterious, awful power, its fire and smoke, its hold on the imagination, its great part in romantic history, its murder of the buried cities, and its concealment of its crimes under black lava. On the shore is no defiance, no castellated masses of granite stand like battle ships in bold display. "The earth is beautiful and impassioned Hero, and the waves lie upon her bosom like the dripping locks of Leander," says Hilliard. Naples is but the nucleus of the swarming life. From the Bay the white buildings of

the shores seem like china cups ranged around a shelf of the crescent shaped closet. The whole is a magnificent masterpiece in which palaces, villas, forests, gardens, vineyards, and mountain and blue sea are pictured. Words fail, the painter lays down his brushes, it cannot be depicted; "See Naples and—" live in beauty.

Five miles from Naples they walked in narrow tunnels from 70 to 120 feet beneath two modern villages, in what was Herculaneum, buried A. D. 79, found again in 1738, after 1659 years of buried silence. But small part is seen, the rest is still buried. In a portion they saw streets laid open. For 1610 years Pompeii had been buried when ruins were noticed, and 66 years later, in 1755, excavations were begun. It was covered only from 15 to 20 feet deep, by several layers of ashes and sand, while Herculaneum was first buried in mud, and then covered by lava and tufa. Of the eight or nine layers at Pompeii, the upper are undisturbed, but the lower have sometime been moved, and objects of great value, such as gold and silver, are lacking, so perhaps the people returned to bury their dead and get their most valuable things, and subsequent eruptions have done the rest. The scene is beautiful, the blue sea, and the luxuriant green on land. The party descended a sloping path to the silent city in what is like a railway cut, they entered by the great arched gateway; they saw the bakery where loaves were found stamped with the baker's name, examined the sculptured and painted walls, the baths, the household fountains, the inner walls with pictures of dancing girls in transparent drapery, and flowery frescoes, and strewn roses in these ancient luxurious homes, and then they went to see the relics in the museum at Naples. These are many. Here are paint boxes holding bright colors, cases of jewels, some found in houses, others dropped in the flight; rings, bracelets, chains, necklaces of finely worked gold set with gems, some uninjured and sparkling as brightly as when women and girls wore them 1800 years ago. Toilet things are here, and a silk hair net, looking fresh and new, hangs on a bronze hook, a charred shawl lies by it. Fruits in bronze dishes retain their shape, but are charred black, a string net hanging up is full of eggs. At Pompeii, a museum contains the skeletons, they are not many. The earth had retained the

form of those who perished, so when a skeleton was found, hot plaster was poured upon it, which hardened and thus preserved the form and features. Each lies in position as found, rings still on the fingers. These figures with the details of their dress, move the spectators to sympathy and pity.

Into the court of their hotel came two girls with tambourines, and a boy with a guitar. At their first note every door flew open, every person came out, a host of them, with plenty of girls and children. Every one joined in the songs, all were merry, each was gay. The strollers sang prettily, their eyes sparkled. One girl was a brown beauty, easy and graceful. As she struck her tambourine, she threw her pretty arms aloft, and her lithe body into graceful poses, and bantered the Count to do it. He tried it, but instead of music, the thing would only give out thumps, and instead of spinning around on his finger, it flew to the ground, where the girl caught it and twirled it merrily on her brown finger, each bell tinkling just right; and then she smiled archly at the Count, and struck the top of his head with the instrument, and whirled around him in a dance, and in a moment all were dancing together, the whole crowd whirling as gaily as their sprightly spirits impelled them.

Then the Count called a halt, the strollers were led courteously to a seat under an orange tree, another bench was placed before them and quickly piled with oranges, little cakes and wine. They partook of them and then with adios the strollers went their way.

"That partyis gal am harnsum az de Milo uv Venus," said Teteto as he watched her disappear down the street. He saw her stop and look wistfully at the jewelry displayed for sale on a little stand. He followed and addressed her, —

"Miss Eyetalin lady, you hev lit er flame intu my genul heart, yer bright eyz is tu muchee fur me, I're er gonee; yer harnsum, but yer not t' blame fur thet; yer carnt help it."

She stood looking very amused at him. He went on, —

"Yer look mi'ty fit ter kiss."

"Signor flattera me."

"Yer er rouser. The gal ar'n't slo' thet beats yerself. Yer harnsum ez er red Maydonee."

"De Signor ees varee funnee."

"Yer buty's made mesef wanter kiss ye; may I?"

"Vats zoo gifa me? Vil zoo gifa me da topaz ring?"

"A toe patch ring, miss? "Yes, andade."

The bargain being struck the kiss was taken. But now the dealer asked \$5 for the ring.

"Carn't guv it. I'll guv y' haf lire" (ten cents).

"No; gifa me one Napoleon."

"Gifa me da hafa lire an' leta 'eem kaps da ring," said the girl, and then the dealer urged Teteto to take it at a half lire, but the girl took the little coin instead.

To ascend Vesuvius they went to Resina, which swarmed with guides, boys and horses. The Count and Annie walked slowly under the trees. He was saying,—

"Signorina, Nahtura ees vere belissimma looflee hahra. Eetahlia ees booteefle; yoo an' too bootafle, yoo and Eetalia so aleek, so en rapport. Now mio loflee Signorina, I vish vere mooch to ask eef you vill—"

"Have a guide, Signorina?" bawled a bandit looking fellow.

"No! Ash I vos say, nottins een ze vorlt mak's me so happee as—"

"Have a ride up the mountain?"

"No! Blava me, Signorina, I feels, zat dis ees the—"

"Best donkey on the route."

"Go away! O, Signorina, eef yoo effer felt az I vil—"

"Carry yoo up where the fire blases closest!"

"We don't go with yoo. Dars nottins, Signorina, een dis vorlt so sweet as—"

"See the rocks fly high in the sky and fall again."

"Git out! Mio Signorina, eef yoo veelz a lidlle vor me—"

"I'll show you all the points for five lira."

"I don't want your miserable sarveeces! Go from us!"

"If I had a lady in charge and she was used to riding on her pony, I'd just take the best pair to be had right here."

"O, Signorina, let we mount dis ponies an' ride whara dis feller can't be hurd." And they mounted that saucy guide's ponies and

rode up Vesuvius. But all the way they were accompanied by men whom they could not shake off. One carried on his head a basket of wine, fruit, oranges and cakes, in the hope they would buy them at some time.

"How high does this hill extend?" asked Annie.

"Clear to the top," replied Teteto.

High up, lava, brown and gray, was piled and twisted and cleft. They heard a roaring within the mountain, heavy and sullen.

When the horses must be left, it was fatiguing to walk on the yielding scoria, the foot sinks and slides. They saw men and women going up with guides pushing and pulling them. At the summit they stood and beheld volleys of hot stones shot high into the air, almost every minute, with cracking and hissing sound, and falling back with heavy thud. The scene was solemn and awful desolation, the sublime architecture of ruin, peaks, dells and plains of lava, beds of fire torrents, the surface all broken as if a stormy sea had been arrested and turned into a solid mass. Streams of lava were flowing, or rather exuding, gliding a few feet and cooling to blackness. Ruddy fire shot up from crevices. With the darkening of night the scene became still more grand. The red hot stones flew so high, the fires blazed so sharply, the flying smoke and ashes took on such wreaths and curls of red, orange and yellow, the lava became so ruddy, that all was striking beyond description. Then by moonlight, the mountain so hard to ascend, was easily and quickly descended.

When Annie knew that the Count wished to open his heart to her, what was she to do? She was unused to tender words. No lover had ever whispered them to her. Then the young girl's sweet and lively imagination was throwing eloquent enchantment around her. To be a duchess, to live in sunny Italy, to enjoy all the many charms of Rome, to have this fine looking and apparently tender man for her husband, all seemed to her gay, picturing mind, as a life of roses, a very dream of bliss. Then she was startled by a hundred compunctions. What should she do? It was the bliss of a first wooing, the fervor of a young and tender heart. She saw many brilliant people in Italy; and as the Count's wife she would be the equal in rank of the proudest of these.

The Count was now embarrassed. He now believed that the Widow was the legal guardian as well as the cicerone of Annie. The Widow then was the person to whom he must apply for permission to address his suit to Annie! "What a predicament!" he exclaimed to his friend, Major Bazis of the British club. He spoke in Italian, which the Major understood.

"Tell me of this charming lady, is she lovely?" asked the Major.

"As the very Hebe herself; healthful, bright, vivacious and pretty."

"Rich and beautiful! What a prize! I cannot understand why you hesitate to secure her."

The Count stated the facts. Major Bazis laughed. "I am glad of your predicament. If you cannot prosecute your chances you will at least let me try mine?"

"O, Major! Don't say it. I have station, rank, name to offer; have you more?"

"I have rank but not so high as yours, and I have fortune."

"But she has money enough for me I am told."

"Ah! I see how it is. You are fortune seeking."

"I did not expect you to put it in plain words. I am sorry I have taken you into my confidence if you will speak thus."

"I beg your pardon. I never knew you to fail in anything; so why don't you just go ahead and win?"

"Without the Guardian Widow's consent?"

"Without her knowledge. Propose at once. I will draw away the Widow's attention, so as to give you a chance."

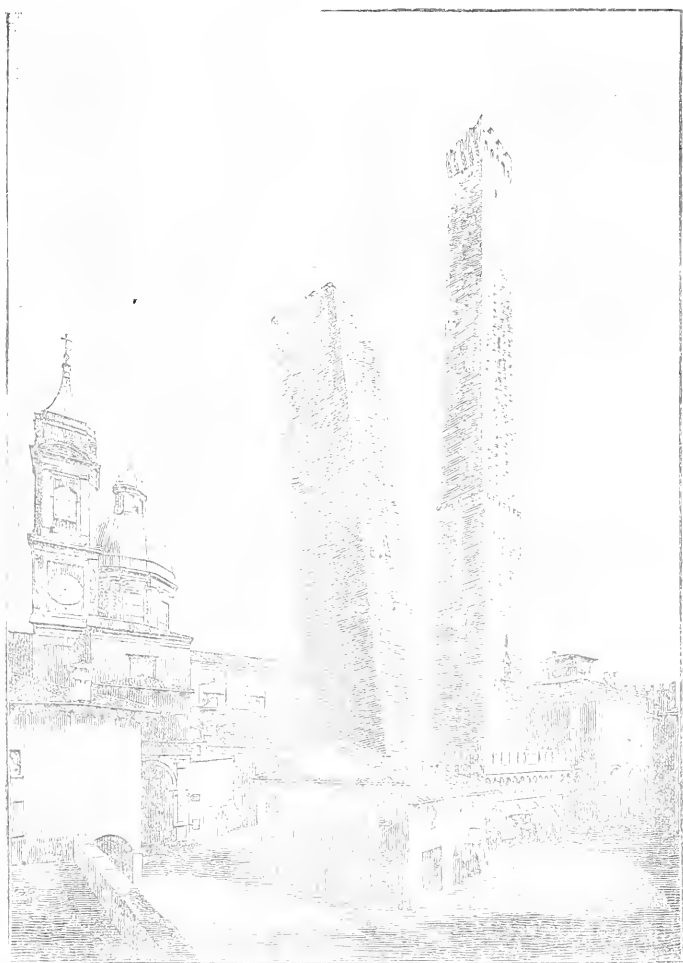
They were nearing Resina, here was a chance. The Count took it. Riding to Annie's side he drew her aloof from the rest. He said,-

"Signorina, I adore yoo, I love yoo. Vill yoo marry me? I vil alvas love yoo. I vill haf yoo vor mio leedle angle (angel)."

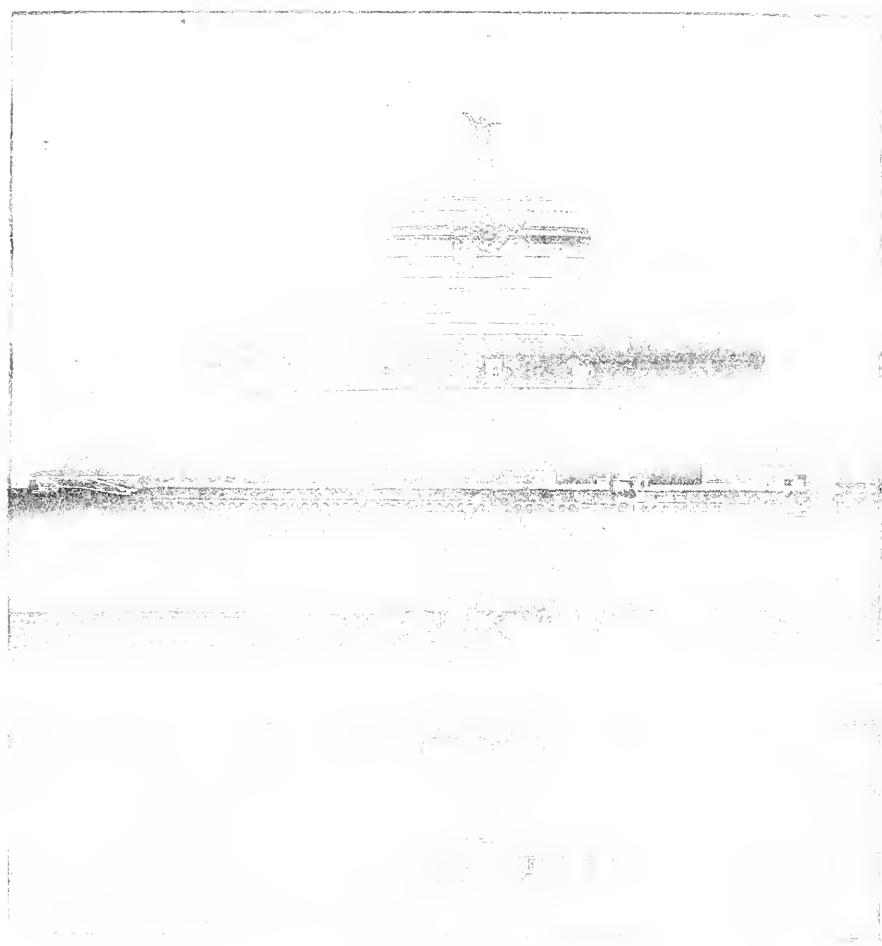
"Stop, Sir!" she said, and she put up her small hand as if to ward off a blow. The little American girl had recovered herself. He spoke in passionate entreaty. "Do not say another word," she added.

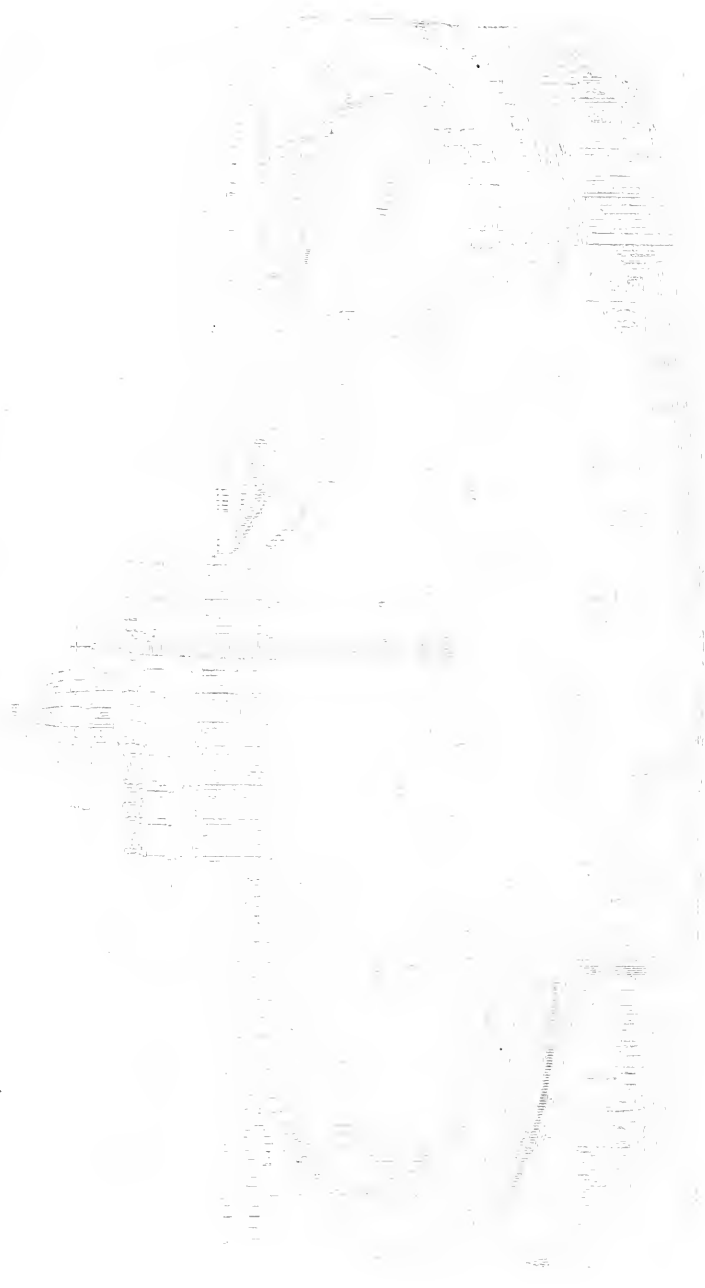
"Ah, Annie, mia! It is because you care nottins vor me," he lamented.

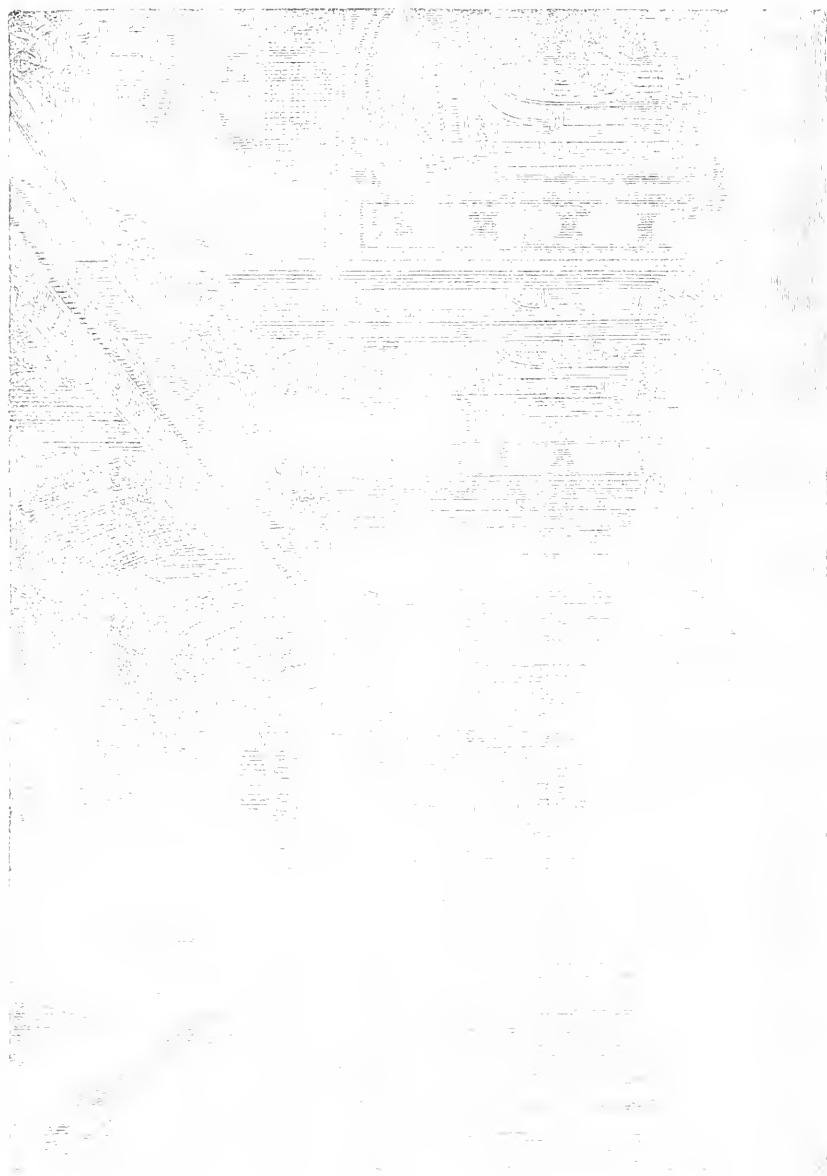
But Annie said, "I have enjoyed your society. You were pre-

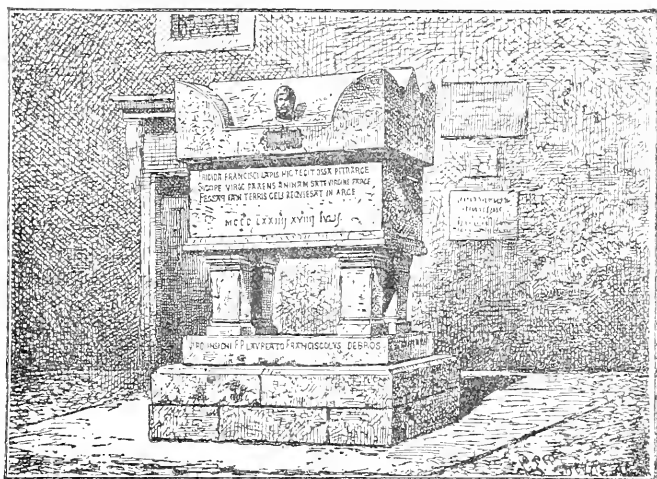


LEANING TOWERS BOLOGNA ITALY

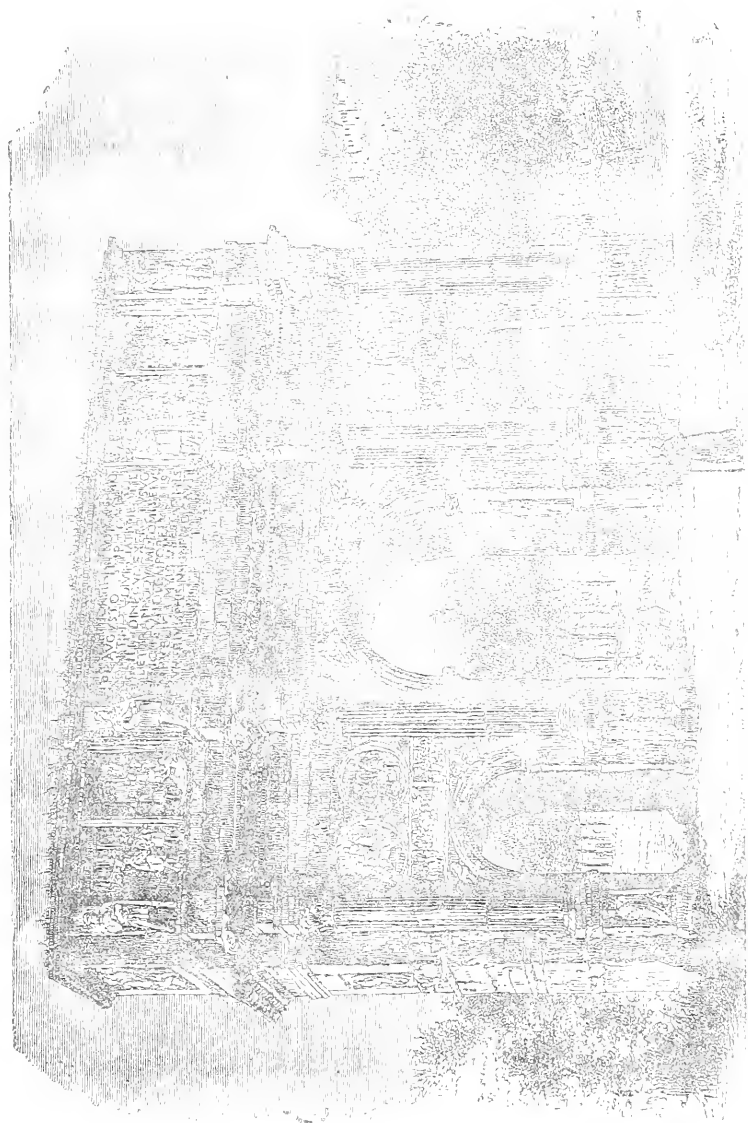




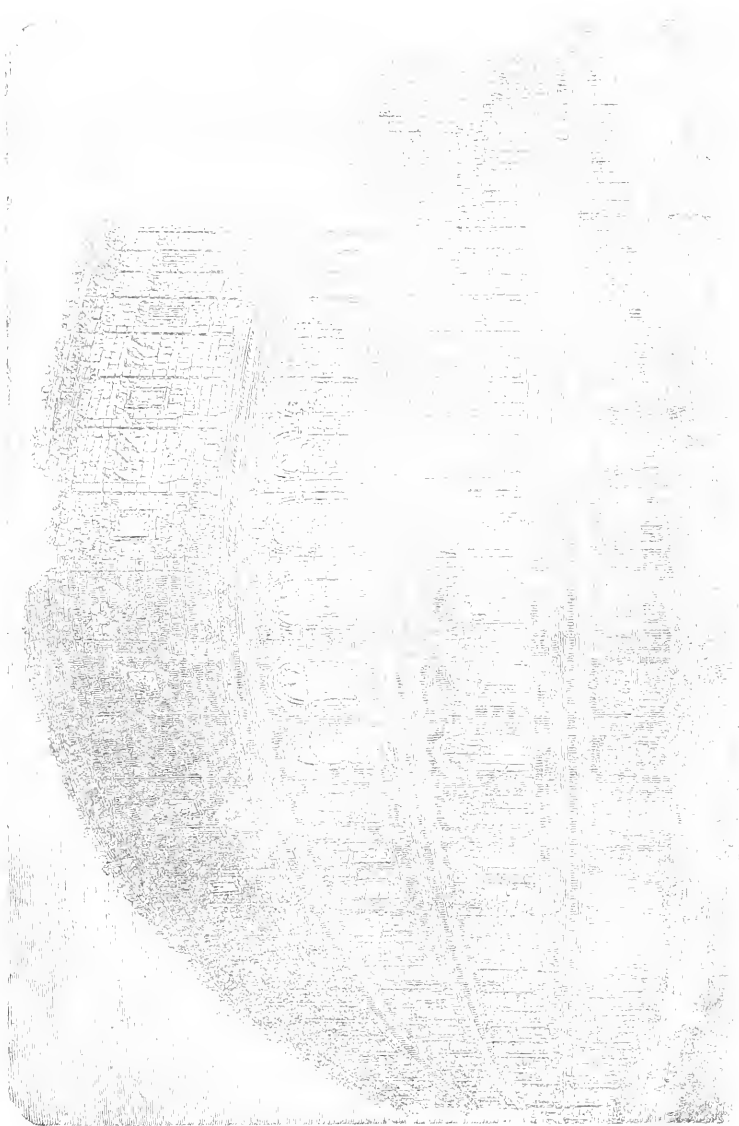




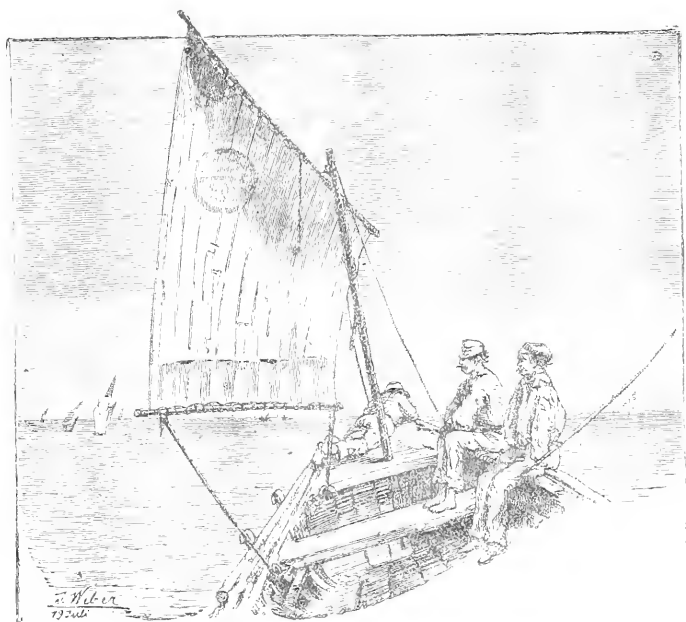
PETRARCH'S TOMB, BATTAGLIA, ITALY.



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ITALIAN FISHERMEN

sented to me by the representative of my country in Florence. I believe you are honorable. Make some other woman happy. I must not listen."

The Count flung himself from his pony and came to her side. He spoke with eloquent pathos. But Annie replied,—

"This must go no further. We part here and now. We must not meet again." They had arrived back at Resina. Annie entered a carriage with her American friends, while the Count stood there in the attitude of one who has just met a great sorrow. But Annie was not done with the Count.

The Count met the Widow and they walked in a bazaar, the Widow, womanlike, carrying her purse in her hand. While looking at some pretty silk she put the purse upon the counter. Her attention was absorbed with the goods. When ready to go she missed the purse; it was not where she had placed it. The attendant protested his innocence of theft; but where could it be? She was sure that nobody but the Count had been within reach of it. She was certain that the attendant could not have taken it. She was astonished, grieved. She put one of her bonbons in her mouth and shed tears. The tears were not for the loss, they were for the shocking suspicion. She had read of fictitious Counts; could this be such an one? It seemed impossible. But then what had he been saying so slyly to Annie in his palace at Rome? Can a man ever be trusted? Then she remembered how the late lamented Mr. Maler had not always been all she desired in honesty. Is it possible that a dignified, polished man is a thief? She did not speak any of these thoughts; but they tugged hard at the tender heart of the good Widow Maler. She returned to the hotel a blighted being. Never, never would she again trust any being that wears trousers, no, never. But where was the Count? She had turned her back on him in the bazaar; she had refused his offered escort to the hotel. She was so angry with herself for having been so deceived that she shook her slipper at herself in the mirror. She tore from her bosom the rose given by the Count and flung it into the street. Had she been a man she would have said bad words; as she was a woman the thoughts that ran riot in her mind were very amusing to the old Harry.

Like a tragic actress she paced the room and declaimed to her own reflection in the very large mirror :

"To marry for love is sweet; but to work for love is sweeter dearer, more hallowing. O, for love of that man, if he were only true and noble, I could sacrifice all my life, could devote my whole existence, could wring from my heart its last living blood, could slave for him, spend my every moment to study his happiness! I would crawl in the dust for my love of him. I would starve to feed him. For him I would give everything that I prize on earth, would yield all my hopes of happiness—I love him! It is an awful, a terrible thought! I love him! And he has stolen like a common pick-pocket! Mighty God! Protect women from men such as he! I love him! Oh that I could tear my throbbing heart from my bosom and fling it in his face! I love a villain! I must love him! I cannot withdraw my deep, burning love from that—miscreant. Why, O, why are we not so made that we can, at pleasure, extinguish our love when it becomes bitter, burning, tormenting! Merciful heaven, grant that I must not forever carry in my heart the unblessed image of a—thief!"

As she uttered these burning words her large eyes blazed, her cheeks flushed, her bosom heaved with intense emotion. Her voice was not loud, it was rich, trembling, melodious, more of a dirge than of a war tone. Then she burst into tears and hurried from the room.

She had not suspected a listener. But back in the shade of the corner of the big room stood Teteto. Now he came to the front, shaking his fist and saying :

"Wonder wu it am? Some feller in Meriky I rekun. Got let'r frum 'im I spekt. Mus' er ben er mi'ty bad let'r. I wish I'kd knsole 'er. Les see, I doan luv'r purtielr, but I—I'll marry 'er ruthorrn she's feel dataway. I're jis ergoine t' offer t' marry 'er."

At that moment she reappeared with cosmetics to destroy the marks of her passion. She was almost calm now. Teteto began, "Niver ye moint the feller yu've los'. I're er bet'er man nor he, an' I stan' alare'dy to marry ye this blessid minit."

The Widow stood still a moment in surprise, then she threw the contents of her powder box into his face. It covered his counte-

nance, and as his mouth is always open, a goodly portion lodged in his windpipe and suffocated him. The pantomime that he performed set the Widow into a hearty laugh.

When he had cleared his throat so as to breath his eyes were still closed. He grasped at the table and found there a bottle of dark red wine, with which he tried to wash off the chalk. The wine colored his hands, face and clothes and made him look a very bloody villain. Choking and gasping he said, "It's mesef is a hopin' as ye'l be pardonable an' guv the liv uv yees t' mesef, I'll be havin' hope, an' its mesef that's hurd say as hope am t' yankee uv the soul."

"Don't anchor to that hope, Teteto."

"Thin if mesef t' hav no hopin' at all, at all, its me hopes that go below hero in t' cronometer uv warmness, sure."

The Widow was of elastic temperament, not fickle but flexible, yet true as steel. When Annie came in, an hour later, she did not suspect that the gentle Widow had just experienced a tornado of grief for a lost love and of mirth for an undesired lover.

Annie hastened to her own room flushed and excited. She must take a night's good rest and leave early in the morning before the Count could have time to call. She was preparing for bed when the Widow came to her, and said :

"Let's take a night train for Brindisi?"

Annie consented at once and turned to the glass again. She could not control a tremor, but she kept on braiding her bright hair with deft fingers, her face shadowed from the lights that were burning on the table. The Widow watched her furtively. Annie put back her luxuriant locks, standing there half undressed, her robe drooping from her pearly shoulders, her plump fair arms bare, she looked so fair, so good, so maidenly, that the Widow thought,— "I feared there was something between her and the Count, but she cannot be so sly as to keep it from me : — it does not, cannot exist."

The good Widow left a note for the Count, explaining that she was conscious that he had taken her purse in the bazaar. She thought this explanation was due even to a thief. They took the British steamer at Brindisi for Athens. Annie's classic education

made her glad she was to see the land of ancient renown, the cradle of literature and art. She felt enthusiasm as she saw rise grandly from the sea, the very mountains where nymphs had their home. With a glass she looked into the gulf of Navarino, where, in 1820, the fleets of Britain, France and Russia, destroyed the fleet of Turkey. Later she crossed the Corean gulf, looked again to the north and saw a clear, sharp outline of mountains, dark at the base, gray stone ribs running up the sides, sharp peaks, white with snow, gleaming silvery in the sunshine, a mellow haze, a blending of bright tints, a golden and purple glow, such as art cannot reproduce. She beheld the bay of famous ancient Sparta, with a grand wall of mountains looming beyond it. She sat upon the deck and dreamed, imagined the advent here, in very ancient days, of the Phenicians to settle Greece, saw the great Athenian fleets sweep past; the Persians with many sail; the Egyptians, Romans, Carthagenians; beheld the Apostle Paul arriving to preach a new gospel; great men, great fleets, and great history have been here. She felt an ecstasie thrill, an elevation of soul as she stepped upon the soil of Greece. But though it was night, hotel runners were shouting and, in a restaurant, fellows were drinking wine and talking, and singing songs of Bacchus. A carriage took them five miles to Athens. They were met by Mr. Hawais, an old friend, to whom Annie had telegraphed from Brindisi. As it was bright moonlight, Mrs. Hawais proposed that they see the Acropolis. Then Annie was profoundly impressed, Mr. Hawais remarked:

"It is the inevitable feeling that seizes upon travelers when first they stand amid these peerless ruins. It is awe and admiration quite distinct from anything experienced at Rome or elsewhere. The Greek touch is ineffable; the Greek spirit and subtlety of beauty is as alive as ever, and haunts the Athenian summit, strewn all over with fragments of Praxiteles and Phidias."

They walked upon that famous hill. They saw its peerless beauty. As Mark Twain describes it:

"We walked out into the grass grown, fragment-strewn court beyond the Parthenon. It startled us every now and then, to see a stony white face stare suddenly up at us out of the grass with its

dead. The place seemed alive with ghosts. I half expected to see the Athenian heroes of twenty centuries ago glide out of the shadows, and steal into the old temple they knew so well and regarded with such boundless pride.

"The full moon was riding high in the heavens. We sauntered carelessly and unthinkingly to the edge of the lofty battlements of the citadel, and looked down. A vision!—and such a vision! Athens by moonlight! It lay in the level plain, right under our feet—all spread abroad like a picture, and we looked upon it as we might be looking at it from a balloon. We saw no semblance of a street, but every house, every window, every clinging vine, every projection were marked as clearly as it were at noonday; and yet there was no glare, no glitter, nothing harsh or repulsive. The harshest city was flooded with the yellowest light that ever streamed from the moon, and seemed like some living creature wrapped in peaceful slumber. On its further side was a little temple, whose delicate pillars and ornate front glowed with a rich luster that chained the eye like a spell; and nearer by, the palace of the king reared its creamy walls out of the mist of a great garden of shrubbery, that was flecked all over with a random shower of amber lights—a spray of golden sparks that lost their brightness in the glory of the moon, and glinted softly upon the sea of dark foliage like the pallid star of the milky way. Overhead the stately columns, majestic still in their ruin; under foot, the dreaming city; in the distance, the silver sea. The picture needed nothing. It was perfect."

In the morning they went through the market where oranges, lemons, dates, figs and grapes lay in abundance for sale. They came to the marble gateway with Doric columns on each side, the very gate at which St. Paul disputed daily (see Acts xvii). Three minutes' walk took them clear of houses and to a rock about forty feet high and fifteen rods long. They ascended by ancient and almost obliterated steps, and found a little space leveled and squared, with an ancient seat. Here was held the Greek court, the Arrapagus, in the open air. Standing here Paul once preached. As he faced the north he saw the temple of Theseus, built about five centuries before, and to-day the most perfect of the ancient buildings of Athens; its massive walls still loom grandly on the landscape. Turning to the north-east he looked up to the Acropolis; if he was a good slinger he could sling a stone over its wall. There rose its majestic gateway, and there Minerva, the golden goddess, so tall, so stately, that the mariner saw, from a distance at sea, the sunlight glittering on her brow.

All around brave Paul were grand, magnificent temples, superb statues, the most enchanting architectural beauty. Just yonder, Demosthenes pronounced his undying orations. As one stands here he seems to live in a glorious, but ruined antiquity. Around the Acropolis were once a multitude of deities. Somewhere here Paul saw the altar with the inscription to the unknown God.

TURKEY.

Strange sights are at Constantinople, the center of Islam. They crossed the Mamora and the Bosphorus, to the east they saw Prince's Islands, where the Sultan and rich Turks spend hot days. Ahead appeared Scutari, a suburb in Asia, a square yellowish block was the British hospital, of 1854, where Florence Nightingale set a noble example. A dingy wall lines the north shore, they saw beyond it a mass of dark houses. Sweeping on the land became higher, and houses rose tier above tier, then the big, yellow walled university, with broad front towards the river, and above this, two grand mosques, St. Sophia and Suleiman, their white walls, and mighty domes, and tall, slender, tapering minarets crowning the highest point. They reached the Golden Horn, a deep, capacious harbor crowded with steamers, ships, and thousands of vessels, a water city of itself. That portion south and west, is the old, quaint, curious Moslem Stamboul. To the north the ground rises. Up the Bosphorus is the suburb, Pera, where foreigners live, English, Americans, French and others. As the city has no piers, they drop anchor. A hundred boats rush for the steamer, two hundred boatmen clamor to take them ashore, twenty climb the side of the ship and wrangle for the job. Down the gangway they go into a boat while fifty men in other boats beckon them and pretend to have the best boat. Over narrow, dirty, winding streets, among porters, dragomen, couriers, dogs, and sharpers springing up and offering service, they reach a hotel and find a good dinner ready.

This is a city of contrasts, here meet ancient and modern civilization, wealth and poverty, Europe and Asia, Christian and Islam, a motley of many nations and races, and the shops have the goods of all lands. Signs over doors are in Turkish, Greek, Russian, English,

French, Italian or German. The French influence Pera; it uses the French language, French goods are plenty, the streets swarm with men who have been to Paris, and have relaxed their Moslem ideas. Streets are narrow, the grand street in Pera, best of all, is but from twelve to twenty feet wide. Houses are in many Oriental styles, windows hang over the street with lattices, so Turkish ladies can see without being seen. Horses and carriages are few, porters carry the goods and luggage, or donkeys in a string drive you to the wall while they pass. The streets are crowded, most men in European costume except the red fez. Porters, mule drivers and such men, wear baggy trousers, sashes, jackets and turbans. Old men appear with green and white turbans, snuff-colored robes, blue cloaks lined with scarlet, many yards of red sash, trousers like meal bags, long gray beards, faces long and grave, and eyes deeply set. Teteto exclaimed: "Jis look! An' its a live bundle uv cloze that's a walkin', sure. An' its mesilf that's a seein' two fate; an' thin sunthin' the loikes uv the head uv sumbody wrapt in white, an'—Och! thars two eyes uv hersilf a-peepin' out, an' its a woman! An' it is, sure!"

Then a Turkish carriage came along, the horse driven by a man who walked, the coach body about the size of a hogshead, gilded, and hung by leather straps. In it were two ladies with carmine lips and cheeks, and black eyes, and marble brows bleached by the hot bath, the lips and cheeks touched with rouge. The Guide said, "The whole street looks like a bed of poppies in full bloom, with the thousands of red fezes bobbing about. The true Turk retains his fez." They were jostled by the crowd, beggars in rags beset them. Their way was blocked by Turkish women, waddling like ducks, in yellow, scarlet, brown, crimson, blue and purple outside garments, which are neither cloaks nor shawls; and with eyes peeping out from their white veils. Dogs swarmed and wagged their tails. They met two men leading a bear. Other men defended the beast against the attack of a host of dogs. The dogs charged, the men struck with poles; tails vibrated in the air, ears shook, teeth gleamed. The dogs, repulsed, again came on; the bear seemed indifferent, the men shouted and whacked, and so the absurd battle went on till the bear reached the Stamboul bridge. Immense numbers of dogs are with-

out owners, and they seem to govern dogdom by rules; no strange dog is allowed to enter a district, and the city seems divided by dogs into dog districts. Woe to Towser if he get over the line.

The party got a permit and went to the great mosque of St. Sophia. They found its interior an immense area, the big dome upheld by pillars from many lands. A row of Moslems were bowing their heads towards Mecca, a fierce old Turk, flaming all over in red, was exhorting with fury, shouting and shaking his fists; others were praying or reading the Koran. Boys capered in glee. But a crowd came round the visitors and insisted they should leave. At the door they resumed their shoes which they had put off, and were teased by beggars for gifts.

Three Sabbaths a week, Friday by the Moslem majority, Saturday by Jews, and Sunday by Greeks, who are nearly one-third of the people, make three holidays which interfere with business. The Sultan has several palaces. His summer palace is a marvel of beauty. It was Friday. The Sultan was going to a mosque. The way was lined with soldiers and a crowd behind them, a strange, mixed, variegated mass. A flourish of trumpets, music and shouts which ran along the line, and the Sultan appeared on a splendid black horse, magnificently caparisoned, his high officers, walking and leading their horses. He wore the red fez and a rich dress. At the mosque a priest with a sacred vessel in each hand, met him. As he entered, each high officer made the graceful salam by touching his own heart, lips and forehead. The Sultan is the head of Islam whether in or out of Turkey. Sublime Porte is the real name of the government, the Grand Vizier is the chief minister, the Divan is the State Council, the Grand Mufti is the chief interpreter of the Islam law, and Islam is the right name of what some call Mohammedanism. The streets are so narrow that they walked wherever they went, or as Teteto said they "trudged a tragedy of miles."

We may now call Annie a girl of the period because she came to a full stop. The Golden Horn was her most easterly point.

A shabby peddler tried to sell Teteto some of the useless nicknacks of the east. But Teteto was on the defensive. Annie heard this talk:

Peddler—"Yo' buy um?"

Teteto—"Go buy um! Yis, an' I will, sure."

"Of course."

"Yis, its coarse."

"I rely on you to buy um."

"Yis, you lie and re-lie on me to buy it; what's the price?"

"Twenty piasters."

"I will give two piasters."

"Take it at fifteen."

"I will give but five," and with this offer Teteto ran, but was overtaken and given the thing for five piasters, just a quarter of the first demand. Such is eastern bargaining.

Here came a comical sight, an overdressed woman leading a dog. How can one expect a woman who leads a dog to show good taste in dress? The woman was on one side of Teteto, the dog ran on the other side, so the cord by which the woman held him came around Teteto's legs and threw him to the ground. The Irish half of Teteto's blood was up. He sprang to his feet, caught the woman in his arms and actually kissed her. This raised a commotion. A big Turk made a rush for him; Teteto stood his ground. The stalwart and fierce looking Turk drew a large, splendid pipe and cried out, "Take it and be happy! You deserve it for giving a lesson to the woman who leads a dog in the street!"

Teteto saw in a museum a picture labeled, "Tom.—Reeds the Law to Amerikan Kongris. A sort of Mufti."

All this time they were annoyed by a parrot that the Count had given to Annie. That bird could say only, "I love you," and kept that remark going night and day. That voice caught the ear of a beautiful Turk. She stood in the street and listened. It seemed to be something sweet to her. Annie asked her in; she came freely. When in Annie's room listening to the bird, she removed her veil and Annie saw a pretty face. The eyes were black, the complexion clear, the figure plump and her manner gentle. Annie remarked,—

"It is too bad that you must hide such beauty in doors or wear a veil when you go out."

But the lady replied, "It is better so, for I should not like my husband to see and admire handsomer women."

The advent of the party on the Bulgarian frontier was startling; the Turkish Pasha wondered, then he suspected that the Widow was a British spy, nothing less than a man in disguise, and that Annie was his wife! The Widow's form was of good size, she was of queenly proportions; there was a wide-awake look in her fine face, and nature and travel had now given her the air of being the person who furnished the plans for the universe. Her hair was short, and any man might be proud to resemble her. The wise old Turk formed a plan. He would sacrifice two handsome Turkish officers. He ordered Barabo to attend and make love to the spy. If she is a woman she can never resist the fascinations of Barabo; no unmarried lady of thirty could resist Barabo. He ordered Musa to pay entire devotion to Annie. Lucky dog, that Musa. He must spend little time musing. "Give her your most fascinating love," was the Pasha's order to both officers. How little that Pasha knew of women! How little anybody knows of them! The splendid, dashing Barabo, having read of English lovers falling on their knees, did not know that this never happens, but he put it in practice. The Widow was amused. She stood with arms a-kimbo and looked on and she actually laughed. It was impolite to laugh, but then it was not polite to get on your knees to a lady. The gallant suitor was ashamed. He had never been laughed at by any one of his wives when they were maidens. He rose to his feet. He went to the Pasha and reported that it was a man! The Pasha telegraphed for orders. The Divan wired answer to send the British spy wherever he wished to go, but always with an officer. Barabo, Musa and twenty cavalry were her escort, her guard. Widow Maler expressed a wish to see the city of Sophia. So imagine her with Annie and the two officers and twenty wild, fantastic looking cavalry, in red green and white, with glittering scimiters drawn, and gildings shining all over their horses, galloping through the streets of the old town, to the utter astonishment of all its people who stared as they never stared before. What could it mean? Barefaced Frank women, handsome, heavenly, dashing through an Islam city! The

old Turks denounced it. The young Turks cried out to Allah. But when the devil comes we all wish to see the devil, so old Turks and young Turks wished to see more. The party passed quickly and were almost out of sight, but the whole crowd started on a run after the girls. They might lose their eyesight looking, but each would risk one eye on the sight. There are many Greek churchmen in Sophia. They, too, all ran to see why the Moslems were running. The Turkish women in the houses heard the outcry. They believed the town was attacked by the Devil; they must escape. Without waiting to put on their veils, in the panic, they rushed into the street. Seeing the men all running in one direction, and as a woman always does as she sees somebody else do, they all set into a run after the men! As women are not suitably dressed for running, it is only a vivid mind that can see what ducks they made of themselves.

And there bravely, rode the two girls, each, girl-like, looking as if accustomed to be run after by a whole population, and each looking as if she had no heart to give to any Turk when every Turk was wishing to give his to them. Many a Turk was thinking almost aloud, "Lovely Jemimis! I will sacrifice my prospects, and attach myself to you for life, if, dearest, you'll only be mine, and pay my debts, and bring me an American pile of money!"

The party disappeared under the portals of the Pasha's palace, the crowd was checked by the soldiers guarding his gate. The Turks turned back only to meet, rolling down the street upon them, the greatest, most lovely and fragrant tide of Turkish beauty that any, even the oldest man had even seen. It was the Turkish female population in mass, waddling, scampering, skipping, but coming on in the most barefaced attack that ever was made in Turkey! They had discovered the cause of attraction. They sailed in. They scalped, or unscalped their pet husbands, they led them away by the ear, they laughed them to scorn. But in the flurry, and the desire of the husbands to kiss and be friends again, many a Turk kissed every woman he could lay hands on, and then declared he mistook her for one of his own wives! Thus do men mis-state to women. These gentle women having had their faces once publicly shown, declared their resolve to dispense with the veil, and

this is the reason why so many unmarried Turks now flock to Sophia to live.

The gallant riders were no sooner at the Pasha's, than in the fullness of her emotion, the Widow, unconscious that he believed her to be a man, clasped her arms around the Pasha's wife's neck, and kissed her warmly. The Turkish lady seemed to like it. But her enraged husband ordered the whole party sent on to Servia at once.

In Servia, without their escort, they rode between cloud-capped peaks, among meadows and forests of cherry, plum, walnut and filbert trees, over poor roads, and stayed that night at a Bulgarian village, in a meadow by a stream. These villages are numerous. Each is a few groups of houses with grass between. Each group is inclosed by a hedge. The huts in each are about ten. They are made of woven twigs like baskets, or sunk in the ground and thatched. The huts were clean. Horses, oxen, pigs, sheep and poultry have each its separate abode. The owner occupies the center cabin which is kitchen, bedroom, granary and cellar. Little but the roof rises above ground. A solemn stork perches on one leg upon these huts. You enter by a low door and step downward. The women received the visitors with gentleness, and offered them hospitality. They were handsome and their hair was very long. The hostess seeing that it excited their curiosity, shook down her hair, and it covered her and swept the ground. She wore a necklace and bracelets of glass beads, a girdle of gilt copper, and a head-piece festooned with strings of coins, something common in all Turkey. In the morning as a grown up girl was dressing, she saw Teteto coming in. She shook down her hair and it covered her from sight till he went out.

Now rain caused the Widow to spread her umbrella. Something fell from it. With an "O dear! Is it possible!" she raised it. It was the very purse that she had accused the Count of stealing from her at Naples! She saw it all now. Instead of being stolen it had dropped into that umbrella! And she had left a note for the Count when she left Naples, in which she upbraided him as a thief! How shocking! She asked, "What shall I do?"

"Telegraph to the Count your apologies at once," replied Annie.

It was miles to the telegraph, but they rode hard to reach it, the Widow repeating, "What will the Count think of me!"

By rail they arrived at Budapest, capital of Hungary. The noble Danube, its hills, the distant mountains, the fine buildings on the west bank, the edifices hung on the slopes of Buda, the steeples and cupolas, the airy suspension bridge, the viaduct, the steamers moving grandly along the river, all impart an air of grandeur to this twin city, Buda on the west bank and Pesth on the east, whose name is united to Budapest. It is an unwholesome spot and its death rate is high. It has thousands of very poor. It is the center of a network of railways and the gate of east Europe. The Museum is a vast edifice devoted to paintings, natural history, a library, and to science. The environs contain many delightful spots.

Teteto wrote in his Journal, "buda ar piktursqee bilt roun' castle Hill 485 feat hi kivurd with viuyartz makin' silk woolen wine cotton lether & tipes a plac' uv grate ann tikwyty the up an' down presipic iz kuvurd with houziz an' men an' spenshun brij hundretz uv fete long."

Prague seemed old. The ancient gates, towers and quaint houses with fantastic decorations, the footways in arabesque patterns of blue and yellow stone, more like old pictures than most cities of today. The speech is hard to understand, so hard that even the jokes in humorous illustrated papers, require to be explained. Placards, inscriptions are on every available place, but unreadable even by men from Germany. Both this language of the Chechs and German are taught in the schools, and tradesmen need use them. "I'ze nebber didn't sawn nobody spoke der langwig' so bad; gintlemins carn't un'erstan' derselfs, I'ze spose so," commented Teteto.

The streets are quaint. Books and photographs are prominent in shops. The bridges are famous, their gateways are noticeable, but the finest was injured by floods in 1891. From the heights is a glorious view, the city in a rocky basin, the clear Moldau cuts its swift way, towers and spires peep over high pitched roofs, and summits of green appear beyond. There is the hill where Tycho Brahe in-

spected the secrets of the heavens, and there the height where Zisca the Hussite, defied the Emperor. Much of the great struggle of the Reformers of old, centers around the history of Prague. The great bridge contains many statues of saints, with a big crucifix in the center. At the end of the bridge is a group of souls in purgatory (grotesque). An evening stroll showed the city to be fascinating. A band played. Groups of people were strolling, talking, gossiping, the great towers stood grand against the calm night, all seemed peace where wars have raged, and where two parties still struggle to rule Bohemia. It was late when Mrs. Maler retired to her room. She had bought some rich jewelry at Vienna, and in the delight of its newness she wore it. Her room was large, and hung with old tapestry on which were worked large figures of men and women, their features, eyes, and hair particularly striking and bright. She had undressed and was about to take her jewels from the table to place them in her trunk, when it struck her that the tapestry was slightly agitated. The discovery was startling. Somebody was behind the tapestry, was watching her motions! She had seen no bell. She had observed as she was shown to her room, that it was not next a street, nor connected with another. She believed her beautiful gold watch and chain, and her new necklace to be the temptation to theft. With coolness, she hummed a tune. She had not yet turned the key in the lock. She knew that a scream might precipitate an attack. She pretended to busy herself with her lack of dress till she had approached the door. Then with sudden motion she flung it open and darted out. She heard pursuit! She darted into Annie's room. She heard her pursuer's steps in the hall. They barricaded the door. Then she heard a pistol shot, and a groan. Then another shot. Then they heard the voice of their protector, Teteto in the hall,

"Botheration to all dorgs in all lan's! Its loikly maybe thit the loiks uv the ladiz ar' skart! An' they are, sure!"

Then they heard the doors flying open and the whole household rushing and chattering. The landlord was talking loudly, the servants were cackling. The Widow opened the door far enough to peep upon the scene and exclaimed:

"It's that yellow dog we bought of that Jew; they must have put

it in my room instead of elsewhere as I ordered!" And so it was. And when the ladies appeared, Teteto, excited, stated the case rapidly, "An' it's thit dorg uv oun thits got hissef fatally kilt, intoirely; he's shot de'd; an' it's er mortel axident; an' he didn't survive the killin'!"

They had brought the pretty dog packed in a shawl strap.

The struggle in Bohemia, between Germans and Slavs (Chechs), is ardent. The two races detest each other. The town people are mostly Germans, the aristocracy, peasants and many factory hands are Slav. Every political event stimulates rivalry; in little villages it is kept alive. The Chechs, though Catholic, take pride in John Huss and Zizka, but detest Jews, who are business people, speak both languages, and favor Germans, and are better educated than either. The Chechs keep up friendship with their race in Russia. They are compact and energetic and resist other foreign influence. The women of Bohemia have fine figures and clear complexions. The men have rather marked cheek bones and large skulls. Education progresses; the Chechs are good in figures. Austria has failed to eradicate their language. They delight in dancing. Industry covers many kinds of manufactures. In glass-work they excel.

Going through the gorge of the Elbe above Dresden, they saw the wild "Saxon Switzerland." The Elbe emerges from a giant gorge of sandstone into a plain. Ages of winds and rains have cut the great rocks into fantastic shapes, bare precipices frown sheer over the river, or are shelved and sloped to hold the hanging woods. Down ravines, torrents come leaping and roaring; every glen has a wild beauty of its own in luxuriant herbage and tumbled masses of rocks. Some eminences stand sheer and in columns, others are slender pinnacles. The Konigstein and Lillienstein are vast, solitary hills with steep sides and table summit. Bridges, once from peak to peak, remain, or their ruins mark where, in old times, robber lords had their fastnesses. It is a strange, wild place. The Prebischer is a colossal natural arch like the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

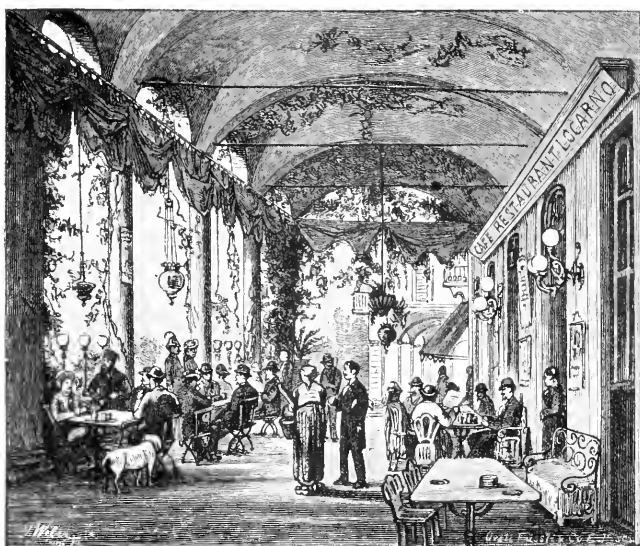
"I'ze reckon dis diggin's war mlade near night ob der sixth day, an' so nebber finisht," put in Teteto.

Dresden, capital of Saxony, in the charming Elbe valley, the

German Florence, place of Napoleon's last great victory in extensive battle (August, 1813), where he lost St. Cyr's army a few weeks later, delighted them with its three bridges, its art galleries, its superb porcelains, its famous paintings including Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, its work in gold and silver, its great library, its cabinets of coins, minerals, and natural history, engravings, antiques, porcelains, and precious stones, in all of which it is rich. The San Sisto contains a wretchedly stupid old saint, but the exquisite beauty of the three child faces that look at you from the canvas, which defy the efforts of all copyists by painting, photography, or engraving to reproduce, struck Annie as the highest success that ever painter's brush has achieved. Here, too, they saw the *Notte* of Correggio, wondrous in light and shades, Bethlehem's manger illuminated by the glory of the Divine child, as day is dawning over the old hills. The gallery is sumptuous with masterpieces, many of the greatest masters show the glories of superb art. Who could not lose himself from the thoughts of every day life, as he walks here in the midst of the exquisite imaginings of the most renowned of the masters of the marvels of beauty's graces, associated in this grand collection! They lift one from the every day spirit. They exalt the mind. They elevate the taste. They educate the imagination. To see them is a festival of our sense of the lovely, the beautiful. And this is indeed a feast of the superb.

Then to the Green Vault. Here, to the value of millions of dollars, dazzling in variety, is a rare magnificence of riches; bronzes of most exquisite finish, countless ivory carvings, many enamels and mosaics; gold and silver plate, massive and richly ornamented; precious stones carved into fantastic and various shapes, jeweled watches, jeweled goblets, gem-studded portraits; emeralds, sapphires, rubies, pearls and diamonds, set in chains and collars, on sword hilts, and dazzling on a crown. These treasures are so rich as to defy description. They astonish the senses.

The Armory holds a wonderful collection of weapons of many centuries, firearms from the rudest matchlock to the latest rifle. Dresden being thus rich in treasures of art, and beautiful situation, is the summer resort of many foreigners.



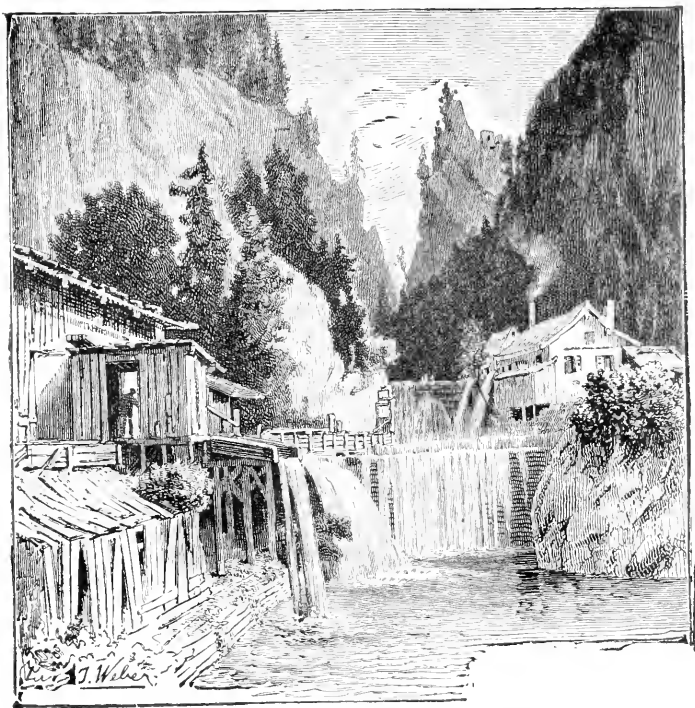
AN ITALIAN PLAZZA OR LOGGIA.



HAPPY GIRL.



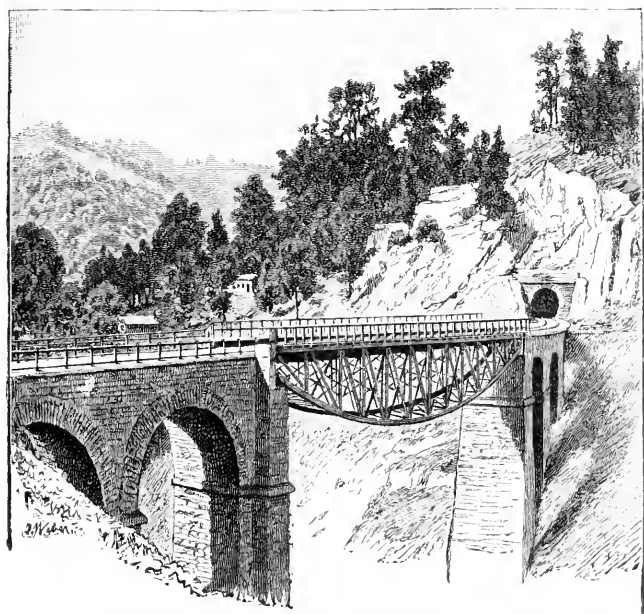
RUTHENIAN COTTAGE, HUNGARY.



SPARCHEN GORGE, NEAR KUFSTEIN, AUSTRIA.



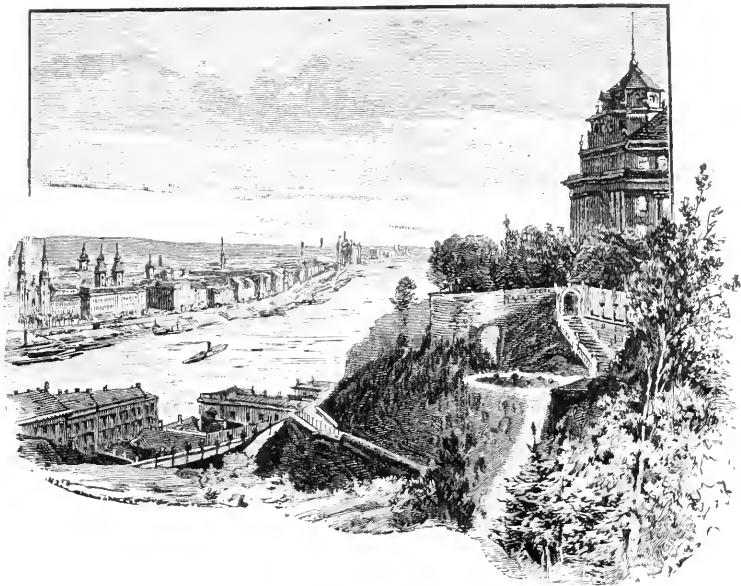
STATUE OF ST. MARTIN, PRESBURG, HUNGARY.



KAISER TUNNEL, HUNGARY.



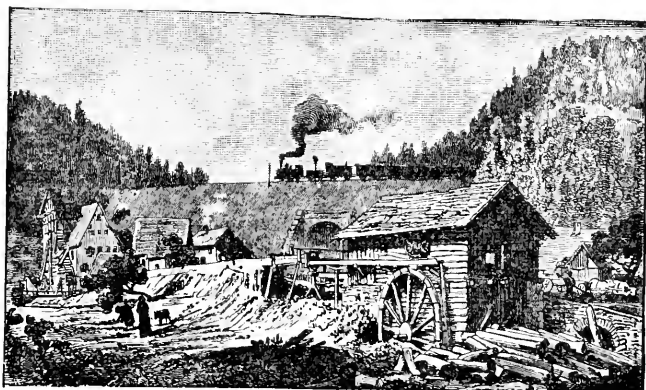
JEW'S' SYNAGOGUE, BUDAPEST.



CASTLE GARDEN AND QUAY, BUDAPEST.

They wished to ride. The driver said, "I vil rides you tree von hour vor von mark; too hour vor two mark," and they rode two hours. On an elevated spot they saw range after range of stately structures, capacious barracks of Dresden's part of the great German army. Every where in Europe they saw that troops garrison the important places. Europe is terribly burdened with these immense armies. Europa carries a dagger in her boot. She is always ready for war. Force is still master.

Their ride was charming, among wooded hills and vineyard covered slopes, the swift Elbe below, the heights of "Saxon Switz-



GERMAN MILL.

erland" in the distance, then through the Grosse Garten park. All public gardens in Europe are parks, with walks, trees, and lawns, and usually flowers. This 300 acres of Dresden is a very beautiful resort of all classes.

Dresden manufactures very fine porcelains. At this factory they found S. W. French of Boston who was making the tour of the European porcelain factories, buying the finest specimens for American market.

Whirling on by rail they reached **Berlin**, capital of Prussia, and Germany, a very large city, built on flat sand, where the Spree is sluggish, a bad site for a city. The heat reflected from the sand is often intense, and the winter cold is great, clouds of dust and lack of

drainage declivity,—in the Friedrich's Strasse, two miles long, is not a foot of descent,—are serious evils, yet the growth of the city during this whole century has been very large. It is the metropolis of Germany, a focus of enterprise, a home of art and science. The center is commercial; outside of the center, extending to long distances, are the residences. The houses are of plastered or stuccoed brick. The old ones of one, two and three stories are giving way to larger and higher ones. Teteto wrote in his Journal: "Wimin works here housez is big menny of 'em iz 4 storiz tall." Increase of value of house property is enormous, so that about one-tenth of the population are huddled into basements. Here are many fine buildings. The Royal Palace, the Emperor's Palace, and that of the Crown Prince, the Royal Library with above 700,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts, the museums, the Arsenal and the Guard House, most of these in the street "Unter den Linden," one of the finest and most spacious streets in Europe. Berlin is adorned with many statues of military officers. The equestrian statue of Frederick the great soldier, by Rauch, is impressive; the Monument of Victory, 190 feet tall, is a round shaft on a grand pedestal.

"An area extending in no direction more than 1300 yards is crowded with the town-hall, the royal castle, the arsenal, the university, the academy, the museums, the library, the opera house, the principal theater, the exchange, the finest churches, and the grandest private mansions. Many of these buildings contain valuable collections of art treasures."

With its many public and private schools, its university, its schools of sciences, architecture and engineering, its asylums, learned societies and seminaries, Berlin is in high repute for education. In its museum, coins, ancient sculptures, and pictures, numerous casts and engravings, are objects of interest. Berlin's manufactures are very extensive in iron, woolen and silks and other materials. With the Thiergarten the city occupies about 22 square miles, a little larger than an American half township. In publishing it is the second city of Germany—Leipsic is first. A military railway joins it with the military camp at Zossen, 20 miles off. The Thiergarten is a grand forest near the midst of teeming city life.

The architecture of Berlin, like the military drill, is in lines. The monuments are of soldiers.

Before 1870, Germany was 35 States, Frankfort was its capital, and Vienna, Prague, Innsbruck and Salzburg, were German cities. Now it is 26 states, and Bohemia, Austria proper, the Tyrol and Luxemburg are no part of it. Schleswig, Alsace and Lorraine have been added. The king of Prussia is German emperor. A national parliament sits at Berlin. Germany now has a common army, coin, and post. The wars of 1859-64, shook Austrian ascendancy, that of 1866, destroyed it. Germany, Austria and Italy, are in alliance to defend against attack, meaning from Russia or France.

A national gallery contains modern paintings (Berlin). The Victoria Lyceum has many girl students. A technical school is well attended. Botanical and zoological gardens and aquarium are here.

Porcelain is made in a suburb, Charlottenburg. The Mausoleum there contains Rauch's masterpiece, a recumbent figure of Queen Louise. Spandau, a few miles off, is the citadel. It is a town of arsenals and military workshops.

At the Thiergarten, Berlin, of a summer evening, they were sitting on a balcony, watching the moon rising over this city forest of noble trees, and enjoying the sweet melody of Kroll's orchestra. It was the luxury of rest, the air was soft and balmy, the night was laden with perfume of flowers, as it had been by day beautified by gay blossoms and trellised vines. Annie had just received Harry's letter and another dated from Bregentz, two days older, which read,—

"My Darling—Hour by hour I love you more. I implore you to telegraph me, at Kief, where I can join you. I cannot love you more, precious one. Why not trust me. Consent; we can do without old Robin Smith's money. Come to me and every hour of our lives shall be crowded with all love's sweetness. I shall try to meet you soon."

These letters were startling. Annie was deeply agitated. Such an avowal of deep, strong love may well agitate the gentle bosom of a girl who is disengaged.

She had barely read them when she was again startled. This time

it was by the announcement of Count Rocco Corvo! The very man whom they had insulted at Naples! The person whom Mrs. Maler had accused, unjustly, of being a thief! The memory of the purse affair burned in their minds. Both devoutly wished that it were the style for women to have pockets in their garments so as to relieve them from the fashion of carrying a purse in their hands. How could they meet this gentleman! But meet him they did with that ladylike composure that carries a woman through where a man would be dazed with confusion. Even the Count, man of the world, was surprised at the demure air of injury of the Widow, and the confident innocence of Anne. But the genial Count was unclouded. In ten minutes his affability had erased the feeling of guilty mistrust from the two ladies. Courteous amiability is a quick vanquisher of coolness. The only allusion made to the unlucky purse affair was that the Count said with polished urbanity, "I receive yoor telegram of expla-na-ze-ong. Let we shak' our hands and forget alla of eet."

Both ladies were delighted to dismiss the affair. Both felt that this Count, even if he was nothing but the relic of an old family, only an Italian Count, was yet a very fascinating gentleman. Perhaps he was just as good as the average untitled man. Possibly his birth ought not to count against him. These reflections were helping the Count. Then he had the advantage of meeting them when they were wearied with being always among strangers, and the sight of a face they had ever seen before was in itself refreshing. So an hour was passing happily, merrily. Then another caller was announced. Harry Kane himself! He came forward with bold assurance as if he were conferring a great favor by speaking to them at all. It was like a storm of hail and rain upon a camp fire. The sprightly remarks, the fire of wit, the glow of genial humor, the impression of friendship, the easy rapport, were quenched. They were still as polite. But the warm soul of courtesy was gone. Harry related an interview he had held with Bismarek.

He thus described him in his later years :—

"Bismarek is large. When he goes through a doorway he fills it. He is tall, erect, and of good proportions. His broad shoulders and

full breast indicate immense force. He is fat only in the face, and his cheeks are so plump as to almost close his eyes. His head is large, and bald at the top. His nose is rather short, and his eyes are imbedded under a heavy brow. His face is almost as white as his full moustache, and is full of vigorous expression. When sitting he leans forward as if to rise. His back and neck are always straight. His uniform coat shines with bright buttons and brilliant badges. He is a man that looks a leader of men. His speeches are short and to the point, and sparkle with strong points. His voice is rather high and broken, and is not very strong. He half mumbles his words, and, from fast speaking, is often a little indistinct. He gesticulates but little."

Annie was reflecting that she had given no discouragement to Robin's contract with Harry, that Harry would claim her as his bride if he should win this race of the Grand Tour! Had not she been too inconsiderate? She realized now that she had not been fully awake to the earnest, thrilling soul of real love when she permitted that contract. She had doubts now whether she were still willing to be won in such a way. She would reflect. And she did reflect.

Both she and Harry had cabled their reports daily. Both had received no recent response. But now came the verdict of the Referees on the whole journey up to that very day in Berlin. Harry had made a wide detour in Russia, had been to Sebastopol, Kief, German Konigsberg. "Yeh mus' 'er bin s' far az der east pole or furder?" asked Teteto.

He had traveled rapidly, he had gone over more miles than she, but distance was only one element. Annie had slightly exceeded him in the value of her reports. So the Referees decided that up to the present moment, the competitors were even! The race was a tie! Twenty-two days had passed since they left New York. Eight more would make thirty, the full time allowed. The Referees had decided to close this great contest by the race home! The one who within eight days, first touches foot upon New York Light Ship will win!

Quick as a flash Annie's plan was made. In ten minutes she had started from her hotel for the railway; in fifteen minutes she was seated in the express; in twenty minutes she was on her whirling way. Spandau is quickly passed; Magdeburg, the great central fortress and city, is left behind. She saw the flashing lights of Hanover as the express whirled by in the night, and in the morning they were crossing the great iron bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. Then the Count joined them, he had taken the same train in another car. They saw the old round-domed church of Charlemagne, where his body has reposed for a thousand years at Aix-la-Chapelle, and then, further on, from the long hillside where the rail runs above the long valley city of Liege, they looked down upon the town, whose men they saw gesticulating more than even the men of Italy. They are a lively race, these men of the Meuse. They make heavy iron goods or delicate laces with marvelous skill here in Belgium. Then the old town of Namur showed itself, and then Charleroi, the first point struck by Napoleon, June 15, 1815, when with an army of 122,464 soldiers, he began the great campaign of Waterloo, which ended four days later by his total ruin at Waterloo a few miles off. They dashed on through lovely, romantic and rural Normandy. Annie was racing for the French steamer from Havre to New York. At Berlin the moment she heard of the decision of the Referees to require a race from Berlin to New York, she had looked at the timetable. She saw that the steamer would leave the dock at Havre at ten minutes after the train on which she was hastening was due there. Now she began to apprehend some delay. Only a delay of twelve minutes might lose her trip! Then she must lose the race!

Probably Harry had instantly taken the rail for the fast German steamer, *Fuerst Bismarck*, or had rushed on to England to catch the *Teutonic*, the fast steamer from Liverpool. In that case he must be ahead of any time she could now make via England. She telegraphed to Havre. The answer was handed in at a watering station. The Ocean racer had up steam. It would sail at the minute appointed. Would she be in time? All had gone well so far; but she was anxious. Then she passed Rouen. It is the town where

Joan of Arc was burned. But Annie did not feel like hearing the old story rehearsed. Could she reach Havre in time for the steamer!

Just beyond Rouen a little child appeared on the track! The train was just coming out of a cut. The sight broke in horror on the engineer! There stood the small child, heedless of danger, right before the on-rushing train! The engineer applied the brakes, but the express was under fearful headway. It did not stop, it was only slackening a little its terrible speed! Then appeared coming on the run a young woman and a large dog. The child stood there laughing gleefully. Harder pressed the brakes; but the distance was too short! The train could not stop so quickly! The woman could not arrive in time! The engineer did all that man could do; he rushed out upon the engine; he hoped to grab the child; he could not get into position quickly enough! It was too late! He just caught sight of a chubby, pretty face with clear blue eyes and sunny look. The little curls were flowing. Then the train went over the spot! The whirl of wheels stopped. The engineer and guards jumped to the ground. There lay the child by the track, unhurt. The dog had at the last second arrived and drawn her from the horrible fate. But the train had killed the heroic dog!

This thrilling episode had all passed very quickly. The passengers thanked God for the saved life. Annie uttered a devout thanksgiving. But the stopping of the train had lost the precious ten minutes! It had lost twenty-three minutes! The train would not arrive in time! Annie's race to America was lost! She begged the engineer to hasten.

"It is against orders. We have the track and will arrive thirteen minutes late!" he said.

"I will give you a thousand francs to arrive in time for the steamer to New York," she said.

"I repeat, it is against orders. I cannot disobey!"

"I will give you ten thousand francs if you put me on board that steamer," she added.

"I cannot do it!"

"Twenty thousand."

"No!"

"I am racing to New York. If I do not arrive there before my competitor, I must marry a man whom I wish not to marry. O, put me on board the steamer in time!"

"I refuse your money; but I see a lady in distress. I will put you on that steamer or die!"

At the stop, the door of Annie's compartment had been unlocked. Thus it was that she got access to the engineer. Now she asked the gallant soldier, for train men in Europe are soldiers, to let her sit upon the engine with him. He consented, and Annie and Mrs. Maler mounted to the place. It was an exciting ride up there. It seemed like riding at great speed, a highly trained horse. Trees, farms, villages whirled by, brooks were crossed, hills penetrated, plains cleared. They gained four minutes. Then they slacked for a long tunnel and lost three minutes. Then away they dashed across fields and gained six minutes, then a bridge cost them two minutes, but they had cleared five minutes. Then a long space without a curve. They gained three minutes. Then a down grade. Four minutes more. Now only two minutes were lacking. An up grade lost them a minute! They were nearing Havre. Then a caution signal from a road master cost them another minute! Four minutes now wanting! The engine was at its highest speed. Then another three minutes were gained. One minute more to gain and they would be in time without one second to spare! Half of that minute was gained. Then another signal. The engineer gave an exclamation of dismay. It was a danger signal! He glanced back along the train. A car wheel was blazing! The friction had set it on fire! To stop the train was the engineer's duty! To stop it for an instant was to let Annie lose the race. The brave Frenchman dared. He rushed the train along. Twenty minutes later it arrived! The engineer seized a commissionaire, said to him,—

"Put these two ladies on the New York steamer in the quickest possible moment!" They ran. But the steamer had cast off its lines! The gang plank was pulled in. But Annie took the running jump! She landed safe on board. The Widow was not quite so spry. The ship sailed. Mrs. Maler was left in France! So was Teteto!

In less than six days the French steamer fired its signal gun off New York harbor. A fog covered everything. Ten seconds later another gun revealed a steamer alongside! "It is the fast ocean racer, the *Teutonic*!" exclaimed the French captain. Soon the ships were so close together that Annie recognized Harry on the *Teutonic*. He was holding luggage in his hand as if ready to land instantly. She thought his preparation absurd when they were still twenty miles from New York city. Harry raised his hat and made to her a mocking bow. In his look and manner was all the exultation of assured triumph. The *Light Ship*, where was to end this great race of 13,000 miles for a girl and a half million dollars, could not be seen through the fog, but it was known to be less than three miles off! Could Harry cover that short distance quicker than could Annie? He felt certain that he could.

Soon, in response to the *Teutonic's* gun, a little black object appeared in the fog. Quickly it showed itself to be a long, sharp and narrow steam yacht, built for racing. It was the *Wild Wind*. It glided alongside the *Teutonic*, and in a few moments Harry was standing on the *Wild Wind*!

Annie saw it all! She was dismayed! The goal was near! Harry had cabled from Europe in advance, for this fast craft to meet him outside of New York harbor and land him quickly upon the place of victory, the *Light Ship*! Her dismay was but for a moment. Her courage rose. A plan flashed into her mind. She ran to her French Captain. He already knew of the race; all the crew and passengers knew of it. He felt proud that Annie had selected his ship for her return voyage. He had, all the way, crowded on steam to assist her to victory. When she now appealed to him for aid, all his native gallantry was aroused. And when he saw that it was a British ship with a German name that brought her competitor, all his French patriotism boiled in his blood. For the honor of France, he declared that he, *M. le Capitaine*, would land Annie on that goal ahead of Harry. A great sensation ran through the big French ship. The crew, too, had seen all. Quickly a boat was lowered and manned, and Annie was in it. They would run for the *Light Ship*. They would try to beat Harry. The steam yacht had lost two min-

utes in passing the Teutonic, so the French boat had a little the start. Both parties knew the general direction of the Light Ship, but not its exact location. As the chances of finding it seemed about equal in several points, the French took that directly with the wind, and with sail up and oars vigorously plied. At first the Wild Wind took the same course. In a half mile the steamer gained but little. Then Harry bribed the engineer to press harder. The steamer gained! The boat threw over a heavy coil of rope. Then it kept up with the yacht. Harry was greatly excited. He induced the engineer to throw rosin into his blazing furnaces! Then the open boat was being left behind! The boat's crew plied their oars with the utmost vigor. For a few seconds they were gaining! Not long can men sustain such terrible exertion!

"Throw everything overboard! I'll pay for it from my winnings!" shouted the thoroughly excited Harry. Not finding the Light Ship quickly, the Wild Wave veered. Its Captain would see if the goal did not lay in a slightly different direction. The hope of victory seemed reduced to the chance of guessing just where the Light Ship would be found.

Suddenly Annie perceived a slight red glimmer through the fog just over the boat's bow. It was the goal right ahead! She appealed to the crew for a supreme effort:

"O, put me quickly on that ship! It will save my life's happiness! Row as you never rowed before!"

The Frenchmen responded with their greatest enthusiasm.

But the steam Yacht was the fastest competitor. If one of its crew catches the red glimmer of the Light Ship within one minute, Annie's race will be lost! She, too, will be lost! Harry will win her! O, for this friendly fog to hide that ship from Harry's eyes for one minute longer!—only one short minute!

A French oar snapped short off! Its loss disconcerted the steering for twenty seconds! This accident lost to Annie the best French oarsman. The gallant sailor, a heavy man, no longer able to assist, generously exclaimed,—“I will not handicap this boat with my weight! Pick me up when you have won the race!” and he sprang overboard!

Half a minute had passed. If in another half minute Harry does not see the Light Ship, Annie will win and be saved from Harry!

But that instant Harry saw it! The steam Yacht turned its head. It dashed down for the goal at a lively rate. The boat was forty lengths ahead. But steam is too powerful for human competition! The Yacht gained rapidly! It was quickly abreast the boat! Then it shot ahead. But a coal schooner was that moment crossing the track of the Yacht. Harry was compelled to veer three points. Then the Yacht came quickly back to its course. This delay of the Yacht allowed Annie to get the lead! She was within sixty yards of the Light Ship! Upon it she saw her dearest friend, Robin Smith himself! He was watching the result with intense eagerness! Annie's heart gave a great throb at sight of his good face. She saw that his suspense was to him agony. She knew that moment that she loved him.

"Run to the bowsprit and jump the instant I bring it over the Light Ship! Drop to her deck!" shouted the Skipper of the Yacht. Harry quickly perched, like a monkey, far forward on the bowsprit. Annie's boat was but half a length ahead. But the bowsprit trick offset all that. The Yacht veered slightly; its bowsprit swung over the goal! Harry dropped from it! He fell directly upon the deck of the Light Ship! Exuberant with joy he shouted triumphantly,—

"I have won! I have won \$500,000 and the Girl!"

"Annie has won! Her feet touched the Ship's ladder ten seconds before Harry's touched the deck!" declared the Umpire who represented the Referees. And so it was. Annie had won the great race! She had gained it by one-sixth of a minute! She had saved herself from Harry. She had won the great prize of a half million dollars!

Harry was much chagrined and excited. But he soon controlled himself enough to say with some confusion,—

"I do not care for the Girl. I have completed this great race with the hope of winning the \$500,000; not to win Annie!"

"Is it possible!"

"Annie loves you and only you! Marry her!"

"O, Harry! You give me happiness!"

"And I invite you to my wedding!" added Harry.

"Your wedding!"

"Yes. On the Teutonic, returning from Europe, I have met an old flame of mine. We have settled old differences. We wish to be married! Had I won the race, I should have asked you to give me the money without Annie."

"I will give you a wedding present of \$10,000, and a clerkship in the Oro Mine, at a salary of \$2,000 a year."

"I accept it."

Both crews with enthusiasm gave three hearty cheers for this unexpected and happy conclusion. They escorted Annie, Robin and Harry to New York City.

As soon as Robin found an opportunity to speak with Annie alone he said,—

"Dearest Annie, I love you. I have long wished to say it, but I have feared that I am too much older than you. What answer have you for me?"

"I accept your love. It is the greatest delight of my life. I have loved you from the time when we first met in Washington. But you seemed so willing to dispose of me to another that I had no hope of winning your love. Let this explain why I made no opposition to this race."

"But I am thirty-two years old!"

"I am twenty-two: the difference is not too great."

"Then we will marry for love."

"Yes: and live for love."

"To marry for love is felicity: to live for love is bliss."

The Widow, so strangely left at Havre, received a proposal of marriage from the Count on the spot. She instantly accepted with a counter proposal to this effect:

"You tell me that you are poor; that if we are married it must be a poverty stricken love match. Now I propose that we be rich and live like other rich persons."

"Eemposseebaal, Signorina. Ve hafs nottinz. Ve vil share eet togedder."

"We will live in good style and pay as we go."

"Ve doan can't."

"You have a valuable pictur' gall'ry and the Palace."

"Ve doan can't selz um vor noddins. Da ish antailt."

"I know very well you earnt sell 'em 'cause they'r' entailed. But just what we'll do is to grow fat on 'em. We'll admit the thousanz of strangers that are coming all the time to Rome, all eager to see pictur's. They are all desirous of the society of the nobles. I shall be a real countess. I'll see that each one pays a fee to see our gallery. I shall turn out the cheap tennants of the Palace and let the hundred rooms they now occupy, to persons who believe in republics but are willing to pay high prices to lodge near the nobility. We'll revel in shekels of silver and of gold. We'll keep the best apartments for our own use. Teteto will be the showman. We will not occupy ourselves with the details of the business. Teteto will be honest if he has no chance to steal, an' I will see that he don't have that chance. That's what we'll do. Is it agreed?"

"Eet ees ahgraad."

In ecstacy of happiness, she flung herself into his arms, nearly throwing him off his feet. They were soon after married.

The Widow's plan was a success. Both titled and cash nabobs seek her society, the exhibition of the gallery of pictures, and the rents of palace apartments yield a large income which they disburse with liberal hospitality. They delight to entertain Americans, and the new Countess is immensely popular.

THE END.

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